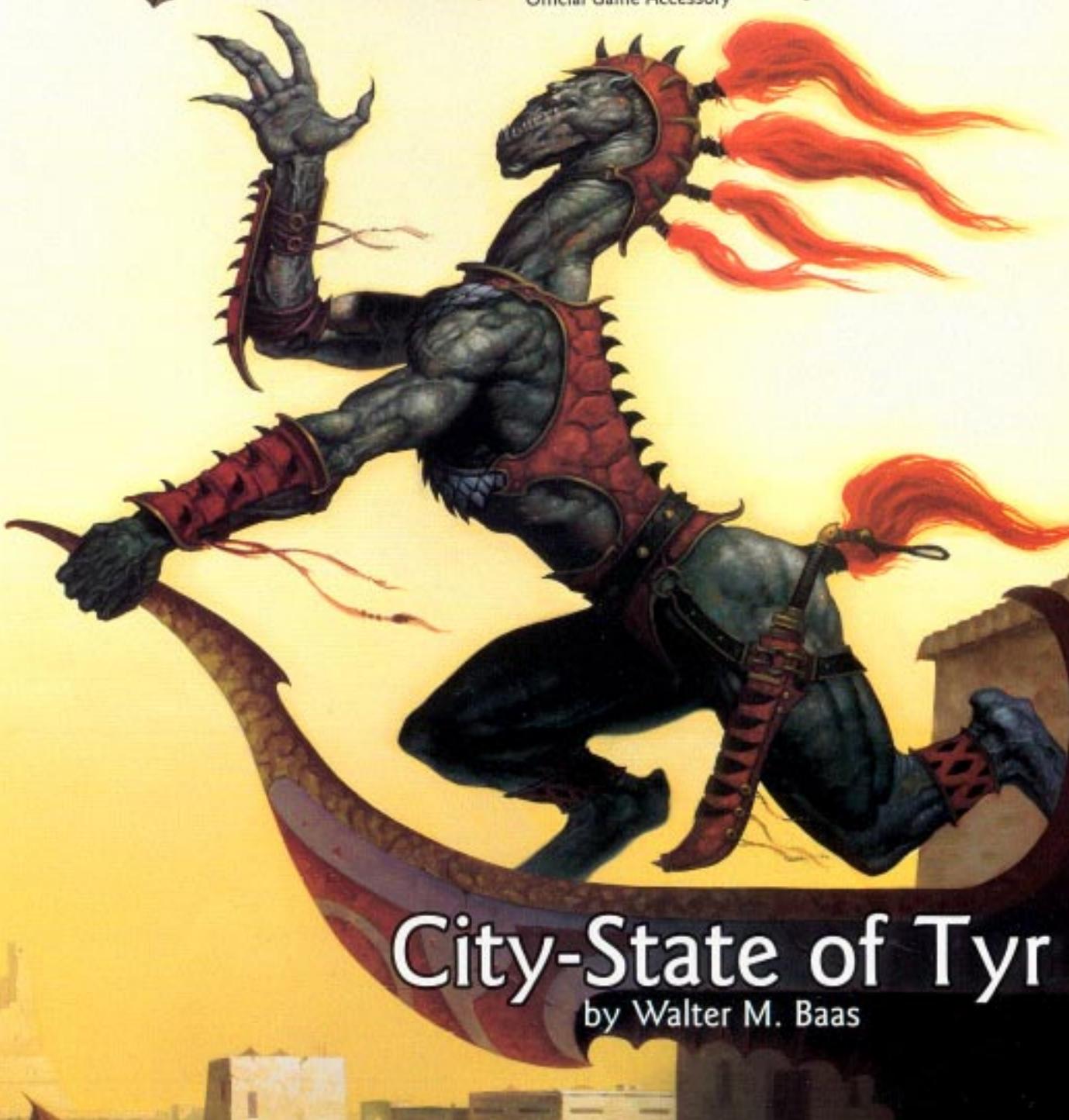


DARK·SUN

WORLD

Official Game Accessory



City-State of Tyr

by Walter M. Baas





Official Game
Accessory

The City-State of Tyr

by

Walter M. Baas

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*Dedicated to the memory of
Curtis Scott.*

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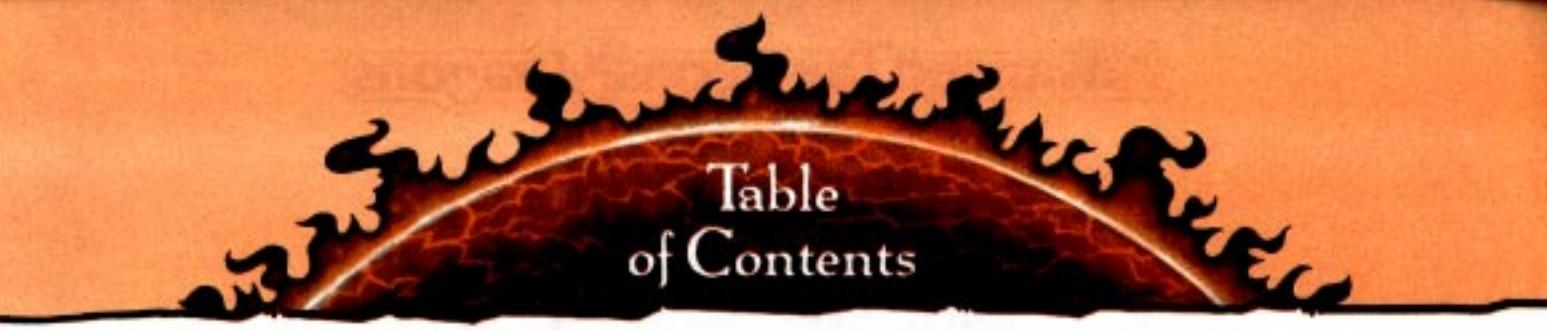
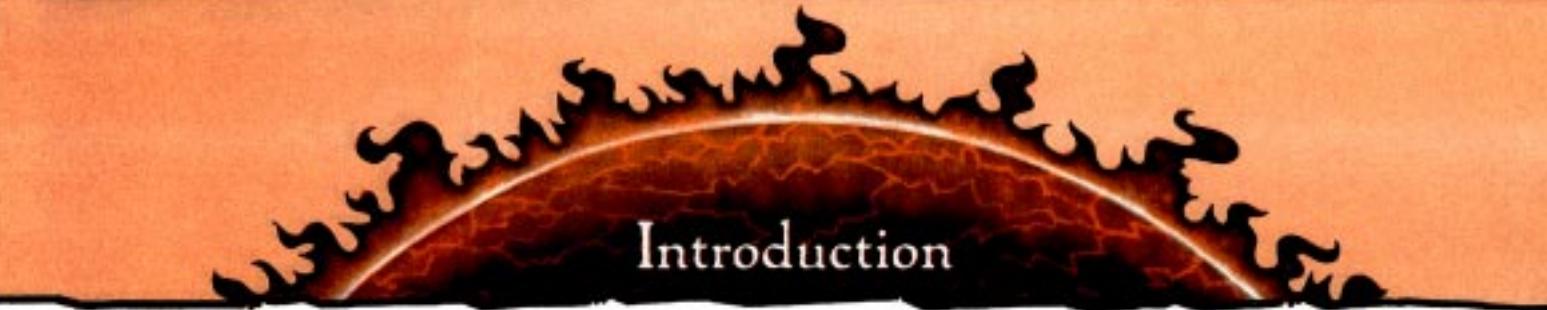


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Introduction

After a score of days beneath the burning sun, the sight of the great walled city meant trading the stench of beasts for that of beggars. My tongue rasped over my cracked, dry lips in anticipation of the Tyrian ale I'd soon be drinking. The stories heard—slaves freed, Kalak dead, and magic wild in the streets. The truth would soon be known. Such information would fetch a high price with the templars of Nibenay, perhaps an audience with the Most High Concubine of the Palace might even be in order! This was my first trip to Tyr, and I planned to drink my fill of the city.

Some things never change though, like the black heart of a templar. The scrawny vulture at the gate ran his jaundiced eye over our cargo, sizing up the bribe he could extort from "honest" traders. I played the game, passed him some ceramics, and entered the city. A vagrant breeze swirled the dust as we emerged from the caravan gate and, when I'd wiped my eyes, a colorfully dressed, wrinkled man stood before me.

"You paid too much," he declared.

"What? Who are you? What business do you have with me?" I asked. I let my hand drop to the hilt of my scimitar to punctuate my point.

"I? I am Ojoba, a draqoman. You are new here, that is obvious. You have business to do and assisting with your business is my business. Many are Tyr's wonders, and many are its hazards. I can help you."

He seemed to expect me to say something. I didn't.

"You will want a place to stay, yes? A place for your mounts? You have no friends here? I am not your friend, but I can help you. I know this city. I know its markets, its inns, its streets. I speak several tongues and know local customs and laws. You want a good price for your cargo. Maybe you have some trade goods that require special handling, away from the prying eyes of the templars, yes? I can help you. You will profit, to be sure. As for my services, I ask only five ceramics for every gold you make. Consider my offer. You'll find none better."

"Five for every gold! You mistake me for a nobleman or a lunatic! I have dealt with your kind before. Even the

arrogant bloodsuckers of Nibenay ask no more than one silver a day and a ceramic for every gold and hope to bargain for one or the other. I'll give you five ceramics for the day, what remains of it, and no more."

"Spoken like a true trader," he said, inclining his head slightly. "Obviously you are neither nobility nor a mad man, but surely you would not value an associate who would meekly accept a traders first offer. The sun already begins its descent, so let us not tarry. A silver for the day and three ceramics for every gold each day after this. Include a drink of water and a morsel to eat, and I am at your service."

"A silver and two ceramics per gold, and you feed yourself, draqoman Ojoba. Your first job is to guide us to the market where we might sell our goods. Then you can show me which winehouse boasts the comeliest serving wenches. Have we a deal?"

"Indeed we do. First things first, now we go to the stadium".

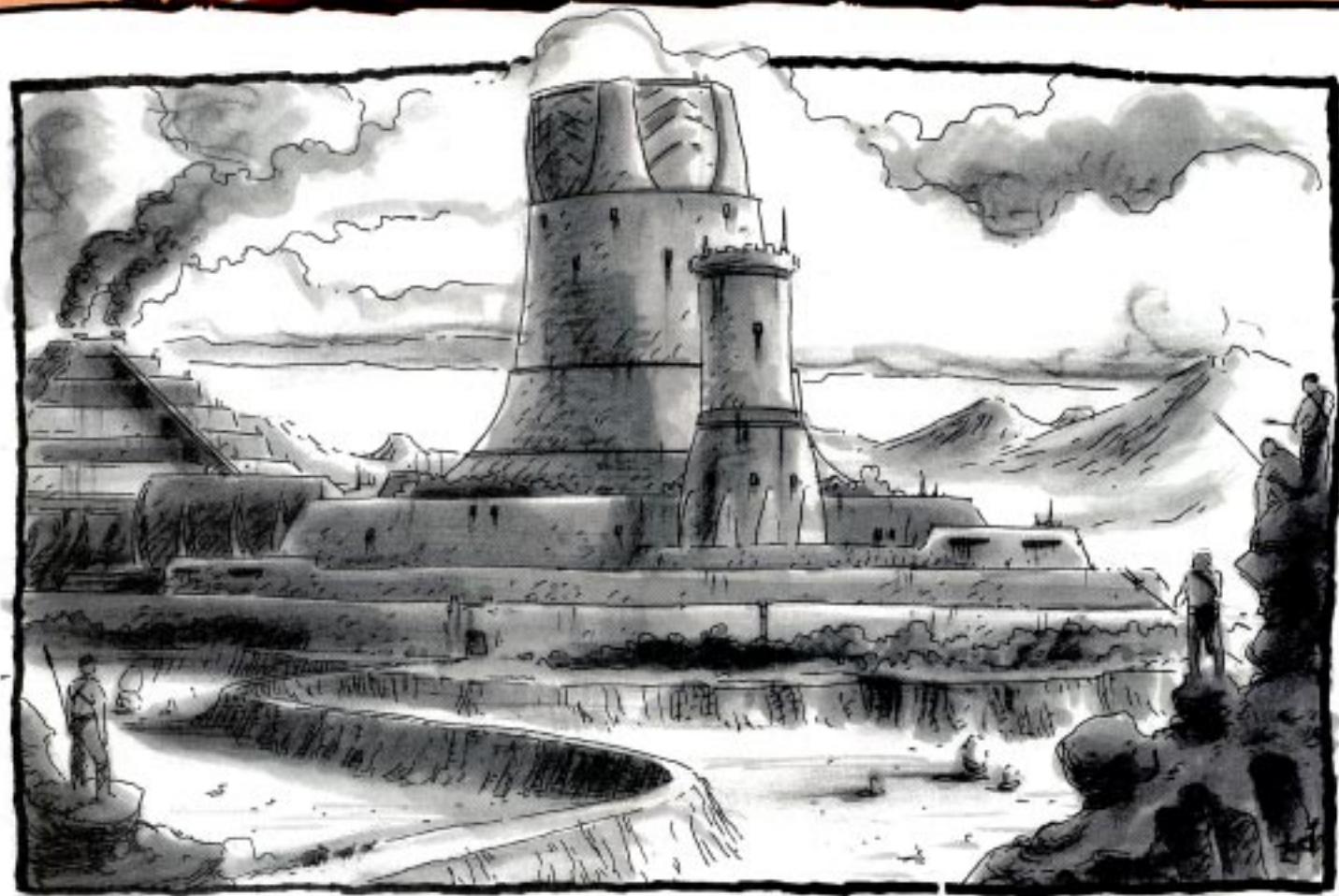
"I have business to do, you ugly renk! Are you deaf?"

"Yes, yes, business, but the stadium serves as the market in Tyr, except on festival days. It is there that you'll get the best price. Later to Shadow Square, where your thirst for wine shall soon be sated. You see, you do profit by me already, though not a coin has passed between us."

About This Supplement

Tyr's new mantle of freedom sets it apart from the other city-states of Athas. The city's inhabitants struggle to survive amid anarchy and turmoil. Assassination, revolution, and reformation have rocked Tyr since it was first described in the original DARK SUN® boxed set. From its clouded past to the painful winds of reform blowing through the city, Tyr comes alive within these pages. Additional information is included for the DUNGEON MASTER™ (DM™) interested in setting up a campaign in or around the city-state of Tyr. Remember to watch your back, for Tyr may be free, but it is never safe.

Chapter I: Life in Tyr



Tyr lies in a small valley among the foothills of the Ringing Mountains. Although not the largest city of the Tablelands, it's considered one of the most important due to its political clout, location, and great (by Athasian standards) reserves of iron ore in the nearby mountains. A single caravan trading route connects Tyr to the network of roads that link the major cities of the Tablelands. This is not to imply that elven traders do not use other routes of their own devising, but there is only a single navigable pass for the larger caravans.

Until recently, the city of Tyr had been ruled by the great sorcerer-king Kalak. Following the death of Kalak and the ensuing war with Urik (see History below), the people of Tyr have begun the reconstruction of their city amid a storm of change. The government has

undergone sweeping reform. Trade and commerce, long neglected due to Kalak's obsession with the construction of his ziggurat, are on the rise as iron once more flows from the mine. The games have begun again as well, now the province of freemen, not slaves, where the only deaths are accidental. Even the more secretive societies of Tyr have emerged from the aftermath with renewed energies.

This is not to say that "all is well" in Tyr. The city still faces an uncertain future. Divergent voices sound within the Council's chambers. Food and water remain scarce, and many have no work or decent lodgings. Mobs of looters and thieves roam the city for, as the saying goes, "Freedom alone will not fill yer belly!" Further, many of Tyr's defenders perished in the war against Urik, leaving the city vulnerable to outside



attacks. Whether these changes are signs of vitality or desperation depends on one's perspective.

As a role-playing campaign base, Tyr offers exciting opportunities for the player characters to become involved with the changing life of the city. The economy is quickly evolving from a slave-based system to one that revolves around free men and women earning their livings. Only time will tell whether the changes now underway will bear fruit or will be swept away by the sands of fate. One thing is sure, the unforgiving world of Athas demands change. Those who adapt, survive. Those who do not are consumed. To appreciate fully the difficulties Tyr now faces, it becomes necessary to review the city's past.

History

The specifics of Tyr's historical development vary with the speaker.

Senior Templar Timor on the History of Tyr

"Templars and the informed public know well the story of how the great sorcerer-king Kalak saved Tyr. Tyr was no more than a barbaric outpost before Kalak arrived. The ruling nobles, rife with greed, fell to fighting amongst themselves and divided the city in civil war. As if that were not enough, the neighboring cities, sensing weakness, attacked the fledgling city intent on seizing the valuable iron mines. Beset by civil war and besieged on all sides, Tyr had nowhere left to turn.

"In this time of trouble Kalak, a mighty sorcerer and visionary, united Tyr under his power. He brought peace to the city, a peace that was enforced by his faithful templars. Yes, he was a tyrant. His rule was often brutal, What of it? Life is harsh. The strong survive. The weak perish. It is the natural way of things; Tyr and its people are the stronger for it! Without the just rule of the King and his loyal templars, the masses would be little more than beasts scratching at the land for their pitiful existence. Under King Kalak's rule, the

squalid warren of Tyr grew in to the magnificent city one can see today. The Golden Tower, Kalak's opulent ziggurat, and the gladiatorial arena will stand forever as reminders of his great power."

Matthias Morthen of the Veiled Alliance

"What was Tyr like before that tyrant, Kalak? Not the dusty wasteland that lies before you now, I tell you! Water flowed freely, above the ground. Do you think the channel running beneath the Elven Bridge was carved by some great serpent? No! Not just one, but two rivers flowed through the city in its days of glory.

"In those times, the land was rich and alive with great trees. Fertile grasses carpeted the ground, thriving in the moisture that permeated the soil. Woodlands blanketed the land from the Crescent Forest, which was a swamp in those days, to the Forest Ridge. The people and animals lived in harmony with the land and fed on its abundant fruits. life was good.

"Then the wars began. Ambitious, powerful men had discovered new secrets of magic. They perverted it to their will and gained vast powers without the studies and sacrifices of traditional, balanced magic. But, there was a cost, a terrible cost. The cost was life. Yes, life, and it was the land itself that paid it! The sorcerer-kings and their defiler lackeys drained the land of its life and used that life to fuel their unholy spells. Great forests were blasted into ash during their vicious battles. The plants withered and perished as their spirits were torn from them. The animals, their homes and food destroyed, soon perished as well. The very land rose in agony, and changed the face of the world. Famine and plague followed in the wake of the defilers. It was a dark time.

"The rivers still flowed, though their drainage systems had collapsed under the weight of the sorcerers' battles. A vast swamp quickly filled the valley. Tyr became a refuge for those displaced by the war.

"Into this carnage, the Dragon ascended, and the surviving sorcerers sought to establish their own



strongholds in the aftermath. Alas, Tyr fell once more to the ravaging hordes of the sorcerer-kings. The defilers needed plants to fuel their magic, you see, and they had stripped the land so relentlessly, that there remained only a handful of areas that still supported any life at all. These, in turn, were conquered by the sorcerer-kings, who destroyed the remaining foliage and drove the life-giving water deep underground.

"A new city was built on the carcass of the old, as it had been built on the ruins of the previous city. This is the Tyr we know today. The plants and animals that populate our world are the twisted descendants of their noble ancestors. They survive, like us, because they've adapted to the harsh, unforgiving world we've wrought upon ourselves. Still, the Elven Bridge stands, a mockery of the past and a hope for the future. This is Tyr's bloody history, and if we cannot learn from it, this could well be our bloody future."

Dote Mal Payne, Defiler, Former Necromancer to King Kalak

"Tyr. Tyr is death, a city steeped in blood. Thousands died building the city, thousands more died defending it. Thousands disappear each year when the Dragon comes. Even more have died in the arena, blood-frenzied fans cheering them on to their deaths. Legions of displaced spirits inhabit Under Tyr and walk the abandoned underground streets . . . waiting! I have seen them! I know! The future of Tyr is the same as its history . . . Death!"

Timeline

Today, Tyr fights to rebuild its economy and withstand radically changing politics and social upheaval. Even the lowliest kankherder has heard of Kalak's death and the events that followed. Post-Kalak Tyr has faced greater challenges than any other city-state in the region. King Tithian and the Council of Advisers

passed sweeping reforms, angering the old nobility and bringing hope to the common people. Here are some of the major events in chronological order:

1. Tithian appears before the stunned arena crowd holding aloft the crown of Kalak and proclaims himself king. The crowd, reeling from Kalak's life-draining attack and news of his death, accepts Tithian as king. As his first act, King Tithian frees all Tyr's slaves.

2. Agis calls an emergency meeting of the Senate. Following much debate, the Senate passes profound reforms. The legislation is taken to Tithian who, trying to win the senators' support, signs the majority of the edicts without reading them. Later, Tithian is angered by some of the reforms passed, but takes no action, fearing a revolt. The Senate then disbands (under much protest from the older senators) in order to form a new governing body—the Council of Advisers. The Council is comprised of representatives including former senators, tradesmen, craftsmen, ex-slaves, and templars. King Tithian approves the reformation, and the new Council.

3. Tithian and Agis devise methods to reopen the iron mines, brickyards, and the markets, and to establish subsistence farming for the disenfranchised. Amid the news of freedom and liberation, it is announced that the armies of Urik are marching on Tyr in order to seize its vital iron mines. Agis, Neeva, Rikus, Sadira, and others march to stop the threat.

4. Agis and Sadira, fearing a double-cross on Tithian's part, leave the war with Urik's forces and return to Tyr. The battles goes well initially, but the Tyr-ian army is eventually crushed in Urik. Losses on both side are heavy. Rikus and Neeva manage to escape with their lives.

5. The mines reopen with paid laborers rather than slaves. Lawbreakers are still sent to the mines as punishment for heinous crimes. The arena opens as a market except during special gladiatorial events. Trading companies from across the Tablelands flock to the newly freed city-state to revive old trade routes and establish new ones.



6. Following the war, Tithian becomes a recluse, secretly studying the path needed to become a sorcerer-king. The Council grows in strength, and adopts a policy that any laws, edicts, or reforms passed by them will be sent to reigning King Tithian for approval. If not acted upon within 45 days, they become law. Tithian approves the measure knowing that he will soon begin his "search." Tithian intends to let the Council rule in his absence (better them than another templar) and disband it when he returns as a full sorcerer-king.

7. Rumors abound concerning a levy of 1,000 lives to be paid to the Dragon. Bypassing Tyr, the Dragon attacks nearby Kled, a dwarven stronghold. The defense of Kled by Agis, Rikus, and a transformed Sadira is somehow linked to Tyr's levy to the Dragon. The levy goes unpaid.

8. All the surviving personalities involved in the assassination of Kalak and the birth of "new" Tyr disappear at different times from Tyr, each involved in their individual part of the mysterious "search."

The Government

The King

A new king rules Tyr, but in name only. Tithian, formerly Senior Templar under Kalak, seized the throne immediately following the sorcerer-king's demise. Incorrectly heralded as the "liberator of Tyr," Tithian becomes the first popular king in memory. Administering his post for a short time, he is again mistakenly credited with the defense of Tyr's iron mines against Urik's army. Tithian administers Council and oversees passage of a handful of reforms before embarking upon a personal quest. Tithian departs, assuming no one else knows the purpose of his expedition. The city continues its recovery in his absence, secretly questioning the whereabouts of its errant liberator.

The Council of Advisers

Freedom and anarchy are synonymous in Tyr. Hundreds of newly freed slaves lacked any means of self-determination. Having taken orders since birth, freedom was confusing and frightening to them. Conversely, the merchant populace was greedy for power.

As a result, the first meeting of the newly formed Council drew over 400 attendees claiming to represent various districts or interests in the city. Tithian, Agis, and a few other respected statesmen met to establish guidelines under which the Senate would be dissolved and the new Council formed. This resulted in the Council of Advisers as Tyr knows it today.

The Council that titularly shares power with the king now rules in his absence. Its membership is drawn from all ranks of Tyrian society and includes senators, nobles, templars, tradesmen, and ex-slaves. All told, the Council counts 27 members. It meets two days each week to discuss issues facing the city. Emergency sessions can be convened as necessary.

Nobles holding Council positions include King Tithian (in absentia), Agis, Senators Turax, Vildeen Tyrthani, Trevalis Minthur, Beryl, Dyan, Kiah, Kasenna, Chessia, and Rynn, among others. Rikus and Sadira are considered members of the Council and are free to speak at meetings. Usually 10 to 15 of the senators will be in attendance at any Council meeting.

The templars' representatives include Timor, Senior Templar under Tithian; Banther, Minister of the Arena; and Borger, Minister of Mines. On occasion, another templar may be invited by Tithian or the Council to report on matters under the speaker's authority. Also infrequently, Timor will have one of his ministers (higher ranking templars in positions of authority) sit in for him.

The city's three trade districts each send a spokesperson. They comprise the Guildsmen. Rowen the tailor represents Caravan Way. Xalos, a grizzled old mul stonecutter, speaks for the masons and laborers of the Brickyards district, and Flin the weaponsmith attends



Life in Tyr

for the artisans of the Stadium District.

Freemen send three of their number to the Council: Shivrin the half-elf from the Warrens, Nori from the fields (an eloquent speaker with a knack for cutting to the heart of matters), and Poril, a hulking and unusually intelligent half-giant who serves as an at-large representative.

Templars

The templars continue in their administrative roles despite the loss of their spellcasting abilities. They no longer define the legal system as they once did as Kalak's enforcers, but some templars have found imaginative ways to subvert the laws passed down by the Council to further their own ends. They excel as bureaucrats and have refined collusion and graft into

high art forms. Templars are as much a commodity as the iron and grain they regulate. They practice the mechanics of oversight, and those who wish to see the wheels of progress turn must regularly grease the palms of those who turn the wheels. For example, traders wanting city contracts pay kickbacks to the city's negotiating agents. Both merchants in a dispute may bribe a templar arbitrator for a favorable judgment. A politician or petitioner may hire a templar to arrest or detain an opponent on the day of an important vote, while a black marketeer or thief might offer a percentage of his cut to a templar to look the other way. An ambitious templar may even assassinate another of his ilk to gain the favor of a third. There is no end to the scheming that a templar is capable of.

What makes these corrupt templars even more dangerous is that, except in cases of extreme importance to





Tyr, the templars sit in judgment of crimes within the city. They investigate, accuse, pass judgment, imprison, or pardon Tyrian citizens and visitors just as they did under Kalak. A well-placed templar can be a valuable ally or a terrible foe. Anyone conducting business or pursuing politics in Tyr would be wise to cultivate good relations with this powerful faction.

The organization of the templars follows hierarchical lines of authority. (The king oversees the bureaucracy and punishes or rewards its work.) The bureaucracy is currently headed by Timor, Senior Templar and Minister of Tyr. Beneath him are the ministers, each responsible for one aspect of Tyr's interests. Each department maintains its own security forces and operates independently of others, save that all department heads report directly to Timor who, himself, reports to the Council. The ministers supervise various minor officials and functionaries, creating an immense tangle of red tape where corruption, bribery, and backstabbing are commonplace. The departments of Tyr's government are listed below. The name of the Senior Templar in charge of each department is noted in parentheses.

Administration—(Astini) supervises templar scribes who maintain records and communication between other departments.

The Arena—(Banther) administers stadium functions.

Fields—(Arbistor) responsible for agricultural and farming concerns.

Finance—(Gennet) tax collecting and treasury.

Gardens—(Linder) maintains and patrols the king's gardens.

Mines—(Borger) supervises the operations of Tyr's iron mines.

Public Works—(Caldon) in charge of construction of public and private structures within the city.

Security—(Dark) in charge of intelligence operations.

State—(Hirik) in charge of ambassadorial relations with other city-states and external powers.

Trade—(Finneal) regulates businesses within the city.

Water—(Girias) oversees Tyr's wells and supplies.

Each templar's duties vary by bureau and standing. A templar in the lowest echelon of the Bureau of Fields, for example, may be in charge of handing out the daily bread ration or driving a dung wagon around town to retrieve the contents of chamberpots from the previous night (to be used as fertilizer in the fields). An intermediate templar in the same bureau may be charged with the collection of grain tithes or the approval of land leases, while a high-ranking templar may oversee Tyr's grain stores and arrange purchases of additional supplies of grain for the city either locally or through import from outside Tyr as needed. Differences in rank in the security bureau, by comparison, might mean night patrols for a low-ranking templar, or being an arbitrator of minor disputes for a medium-level official, and justiciar (judge) of the courts for a highly placed templar. (See the *DARK SUN® Rules Book*, page 83, for additional examples of templar duties.)

The City Guard

Fearing a rise in violence during the war with Urik, the Council of Advisers created a police force to patrol city streets. The newly formed "Tyrian Guard," headed by Rikus, works with the city militia to keep an uneasy peace within the walls of Tyr. The "Guard," as it is known, reports to Captain Zalcor who, in turn, reports directly to the Council. The Guard's patrols have replaced the templars' street patrols in the investigation and prevention of petty crimes.

A standard unit is comprised of three to five members; novice or retired warriors, slaves, and a seasoned veteran. Poorly equipped and trained, they patrol the outer areas of the Warrens where no templar would set foot after nightfall. When a city guard unit encounters a more powerful force (true more often than not) the militia is contacted for support.



Rikus maintains highly disciplined, well-equipped and trained fighting forces composed of half-giant warriors and former gladiators. Enforcement units are stationed at various points around the city but only patrol the merchant, crafts, and noble districts. They avariciously control the profitable wells and city gates.

Crime and Punishment

Crime has run rampant since slavery was abolished. Murder and robbery are viewed by many as being quicker and easier than finding honest work. Criminals separate citizens (and PCs) from their money faster than a z'tal can scream.

Gang and Mob Violence

Groups of ruffians and disgruntled ex-slaves have taken to the streets in some parts of the city wreaking havoc and committing acts of wanton violence. Unwilling to return to the same menial (but now paying work they once performed, these former slaves live by their own rules. Rowdy, armed bands wander the streets, attacking and robbing anyone who gets in their way. These groups have battled city folk and templars alike. They flee when the fight goes against them, only to regroup later somewhere deep in the Warrens that they call home to lash out at less formidable targets.

Street Crime

Street crime continues to escalate in Tyr, despite the revolution. Pickpocketing, muggings, and armed robberies are common. New, ingenious twists have been added to crimes to confuse even seasoned templars.

One such form of robbery is the "chain" theft. This type of robbery occurs when four or five confederates walk through a crowded area. The first pick the mark. The second bumps or distracts the individual, while the third cuts or steals his purse. The purse is then handed to the fourth accomplice who walks off at an

oblique angle to the crime. Finally, the purse is passed to a fifth confederate, who merely sits inconspicuously holding the loot. If confronted, the actual robber has no incriminating evidence of the crime on his person.

Caravan Raids

The increased demand for goods by former slaves has caused intermittent shortages and steep increases in prices. Staples as well as luxury items fetch obscene profits on the open market. Inbound caravans arriving to take advantage of the boom would offset the increased demand with greater supply, but fewer caravans are arriving safely. The increased caravan traffic presents a rare opportunity for raiders, for tremendous profits can be made from stolen goods. The thieves now have the luxury of surveying and selecting the choicest caravans to raid.

Smaller trading houses must weigh the increased danger of running caravans into Tyr against the possibility for substantial profits. Larger houses fear that the influx of smaller trading houses coming to Tyr to establish new trading routes will cut into their profits. Unfounded rumors persist that the larger houses are assisting elven raiders with information on goods being shipped and the protection provided by their smaller competitors. The smaller trading houses may soon be forced to raid larger trading companies in order to compete.

Trade and Commerce

"In Tyr, one maltreated but better-equipped slave accomplishes twice what his well-fed counterparts do in cities like Urik and Balic. The only reason for this is that his tools are better . . . In war, the advantages of metal are also plain . . . Often it [Tyr's army] has destroyed an army five times its size that was armed with bone battle axes or even obsidian-edged sabres!"

—The Wanderer's Journal



Iron is Tyr's main export. The city's mines southwest of the city represent the exclusive source of iron for this region. The production of iron influences every aspect of life in Tyr. As such, it is carefully guarded and controlled by the government of Tyr through the templars. The sale of iron to trading houses provides needed revenue for the government. Supplemented by taxes, these funds finance city projects such as the purchase of grain and the construction of public works. The city's coffers also provide the wages for the city guard, and enable the templars to maintain comfortable lifestyles.

Tyrian craftsmen fashion the iron into tools and weapons. Iron-sheathed wagon wheels crush stones that would splinter unprotected wood. Metal-tipped spears and arrows bite deeper into flesh. Iron plowshares cut through the sun-baked soil, making it possible to raise crops in the soils around Tyr.

The templars regulate exports of iron. Knowing the economic and military value of metal, they limit the amount traders from other city-states may purchase. Purchases must be approved by officials in the Bureau of Mines and Commerce. Approvals require a great deal of time and effort, but sometimes can be expedited with a bribe of, say, 10-25% of the shipment's value. Likewise, small amounts of iron occasionally can be purchased on the black market from mine officials looking to line their own pockets. The templars also maintain a reserve of ingots to barter directly for goods needed by the city; foodstuffs, animals, obsidian, etc. By always having a ready supply, the city can often procure a greater amount of trade goods since the trade precludes the usually lengthy advance notice required for purchasing iron shipments.

Trade Goods

Tyr also exports large quantities of silk from its outlying plantations, harvested from luminous ishi moths raised in dark caves. Faro cactus and cotton plantations provide fiber for textiles, and skilled craftsmen

create ceramics and glass from the vast alluvial sands common to the valley. The city's primary imports consist of fruit, wood, and rice. Although all the major merchant houses have emporiums or agents in Tyr, only a few companies actually base their headquarters there.

Not all goods produced in the city are for export. A variety of local craftsmen ply their wares and services in Tyr's sprawling tradesmen's districts. Strolling down Caravan Way, a visitor to the city will be assailed by local vendors selling glassware and ceramics, colorful silk and linens, and finely crafted weapons and armor of chitin or bone. Guides, hunters, and beast handlers are readily available for hire as are unskilled laborers of all sorts. A few inns and winehouses offering food and drink to weary travelers compete for space with the varied artisans of caravan way.

Markets

Like many cities, Tyr also has an Elven Market. Although the nomadic elves cannot be presumed to have a "permanent" base in the city, the market itself remains a constant in the urban landscape. Only the merchants change. The bazaar of Tyr lies inside the city walls. Nearly any commodity produced in the region can be found in the Elven Market—for a price. Buyer beware, however, for the elves are notorious for selling inferior goods at exorbitant prices, and swindlers and pickpockets plague the storekeepers and customers of the Elven Market. If a little dishonest business is desired, the elves are ready to provide contraband goods and services to discriminating buyers—again, for a price.

The stadium has become the newest marketplace in Tyr. Small traders, caravaneers, local craftsmen, and some elves from tribes without holdings in the Elven Market make up the bulk of the sellers. People come from around the city to shop the stadium market, which provides a market for sellers without their own shops.



While almost anything can be bought in Tyr, prices of goods vary greatly throughout the city. Honest tradesmen will generally ask book value or slightly higher for their goods. Those along the manicured avenues of the noble quarters will charge more. Characters shopping in the elven or stadium markets will find vendors more eager to bargain. Goods and services in these venues can often be had at a discount. This may be due to an item being "second-hand," or possibly stolen.

This situation is known as a "gray market," and the vendors are referred to as "gray traders." Elven raiders, for example, can sell their ill-gotten gains for less, because they didn't pay for them, they stole them. What's more, it is in their best interest to sell their booty quickly in order to avoid discovery and possible retaliation from the trading houses whose caravans they plunder. This can provide characters with a good deal or mark them as targets depending on the whim of the DM.

A "black market" deals in contraband. Items like spell components, iron, water, and slaves are traded on the black market. In Tyr, the most common place to obtain illegal goods is the Elven Market. Characters trading on the black market must constantly be on guard for dirty deals and double crosses. Prices run high and so does the risk of imprisonment or death. Another body in the alleys of Tyr won't raise any eyebrows. There are no rules and no higher authorities to appeal to in the dark alleys of Tyr where the shadow traders dwell.

Water

In Tyr, as on all Athas, water is life. Scholars claim that long ago in the city's past great rivers of water flowed from the mountains through the city. Legend has it that it was a confluence of these great rivers that determined Tyr's location. The scars in the land made by these rivers can still be seen throughout the city today. Although no surface water can be found within the

region, Tyr is very fortunate to have a well guarded, abundant water supply. Tyr sits atop one of the deepest, oldest aquifers in the Tablelands, an area far underground where water has been trapped beneath the sand and stone. Sages speculate that it is the water that once ran across the face of Athas that has moved deep underground. Cynics fear that the waters will eventually move so far underground that wells will not reach them. The truth may only be known to the Dragon.

For now, obtaining water is relatively easy. Seventeen public wells pierce the Athasian desert within the walled city. For additional protection against night raiders, no public well is located within 100 yards of the city's walls. Each of these public wells is guarded and maintained day and night by the King's templars. King Tithian and the Council have decreed that each individual in the city is entitled to one hand-carried container of water each day. Citizens and visitors may only draw the free water during the first few hours following sunrise. Otherwise, a ceramic bit is charged for each hand-carried container of water drawn. Anyone caught hoarding water (e.g., visiting more than one well in the morning or repeatedly visiting the same well in disguises, etc.) or digging a private well without permission from Girias, Minister of Water, faces stern punishment. The usual punishment consists of being staked out under the hot Athasian sun from dawn to dusk. If the perpetrator survives, his crime is forgiven and he is released. Malicious attempts to poison, pollute, or introduce foreign or harmful substances into the water supply are met with harsher measures. Saboteurs are branded as traitors against the King, the city, and its people. Previously, such felons would face death in the arena. Current laws dictate a public execution and the confiscation of all possessions and property as restitution to the city-state.

Several private wells also exist within the city. Most of these are found within the King's Gardens, but a few are located in the Nobles' Quarter. These wells are almost always guarded by traps or terrible creatures,

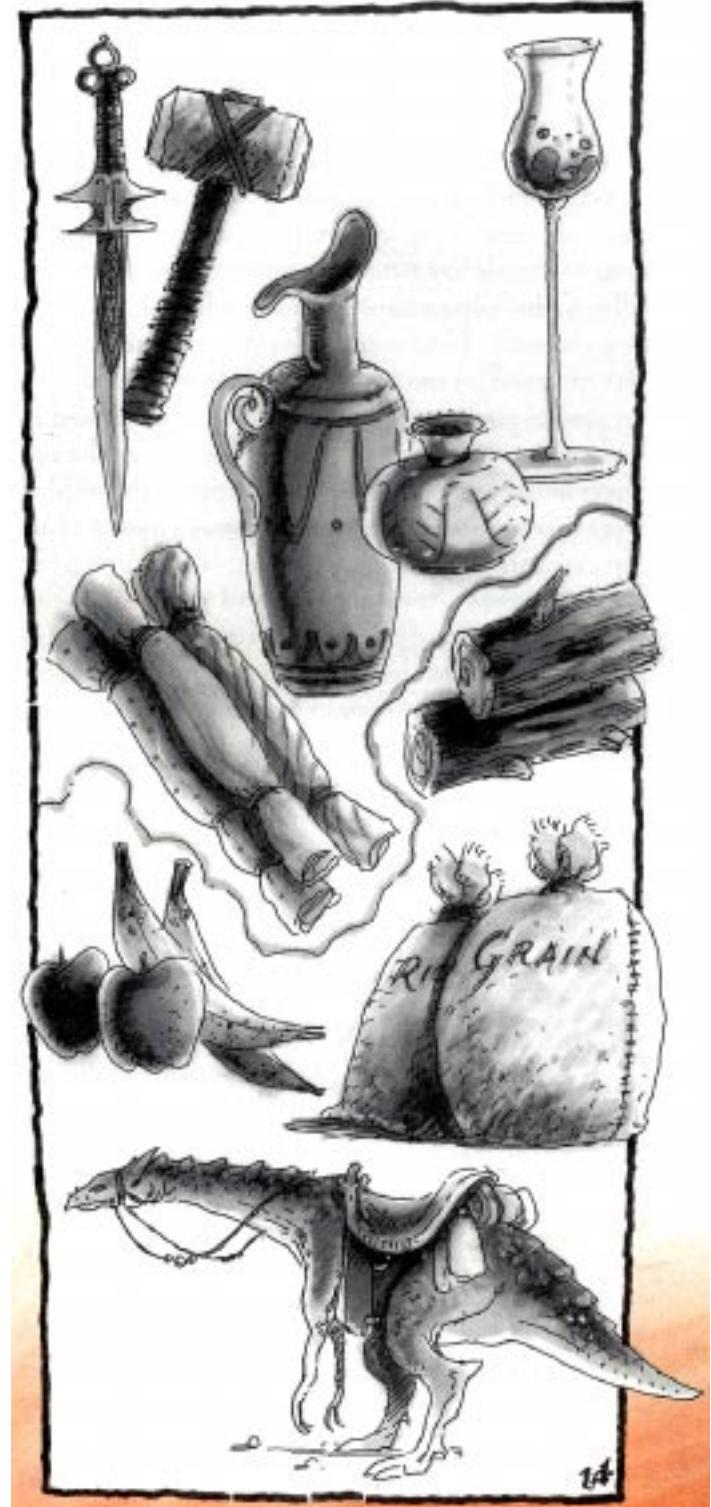


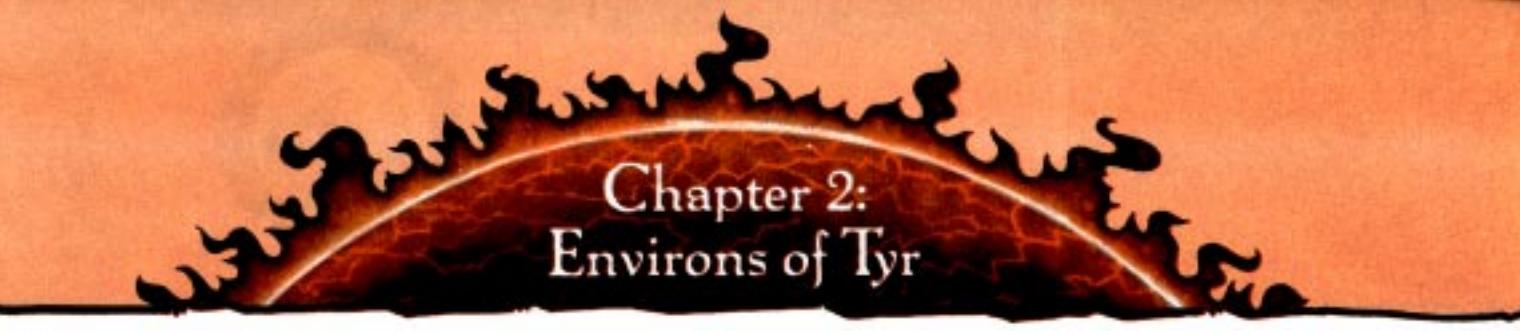
some few contain cistern fiends (MC12 *Monstrous Compendium*™, DARK SUN® Appendix). These horrid creatures discourage anyone who might attempt to steal water from the private wells.

The city wells are each guarded by a templar and one or two guards, often half-giants or former gladiators. They receive a small sum plus all the water they care to drink for their service. A slightly larger patrol travels in a randomized route between the wells. This patrol is designed to keep individuals from attempting to take control of a city well.

More water can be made available to businesses or merchants as needed. These needs must be approved by Girias, Minister of Water. His job is to assure proper maintenance of the city's wells, oversee sewage and disposal of city waste, and to approve sales of water to traveling merchant caravans sufficient for their personnel and mounts. Girias also insures that water is not hoarded and that substantial amounts of water are not obtained purely for export by any of the trading houses.

Most public wells in the city of Tyr are surrounded by three-foot stone walls. These barriers are designed to keep sand and other debris from falling into the well. Well mouths vary from three to six feet across. Beside each well is a square, open trough for watering animals, usually four feet wide, three feet deep, and from six to 10 feet in length. A woven tarp or animal skin stretched on supporting poles protects the top of the well and the holding trough from the blazing sun. Attached to one of the sides of the well is a device for drawing water from the well. This apparatus often consists of a weighted ceramic vessel connected at the top by a rope of woven giant's hair. The weighted vessel is lowered via the rope into the well. Once at water level, the vessel submerges and fills with the precious liquid. The heavy vessel can be raised hand over hand by very strong individuals. Pegs are sometimes mounted on the sides of the well to assist weaker individuals.





Chapter 2: Environs of Tyr

A wide, shallow valley surrounds Tyr like a sinkhole in the mountains. Through the heat shimmer, a traveler can just glimpse the great ziggurat and Golden Tower of Tyr rising above the city walls.

To the north and east of the great city are the sprawling estates of Tyr's nobles and higher-ranking templars. Fields of faro and gray cotton stand in regimented rows along the fertile (by Athasian standards) bottom of the valley. Other plantations provide gladiatorial training grounds and holding areas for vicious animals or monsters captured for the arena. While slaves used to form the pool of gladiators, those nobles still interested in the games train teams of free gladiators for the no-longer-lethal arena. Private soldiers patrol the nobles' lands to ward off raiders and dangerous beasts while laborers toil beneath the burning sun to bring the crops to harvest. Several paths and small roads run between and around the various estates, converging in a common road that leads to the stadium gate. Sweeping west, the fields give way to isolated patches of rock-stem and stunted cactus.

The area west of Tyr is largely unsettled. A hedge of scrub plants encircles the perimeter of the lower node of the walled city (that area that houses the templars' quarters). The hedge, known as "the barrier," flanks the area near the Grand Gate, through which valuable iron shipments pass from the mine. A 20-foot buffer exists between the barrier and the road approaching the grand gate. Under Kalak, the barrier served two purposes: First, to hinder anyone from entering the city on foot except at the three major gates; second, to give Kalak a tremendous source of power to fuel his defiling magics.

Farther out, where the valley's walls rise in knotted ridges to meet the Ringing Mountains, a scrub plain covers several miles of landscape. Herdsman sometimes forage among the sandy-root trees there, but not overly so. Druids of the scrub plain watch the area and kill those who damage the local environment. Grazing is permitted provided it doesn't outstrip the land's ability to regenerate the foliage lost. Predators prowl

the thickets, though, and losses are high to animals and herdsman both!

The herdsman of the Tyr valley primarily drive herds of erdlus and z'tal. A nearby plantation raises large numbers of kips as well. The owner supplements their foraging with regular shipments of garbage from Tyr. The erdlu is described in *The Wanderer's Journal* and the z'tal and kip in MC12 and so will not be detailed here.

The road curves southwest from the grand gate, skirting the foothills for eight or nine miles through the southern Tyr valley. The ground grows steeper then, the road becoming more twisted as it weaves its way through boulder fields to end at the Tyrian iron mines. Here, that most precious metal, iron, is wrested from the bowels of Athas at great cost, both in terms of gold and of men.

The Iron Mines of Tyr

The iron mines of Tyr are the largest of their type in the Tablelands. The presence of the ore was one of the principal reasons Tyr was established only two days' travel from the mine. Death has always been associated with the mines. Miners die from unexpected cave-ins and the natural hazards of the mines. Still others die from the "hej-kin's curse."

The "curse" takes one to three men a month. A worker who felt fine the day before may suddenly feel weakened. Some days or weeks later, he might suddenly keel over dead, a victim of the alleged curse. Miners believe ancient hej-kins cursed the caverns, but the truth lies locked within the stone itself.

Unknown to the workers, the ore is of an arsenide type. The narrow eighth-of-an-inch red vein is surrounded by strata of poisonous arsenic deposits. The arsenic penetrates through all the workers' cuts caused by working with rock and stone. Undetectable, arsenic builds up in the body until achieving lethal dosage. A mineworker must make a successful saving throw vs. poison once per month or feel the poison's effects. If

Environs of Tyr



the saving throw is failed, the victim loses a hit point per turn until death occurs. A *slow poison* spell delays the effect, while *neutralize poison* negates the poison. A select few of the templars have guessed the ore's peril, but keep it a secret under penalty of death. Hiring priests to cure the afflicted men would prove much too costly, and would reveal the problem to all. Life is cheap on Athas, iron is not. Regardless of the danger, the red ore represents Tyr's lifeblood as the city's most important trading commodity.

Recently, Urik sought to take advantage of the chaos following Kalak's death and seize the mines, but Urik's armies were repelled by the gladiator hero, Rikus, and his warriors. Although closed for a brief time, the mines have reopened and are functioning normally again. The temporary closure of this important Tyrian asset nearly bankrupted the already-troubled city.

Hej-kin raids have plagued the mines. The subterranean race dwells throughout the natural catacombs that riddle the foothills and nearby mountains. The hej-kin consider the ground sacred and mount sporadic attack against those who defile their homelands. Some speculate the opening of the mine was once a hej-kin cavern home, although this remains largely unproven.

The mine gouges the foothills of the Ringing Mountains north and west of Tyr like an open wound. A single narrow mountain road accesses the fortified site. Three guard outposts border the road at half-mile intervals from the mines. Each outpost consists of a small pair of buildings: One set against the mountainside, the other perilously close to the exposed drop. Brambleweed walls surround each outpost while the trunk of a stout brambletree blocks the road at waist height. The trunk lies in an L-shaped slot fitted into each of the two buildings. A combined strength of at least 40 is needed to lift the massive tree trunk from its resting place. As one approaches the mines, each guard post contains twice as many guards as the last. The smaller, first station maintains 10 guards and two "runners." All the

guards are armed with metal weapons.

Passing the third gate reveals the mining compound. The camp occupies a plateau shelf 550 feet wide by 1,000 feet long. The mountainside rises 500 feet above the plateau, providing a natural barrier against attack. Opposite the mountainside loom sharp precipices, dropping thousands of feet to the valley floor below. The mines' gaping mouth faces the compound's gates. The entrance rises 30 feet high, spans 65 feet at the base, and is cut in the shape of a dark hemisphere against the vertical rock face.

To the right of the opening is a series of large cages, designed to hold erdlu, kank, and heavy crodlu. Erdlu occasionally pull small carts, but serve primarily as a food source. Kanks are teamed in twos and fours to pull ore carts. They are used extensively in the mines, especially in areas where the tunnel height slopes to under five feet. The honey globules produced by the kanks provide additional foodstuffs for the compound. Heavy crodlu pull the large ore carts.

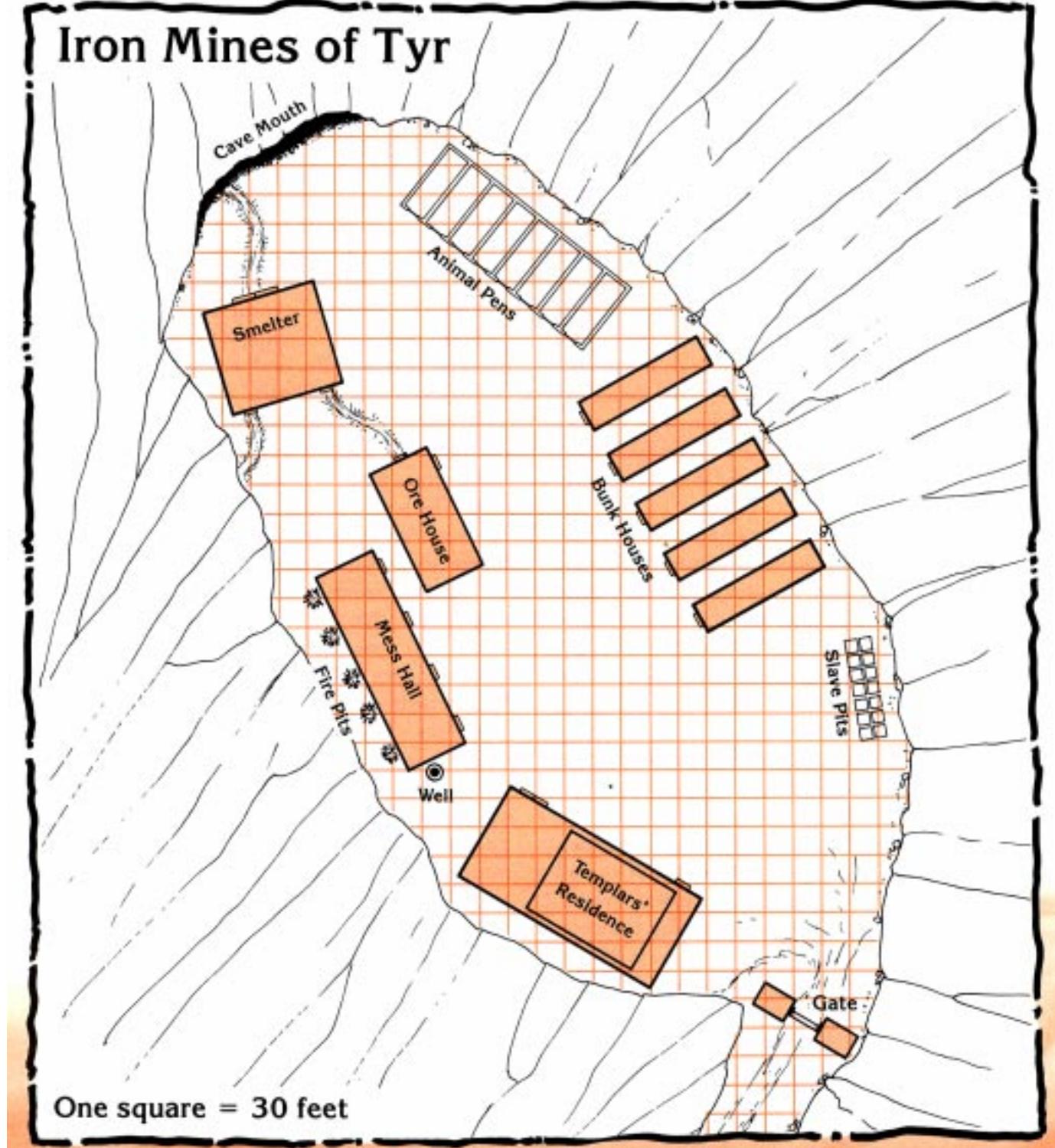
Beside the animal pens are a series of bunkhouses, originally designed to hold slaves, now modified to house paid workers. A row of covered pits, closest to the road on the right, were once used as holding cells for disobedient slaves. They now confine the more dangerous criminals who are sent to the mines as punishment. To the immediate left of the camp's entrance stands the opulent, two-story residence of the templars who still oversee the daily operations of the mines. Each templar is assigned 25 guards, and remains responsible for their actions. The guards share compartmentalized sleeping quarters on the ground floor, while the templars reside in the lavish apartments located on the second story.

A large building to the left is used for the storage and preparation of food. Positioned between this building and the precipice are a huge firepit and cooking kilns. Cooks prepare meals for the entire camp, templars and workers alike. The orehouse stands closer to the center of the compound. This massive, thick-walled, square building stores smelted bars of iron



Environs of Tyr

Iron Mines of Tyr





until they are transported to the city. It is constantly guarded on all sides, especially the roof. The smelter stands to its left, towards the mines. Fires burn in the smelter day and night, separating the iron ore from the red rock. Spent tailings (useless rock) are then discarded down the mountainside, creating an immense rubble field that sprawls 1,000 feet down the steep slope. Deep rutted paths connect the ore smelter to the mines' entrance. Carts holding raw ore rest in these ruts as they await the smelter. There are two sizes of carts: The large carts carry a half ton of ore and the small carts hold 500 pounds of rock.

The templars who run the mine hire four types of workers: guards, haulers, carriers, and miners. The guards' duties are straightforward—they keep tempers from flaring between workers, monitor all who come and go in the complex, and protect the templars. Their chief duty, however, is safeguarding the mines and the ore. There are never fewer than 200 guards at the mines at any time. This is a well paying but difficult job, as no amount of bribery can secure a position as guard; they are strictly hand-picked by Borger, Minister of Mines.

Haulers work with the various beasts, bringing cartload after cartload of raw ore from deep within the mountains. It is their job to work the creatures tirelessly and maintain a steady flow of raw materials to the smelters. Because of the expertise needed for the job (nonweapon proficiency: beast handler) a hauler can expect to receive up to a silver a week for his work.

Carriers have the backbreaking task of bringing the ore-bearing rocks to the carts of the haulers. They collect loose ore into coarse, woven bags of giants' hair to be carried or dragged to the ore carts. This job is often assigned to criminals serving out sentences in the mines. The pay for noncriminals is two ceramic bits a day plus room and board.

Miners perform the dangerous job of loosening the ore from the reddish rocks. Few of the veins are large or easy to mine. Most appear as eighth-of-an-inch narrow bands in the rock. Newer excavations are always the

most dangerous. As the miners delve deeper into the ore vein, the composition of the overhanging rock can change. Problems occur when the rock above the ore is softer than the surrounding stone. This formation will not support its own weight, and frequently collapses, causing cave-ins. Miners receive extra compensation for working in the newer digs. Tyrian miners prefer picks, hammers, or large two-person gouges for their work. Miners who work the new digs receive up to five ceramic bits a day, while other miners receive one to three bits per day.

When sufficient ore has been smelted, the mining templars send word to Tyr, and a heavily armed Royal Caravan travels to the mines to retrieve the ingots. No one has ever successfully raided a Royal Caravan transporting iron. Fear of Kalak's retribution helped prevent raids in the past. At the present time, under the reign of Tithian, the caravan's guard will be even more formidable due to the Tyrian king's lack of spell-casting abilities.

Role-playing Note: Care must be taken if a group of player characters decides to attempt an assault on the Royal Iron Caravan. Not only will the caravan be heavily guarded by warriors, but psionicists and a hired priest or two will be along as well. Should the player characters be successful, great care should be taken in consideration and explanation of the social, political, and economic ramifications the theft would cause. The loss of the precious shipment would almost certainly push Tyr closer to economic collapse. An influx of large amounts of raw iron could easily cause the collapse of any smaller local economy. King Tithian and the Council of Advisers would have no alternative but to send Tyr's militia after the thieves. In addition, none of the member groups in Tyr would attempt or approve such a theft due to the backlash against their organizations. If the PCs attempt to sell the iron in another city-state, the reigning sorcerer-king or queen would confiscate the material and put the thieves to death to insure that Tyr would not assume conspiracy and withhold future shipments to the city-state.



Environs of Tyr

The mines offer ample opportunities for characters to meet an early end. Each day there is a 1 in 20 chance of an unusual event happening at the mine. If an event occurs, roll on the table below:

Iron Mine Random Accident Table

Roll

1d10 Result

1-2	Cave-in
3	Cast out
4	Mad kank
5	Fight
6-7	Accident
8	Natural cavern discovered
9	Spy discovered
10	Hej-kin raid

Cave-in: PCs are trapped. 4d10 damage falling rock, halved if Dexterity check is made.

Cast out: PCs are thrown out of the mines for an indiscretion, and face crossing the desert without food or water. Tyr, the nearest city is over two days away. See the DARK SUN® boxed set for rules on dehydration.

Mad kank: Creature goes berserk for unknown reason and attacks PCs (1d6 damage per attack).

Fight: Tempers flare within the mine. The fight escalates to include PCs and 3d4 NPC combatants, 1st-3rd level warriors.

Accident: An ore cart may break away from its harness, a bag of ore might fall on a character, loose rock might fall, etc.

Natural cavern discovered: Miners strike a natural cavern and the PCs are sent in to explore.

Spy discovered: An agent for one of the other city-states is attempting to map the iron mines for possible attack or sabotage. The spy may attempt to trick or coerce the characters into assisting him or her in some way.

BATTLESYSTEM™ Units

The Royal Iron Caravan never travels with the same defensive configuration twice. This is to keep raiders off balance. The caravan will always contain the following plus additional troops:

(1) Templar Overseer, (1) Templar Centurion, (4) Heavy Charioteers, (6) Light Charioteers, (1-2) Clerics of 9-12th level, (1-3) Psionicists of 8-12th level, Medium Kank or Crodlu Cavalry, Templar Heavy Infantry, and Templar Archer Brigade.

Additional water wagons are always taken as part of the baggage supply train. A week before traveling to the mines, the troops begin preparation for the trip with additional drills and attack formation practice. (Additional information on individual units may be found in the *Dragon Kings* supplement.)

Agriculture

Southeast of the city, parched faro fields are tended by former slaves who receive a share of their crop (40%) as payment for their labor. Additionally, each farmer receives a stake in the land itself. By order of the Tyrian Council, any person who works the land for a span of 10 years shall take title to the land, although an annual tax (20% of the crop) shall be payable to the city of Tyr each year thereafter. If the farmer wishes, he may take only half of his grain allotment (20% instead of 40%) and gain ownership in five years' time. The city retains several fields of its own, particularly those abutting the city wall. These are maintained by laborers for a wage of two ceramic bits a week. Adding to the work force, petty criminals and debtors often serve out their sentences in the fields to work off their obligation to Tyr. Thus, the city provides a constant, if meager, supply of grain for its inhabitants.

Many of the reforms passed by the Council have fueled the radical transformation that farming in Tyr has undergone. Under the reign of Kalak, noble



houses controlled great shares of land that they farmed with slave labor. The farms grew succulents, wild grains, and cactus fruit for the nobles, the king, and the people. In abundant years, surplus crops enabled the export of small quantities of produce to neighboring city-states in exchange for other needed goods. In lean years, a portion of the slave population would be sold to other city-states or taken to the gladiatorial arena to die as a form of entertainment for the masses rather than face starvation.

Following the fall of Kalak, however, the Council and King Tithian created farming areas for the people of Tyr. The edict set aside an allotment of farmable land for individuals willing to work it. This provided individuals the opportunity to grow enough food to survive, and if cared for properly, a surplus to be sold for profit. Noble plantations were down-sized by 20 percent in order to create the additional farmlands for Tyr's people. Nobles also were ordered to either pay employed workers for their time in the fields or remunerate them in some way (e.g., food, clothing, etc).

Some landowners chose to sharecrop the land with their new workers. Sharecropping means that the people who work the land receive 20% of the product grown on the land while the landowner receives 80%. In return, the landowner supplies water and tools to work the land, and transports the produce to market. The landowner is also responsible for obtaining a fair price at market for the goods.

Landowners who adapted to the changes have done well in keeping their lands productive. Many landowners and nobles, however, were appalled by the slaves' emancipation. They refused to go along with the Council's edicts and let their farmland lie fallow thinking the reforms would be short lived. Now those nobles are finding it very difficult to maintain their standards of living as the laws remain in force. This arrogance has contributed to serious food shortages within the city. Many are now trying to reestablish their crops at great expense.

Native Farming Plants of the Tyr Region

Bulis

The bulis berry has a hairy, thick brown skin that makes it difficult to peel. The small, sweet, purple center can be consumed or made into wine. The plentiful, dark blue-purple wine has a sickeningly sweet flavor and is often mixed with water. Great quantities of this beverage are consumed in Tyr.

Cotton

Much of the fabric produced in Tyr uses cotton raised on the plantations outside of the city. Athasian cotton does not require much water and is a very hardy crop. Its main drawback is the backbreaking labor required to harvest it.

Faro

A twisted cactus grown as a cash crop by many of Tyr's nobles, faro grows as tall as a man, with a handful of scaly stems that rise into a tangled crown of needle-covered boughs. Faro trees blossom once a decade. Each piece of the sweet delicious fruit is worth as much as the tree itself. The faro needles can be harvested several times every year, and command a high price per bushel. The needles can be ground into a fine, nutritious flour that is often used in baking.

Grall

A squat, thorny cactus that does best in rocky areas, grall is harvested for its fruit. It produces two to three bulbous fruit per plant every three months. These fruit can be eaten raw (they have a strong, bitter taste), but more often are fermented for use in a strong local brew, "cactus blue" ale.

Neep

A thick root vegetable that grows underground. The orange-colored neep has a bland flavor and is often prepared mixed with other food rather than eaten



Environs of Tyr



alone. The sparse, hairy leaves that sprout above ground can be used as fodder.

N'ku'ru'ma

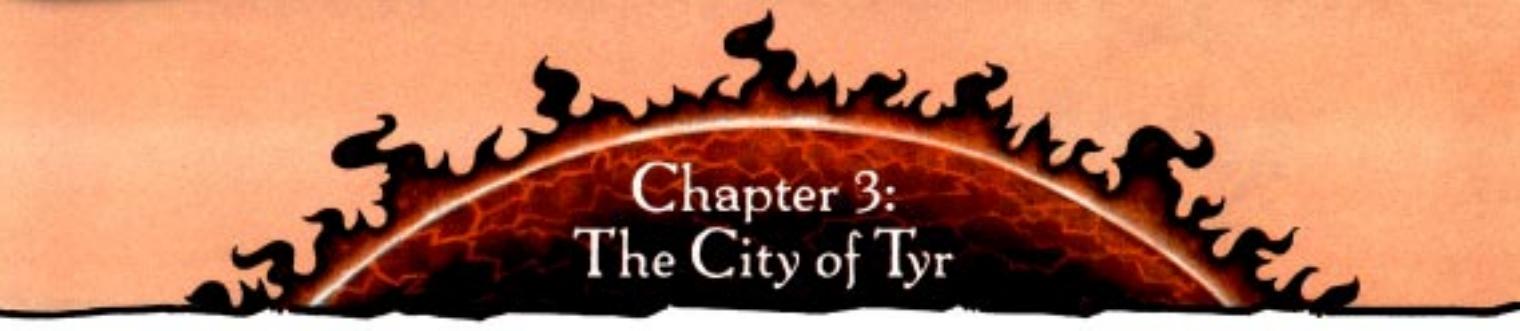
A waist-tall mallow plant that produces mucilaginous green pods. The finger-sized pods are protected by short, fine needles that must be removed before preparation. When roasted over an open fire, the pods take on a slightly-sweet flavor.

Oleracea

A succulent leafed plant that is a staple vegetable in the region. The dull yellow, finely incised leaves grow in a small fan near the ground. Oleracea leaf can be eaten raw or cooked with meals. The leaf is nutritious but flavorless.

Scuppernong

The silver scuppernong is a hearty, rough-skinned berry that grows on small scrubby bushes. The berry is eaten alone or fermented to produce a silver-colored wine. Though beautiful in appearance, the wine tends to be thick and slightly bitter. The full body of the liquor makes it a favorite among elves.



Chapter 3: The City of Tyr

City Culture

Architecture

The architecture of Tyr reflects the attitudes of its citizens. The buildings are austere, designed for functionality with spartan ornamentation. Wide doorways permit the rare breezes to enter. Window glass is rare, but large band windows inset high on the walls allow the dry wind in. Buildings are adobe (dried-mud bricks) squares built against adjoining structures for support. Two-story dwellings and establishments are not uncommon. Tiled, sand-packed bricks, or hardened dirt floors are the norm. A standard adobe wall will withstand 50 hit points of damage before breaking in pieces.

Furnishings

The minimal furnishings of most dwellings are hard and square, not soft or rounded. Stone tables and benches are oftentimes inset into the interior walls of a building. Seats made from the chitinous exoskeletons of kanks, wrapped in erdlu hide or cushioned by jankx pelts, are common.

Illumination

Buildings are lit by torches mounted in sconces high on the walls. Torch vents are frequently cut into the walls to let the smoke and heat escape the room. Candles made of boiled tembo fat are also used. Rare scented oils are burned for illumination in nobles' residences and the more costly houses of pleasure.

Refreshment

Water is life on Tyr. Cool well water is served throughout the city at little or no cost. Broy is another favorite. This intoxicating beverage, derived from fermented kank nectar, sells for a couple bits per mug, either

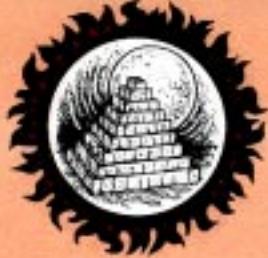
spiced or unspiced. Cheap, heavy ales are served warm and are as plentiful as erdlu dung (some with similar flavor). One of the best is blue cactus ale made from the grall cactus. Local silver scuppernong and dark blue-purple bulis wines are favored by the working class and cost a ceramic per jug. The nobility part with a silver for the tart, dry, golden Asticles wine.

Foods

Meat is the staple diet of Tyrians. Baazrag, erdlu, jankz, kip, and z'tal skewers served with a stack of unleavened bread is daily fare. The expense for such a meal is one or two ceramic bits. Mekillot steaks or inix tail make excellent dining for those rich enough to afford several ceramics for a single meal. Exotic meats such as cha'thrang or cloud ray are mouth-watering, but rare and expensive. Erdlu eggs, kank nectar, and filtered jalath'gak-blood nectar are readily available at most eateries for several ceramics each. The fields outside the gates produce a variety of vegetables and succulents that are consumed alone or in combination with the foods mentioned above.

Lodging

Travelers are free to camp beyond the fields outside the gates. There is no protection from bandits, raiders, or night creatures here, so only the destitute choose to stay there. The Warrens are the cheapest place to sleep inside the city. An abandoned building (if one can be found) will provide adequate housing as long as guards are posted. The Warrens also house the least expensive inns in the city. For as little as a ceramic per night, a traveler is welcome to share the floor with the local vermin. Robbery and murder in these inns are the rule rather than the exception. Adjoining the Warrens, Shadow Square and the trade districts offer better accommodations. A ceramic piece or two per night rents a small sleeping room. Security is questionable, and no one ever leaves anything of any importance in



The City of Tyr

the rooms. The trade and merchant districts provide decent lodgings at a fair price for traveling artisans and craftsmen. Rooms or houses in the nobles' district begin at a silver a day.

Stables

Indoor pens constructed near the city gates oversee travelers' creatures while their masters are in the city on business. Small pens for riding and pack creatures cost a ceramic per creature per day. Heavy crodlu and inix require more space and feeding, and cost several ceramics to a silver a day. Most stables will not handle mekillots or other giant creatures since special handlers are needed, and their fees begin at several silver pieces per day.

Dress

In the Athasian heat, the less worn the better. Modesty is not an issue, but some form of clothing is always worn in public. Most residents wear a loose-fitting cotton tunic gathered by a belt at the waist. Others wear loincloths and vests. Experienced travelers know of the importance to shield one's skin from the blistering sun. Light gauze or silks are oftentimes draped over heads and across one's arms. Turbans or other light headgear are worn. Nobles tend to remain inside during the day, their finery only seen at dusk.

City Emblems

The former emblem for the city of Tyr was a golden star on a purple background. These have been defiled since Kalak's demise. The broken mosaics and drawings are now targets for children brandishing crude weapons or garbage. No new emblem for the troubled city has been developed.

Tradesmen's Districts

Tyr contains three legitimate tradesmen's districts (apart from the Elven Market and Shadow Square). Each area provides an assortment of goods to a particular segment of Tyrian society.

The Caravan District

The Caravan District extends from the Caravan Gate to the Merchants' District along Caravan Way. The shops here sell goods targeted at visitors and travelers. The raspy-voiced vendors yell to passersby to examine their "fine" wares. Practically any mundane item can be found in this district, although prices are generally higher here (10-20%) than in the rest of the city.

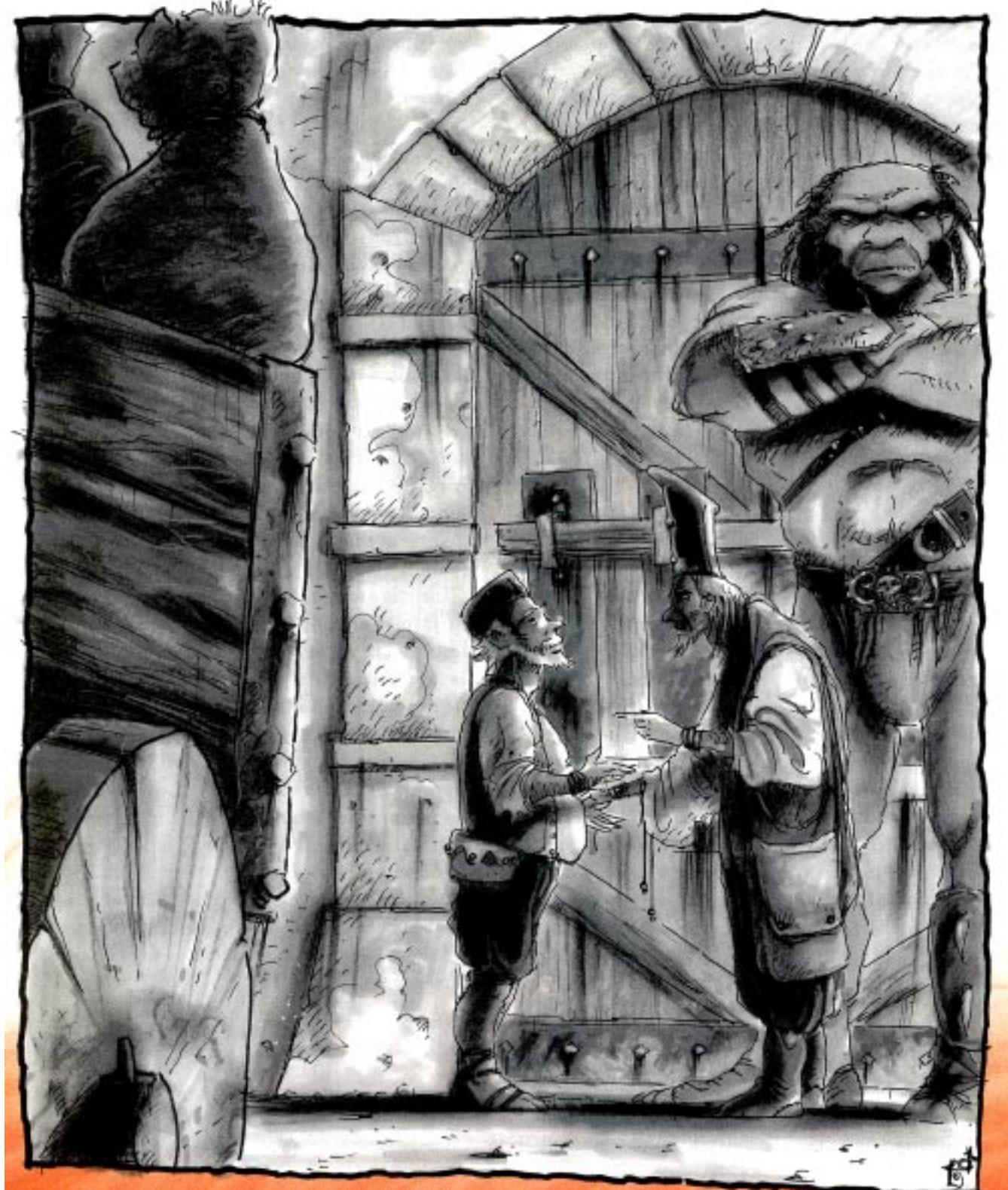
The Caravan Gate

Trading caravans enter the city of Tyr through this ancient portal. Loading and unloading is done in an area of hard-packed dirt to the right of the gate. Other merchants wait on the opposite side of the road to load or unload. The enormous gate may accommodate fully loaded wagons or carts (smaller than argosies) that generally pass directly into the city before unloading at a trading emporium or one of the city's markets.

The massive gate consists of two large doors, each 10 feet high and nearly as wide. Constructed of rough-cut agafari timbers, banded together with weathered mekillot hide and rusted studs and hinges of iron, the gates open onto a tunnel that passes through the city wall. Just inside the wall to the left of the road rests a monstrous block of stone. In times of war, the gate is barred and a templar or defiler levitates the stone using arcane magics while half-giant guards pull it into position to seal the tunnel. There it remains until the war ends.

The gate is always manned by a 1st- to 4th-level templar and two half-giant warriors of similar levels. The templar records the names of merchants of for-

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eigners entering the city, asks their reason for visiting Tyr, and collects a tariff that varies depending on the size of the caravan. The templar will sometimes inflate this amount by 25-100% to line his own pockets. The tariff rate is five ceramics for each erdlu or crodlu, 1 cp for each inix or kank, and 5 cp for each mekillot in a given caravan. Small wagons (1000- or 2500-pound capacity) or other transports receive a toll of five ceramics, while the tax on larger wagons runs 1 cp. (How much the templar attempts to extort depends on his estimate of what the trader can afford, as well as his general disposition toward the individual(s) involved. Adventurers may attempt to bargain, use psionics or *suggestion* spells to influence the gate templar. Discovery of deception means a stiff fine or incarceration, though.)

Caravan Way

Caravan Way is the main thoroughfare through the trade districts. The broad avenue grants mounted riders the room necessary to maneuver through scattered clusters of pedestrians and street vendors hawking their wares. Caravan Way meanders through the main tradesmen's district into the merchants' district where it circles Iron Square.

The shops bordering Caravan Way cater to merchants and visitors to Tyr. They possess the widest variety of merchandise available in the city. One shop may offer leather goods—waterskins, harnesses, cargo covers and such, while another displays suits of chitin armor and bardings, and so on. Travelers passing this way may see any manner of businesses including the following:

The Draqoman Station

A placard with a stylized eyeball, ear, and lips impaled on a spike hangs as a standard just inside the Caravan Gate. This is the rendezvous point for draqomen. A draqoman acts as a guide/interpreter/agent

for visitors and businessmen newly come to Tyr. (See the description of the draqoman kit in Chapter 8 for details.)

Grik's Weaponry

Grik's weapons shop lies a few doors down from the caravan gate. Those who know weapons often seek out the gap-toothed mul to fill their needs. An ex-gladiator, Grik sells finely crafted weapons at only a slight markup (10%). Eerdlu-claw daggers, obsidian-tipped javelins, bramble-tree clubs, as well as metal weaponry of all sorts can be found within the cluttered, two-story shop during daylight hours. The walls of the building's first story are constructed of uneven blocks of sandstone, the second floor being composed of sun-baked bricks. A massive stone door seals the entrance after hours. There are no windows. A stairway behind the counter at the back of the shop leads to Grik's living quarters upstairs.

Grik is assisted by a grizzled dwarf named Murd, his former arena partner. Murd's mind was largely destroyed in a gladiatorial match, reducing him to little more than a feral animal. Now he spends most of the day sitting in Grik's shop sharpening blades, leaving only occasionally to roam the town. When in the store, he glares at customers, growling the entire time they remain in the shop. His manic fascination with blades provides some benefit to Grik. Not only does Murd discourage thieves, but he has a knack for honing edges to an uncanny sharpness. In game terms, any edged weapon purchased from Grik will have a +1 damage bonus for the first five successful strikes made with it, thereafter the weapon reverts to doing normal damage.

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Grik

7th-level Male Mul Gladiator, Lawful Neutral	
AC 3 (braxat hide)	Str 19
Movement 12	Dex 14
hp 68	Con 18
THAC0 14	Int 12
#AT 2	Wis 15
Dmg: 1d8+7 (steel long sword)	Cha 11
<i>Proficiencies:</i> All weapons, specialized in long sword, impaler, wrist razors, javelin, +4 to punching and wrestling rolls, armor optimization (-1), weapon improvisation, bargain, blind-fighting.	
<i>Psionics Summary:</i> PSPs 48; Wild Talent—Adrenalin Control (PSP 5; Cost 8+4/rd).	



Grik conducts business in a brisk, no-nonsense fashion. He's a hard bargainer and if anyone calls into question the quality of his wares or the fairness of his prices, he will politely refer them to Flin's arms shop just inside the Stadium Gate or the Elven Market where they may find weapons more in keeping with their pocketbook. "But ye'll get what ye pay fer," he'll call after them. When asked about Murd, he tells customers to leave him alone. Grik will sometimes buy weapons of quality in good shape, but he will only go 30 to 50% of the retail rate. For magical or metal weapons, however, he'll pay up to 75% of their value (he then turns around and marks them up 25% over retail). Adorning Grik's hand is a dull iron band that is actually a *ring of jumping*.

Murd

5th-level Male Dwarf Gladiator, Neutral	
AC 5 (leather+Dex)	Str 17
Movement 6	Dex 17
hp 40	Con 16
THAC0 16	Int 5
#AT 3/2	Wis 8
Dmg: 1d8 (obsidian battle axe)	Cha 8
<i>Proficiencies:</i> All weapons, specialized in battle axe, short sword, wrist razors, +4 on punching and wrestling rolls; armor optimization, endurance.	
<i>Psionics Summary:</i> None due to brain damage.	

Murd asks nothing but to be left alone. He's very loyal to Grik and will attack anyone who attempts to steal from or harm his partner. He speaks seldom, if ever, and is rather childlike. He hasn't lost his fighting skills since his mind-destroying fight in the arena, and will conduct himself well in a fight if goaded into it.

The Messenger's Mount

The boarding stable known as the Home of the Messenger's Mount is familiar to travelers and caravans



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alike. This two-story structure provides shelter for caravan mounts and lone desert traders. The famous comet on which Tyr's calendar is based gives the stable its name. The B'juk family has managed the stables for over three generations. The Messenger's Mount houses only smaller traveling beasts such as kank, erdlu, and crodlu. Caravans with the larger mekillots and inix must depend on their own trading houses for stables. The B'juk family charges a fair price: a single ceramic bit per animal per day. For a negotiated fee, they will supply trainers or healers to attend to a problem animal. The B'juk family is currently negotiating with the Council to acquire more property to expand their business.

Ibl B'juk —father, owner, 40-year-old human male merchant; AL N; AC 10; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (club); SZ M; ML 8; Str 14; Dex 10; Con 14; Int 10; Wis 14; Cha 13.

Ves B'juk —mother, Ibl's second wife, 33-year-old human female merchant; AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (fists); SZ M; ML 6; Str 7; Dex 14; Con 12; Int 10; Wis 13; Cha 16.

Wek B'juk —oldest son, manager, 20-year-old half-elf male merchant; AL N; AC 8 (leather breastplate); MV 12; HD3; hp 17; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SZ M; ML 10; Str 15; Dex 11; Con 14; Int 11; Wis 12; Cha 14.

Vok B'juk —second eldest son, 18-year-old half-elf male stable hand; AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; HD 2; hp 11; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SZ M; ML 7; Str 12; Dex 13; Con 10; Int 10; Wis 11; Cha 12.

Ero B'juk —third eldest son, 16-year-old half-elf male stable hand; AL NE; AC 10; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SZ M; ML 6; Str 8; Dex 15; Con 10; Int 14; Wis 9; Cha 15.

Vesa B'juk —eldest daughter, 3-year-old human female; AL NG; AC 10; MV 6; HD 1; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (bite); SZ S; ML 4; Str 3; Dex 8; Con 10; Int 6; Wis 4; Cha 16.

The Golden Inix Inn

Midway along Caravan Way where the road bends, a narrow alley opens on the left. Next to it, a long brick building, nearly as narrow as the alley, beckons weary travelers with the aroma of frying inix and sweet broy. A cracked sign overhead bears a golden inix on its left side opposite a stylized bottle, declaring the building to be a tavern.

A half-giant doorman grasping a huge stone morning star stands just to the right of the door. Several tables with seating for 2-4 people each take up the left side of a walkway that runs the length of the building to a stairway going up. A small, L-shaped counter is to the right of the stairway with a middle-aged, dark-haired half-elven woman seated behind it. In the wall behind the counter, a curtained doorway parts at irregular intervals as serving girls bring food and drink to the customers seated at the tables.

The Golden Inix offers good food at reasonable prices. They are usually well stocked, offering three or four different meat dishes daily and a choice of broy (fermented kank nectar), Tyrian ale, or Asticles wine. The price of a meal is 1 cp with drinks running from 1 to 5 bits each. Six cramped rooms containing cots and chamberpots are available for rent upstairs at the rate of 5 bits a night (meals not included).

Mila Risani owns the Golden Inix and does a good business. There is rarely any trouble at the inix for Mila is an accomplished psionicist, able to dispatch unruly customers without lifting a finger. She prefers not to exhibit her powers, though, unless it's absolutely necessary. Jaryx, the half-giant, takes care of most troublemakers. She has three scullery maids/cooks and the half-giant on her staff to assist her.

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Mila Risani

8th-level Female Half-Elf Psionicist, Neutral Good

AC 5 (leather+Dex) Str 13

Movement 12 Dex 17

hp 30 Con 14

THAC0 17 Int 16

#AT 1 Wis 18

Dmg: 1d4-1 (obsidian dagger) Cha 16

Proficiencies: Dagger, spear, heartpick (treat as horseman's pick), read/write common, rejuvenation, bargain, psionic detection, cooking.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 118; Disciplines—telepathy, psychometabolism, psychoportive; Sciences—mind-link, probe, life-draining, teleport; Devotions—contact, ESP, invincible foes, mind bar, id insinuation, post-hypnotic suggestion, heightened senses, cell adjustment, lend health, mind over body, teleport trigger, time/space anchor, dream travel; Defense Modes—intellect fortress, mental barrier, mind blank, thought shield.

A serious, inquisitive person, Mila performs her role as hostess with competence and grace. She will converse with patrons for information on the other city-states, so long as it doesn't interfere with her business duties. Her temperament quickly turns stern at the merest hint of trouble, though. Mila doesn't put up with thieves, brawlers, or loudmouths in her place and will have Jaryx show them the door, or do it herself if need be. Her customers like and appreciate Mila and will come to her aid if there's trouble.

Jaryx

9th-level Male Half-Giant Fighter, Neutral

AC 6 (leather+Dex) Str 21

Movement 12 Dex 16

hp 119 Con 18

THAC0 12 Int 11

#AT 3/2 Wis 10

Dmg: 2d4+8 (stone morning star) Cha 10

Proficiencies: Specialized in morning star; spear, gythka, lance, bastard sword; weapon improvisation, endurance, survival, badlands.

Jaryx is easy-going for a half-giant. He's just as happy taking out the kitchen trash as he is crushing a troublesome customer's head with his morning star. "It's just a job," he'll answer nonchalantly if asked. He would never do anything against Mila, but will consider offers to "moonlight" once in a while.

Shining Sands

The Shining Sands is a dry-sand laundry located on the edge of the Tradesmen's District near the Nobles' Quarter. I'toc and his wife Nesa run the establishment. The pair collect only the finest pure white sand from the nearby desert. When clothes become too dirty, smelly, or impregnated with body fluids, garments are brought to the Shining Sands. The proprietors use the extra fine sand to scrub the dirt and excess oils from the garments. Dirty or soiled sand is always discarded, and clean sand is continually applied until the garment becomes sand-clean. This method of cleaning does not work on some blood stains, but will remove 85% of all dirt and stains. I'toc and Nesa charge one ceramic bit for a dozen garments. For a like amount, the couple will scent the garments with sweet smelling cactus-flower water. The couple also provides a small discreet lounge in back if an individual wishes to have the clothing they are wearing cleaned.

I'toc — 37-year-old human male merchant; broad shouldered, closely cropped dirt brown hair; AL N; AC 10; MV 12; HD 2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg: 1d6 (club); SZ M; ML 10; Str 15; Dex 9; Con 13; Int 10; Wis 12; Cha 11.

Nesa — 41-year-old mul female; powerful, charismatic, serene (non-warrior); AL N; AC 10; MV 12; HD 3; hp 21; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg: 1d6 (club); SZ M; ML 12; Str 15; Dex 14; Con 16; Int 9; Wis 11; Cha 8.



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The Artisan's District

The second tradesmen's district lies adjacent to the ziggurat and the stadium. It is comprised of a greater number of "common" craftsmen shops than the Caravan District, as evidenced by the name of the road that cuts through this section of town: Artisans' Way. The businesses in this part of town are geared more to the local citizens' needs. Cobblers, weavers, and other simple craftsmen can be found here in abundance. It is also important to note that most of Tyr's freemen make their residences in this area. The area as a whole is less hectic than the Caravan District and is more affordable (with only a 1-10% markup). The shopkeepers do not swarm customers in the street like so many locusts, but are content to see to a buyer's needs within their shops.

The Wayward Trader

Located in the Artisan's District, this quiet tavern is a favorite of locals. Nothing fancy, the Wayward Trader offers assorted ales and broy along with kip sausage and biscuits. The Trader is a good place to enjoy a brew without being bothered. Strangers are welcome as long as they don't cause trouble, but will receive side-long glances from the regulars.

Bloodletter's

Specializing in custom-made weapons of exceptional quality, Bloodletter's maintains a large clientele among noblemen and professional warriors. The shop deals exclusively in steel and iron weaponry, disdaining the less costly bone and stone so common elsewhere. Mong One-Eye, the master weaponsmith who owns and runs Bloodletter's, is a former gladiator with strong ties to Borger, Minister of the Mines. Weapons purchased at Bloodletter's cost twice the standard rate, but are custom made and have a +1 nonmagical bonus for attack or damage (buyer's choice). Buyers

wishing a +1 bonus for attack and damage rolls must pay four times the book price.

The Smiths' District

The remaining Tradesmen's District, smallest of the three, is located on the opposite side of the stadium near the brickyards. The nature of the work performed at this location requires large amounts of space and would be annoying to others if placed in residential areas. Aside from the brickyard operation, you can find a stonemason, a wainwright (builder and repairer of wagons), and a toolmaker here, among others.

Rarvin's Wagonworks

Strom Rarvin owns and operates Tyr's largest wagon manufacture and repair facility. Two large buildings south of the Brickyards are used by Strom and his two sons. The Rarvins are well known for their workmanship. Their shop produces wagons of every description from small open wagons to huge armored argosies. Fine chariots are crafted here as well. Strom even once constructed an undead war beetle (see the *Dragon Kings* hardcover, p. 31) as a special order for Kalak's necromancer, Dote Mal Payne. The two buildings serve as workshop and showroom, respectively. Strom often (60%) has at least one wagon on display and available for sale, sometimes two (30%) or even three (5%) (determine capacity and whether covered or uncovered randomly, excluding armored caravan wagons). If he doesn't have the wagon in stock that the buyer wants, he can build it in two weeks if he has the materials on hand (70% chance) or in four to six weeks if he doesn't. Custom orders take from one to four weeks longer to build and cost 50-100% more depending on the extent of customization involved. The buyer is responsible for the cost of any additional materials needed for customization. Strom asks for half the money up front (or full payment for custom orders).

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Strom Rarvin

7th-level Male Human Fighter, Lawful Neutral	
AC 6 (leather+Dex)	Str 18/43
Movement 12	Dex 16
hp 64	Con 17
THAC0 14	Int 13
#AT 2 or 3/2	Wis 14
Dmg: By weapon	Cha 14
<i>Proficiencies:</i> specialized with battle axe; halberd, light crossbow, morning star; wainwright, charioteering, blind-fighting, armor optimization.	

Strom is a dark, hulking man with an unkempt beard and close-cropped black hair. His eyes gleam like two obsidian orbs. He speaks sparingly, never wasting words when a grunt or a nod will do. When he does talk, however, he makes no bones about his stance in any debate. If flattery and diplomacy are desired, you'll find neither in this man.

What he does offer is fine craftsmanship for the price. Strom takes pride in his work and it shows in the finished product. When not working, he often competes in chariot races at the stadium. All the Rarvins are expert charioteers. Treat his sons as third level fighters with 33 and 29 hit points each.

The Tarnished Cup

The Tarnished Cup buys and sells previously owned goods of all sorts. Musical instruments, jewelry, and clothing; even an occasional howdah or chariot can be found here. Prices generally range from half- to full-book value, depending on quality. The Tarnished Cup also purchases goods at a tenth to a quarter of book value. The Cup's proprietor, a sly half-elf by the name of Trink, is rumored to have ties to the black market and can help buyers locate hard-to-find items for a fee, usually a tenth of the item's value. The DM may wish to apply a percentage chance to the possibility of a given item being in stock, say 50% for common items,

25% for uncommon ones, and 5% for rare or illegal goods.

The Brickyards

Despite the end to construction on Kalak's ziggurat, the Brickyards continue to produce bricks for use in housing. The freeing of the slaves (who at the time outnumbered other Tyrian citizens two to one) created a huge influx of people into the city proper from the outlying estates. Many settled into the crumbling ruins of the Warrens, having nowhere else to go. Now, as more of the freemen find work, buildings are being repaired or newly constructed.

Under Kalak, the Brickyards were a city-owned business. They remain so today, although there is talk that the Council would like to turn it over to a competent businessman. Until such time as a reasonable offer is received for the brickworks however, the operation will continue to be overseen by Quaan, a mid-level templar working on Tyr's behalf.

Birk's Leather and Hides

A shack in the Brickyards houses the finest tanner in Tyr. The leatherworks is run by Birk, a wild-eyed dwarf. He supplies many of Tyr's artisans with leather for boots, belts, bridles, and other items of leathercraft. He also makes leather armor and bardings himself, often studded with chitin or bone. The dwarf is obsessed with his work and often scares potential customers away with his constant mutterings. He enjoys working with exotic leathers and, it is rumored, has even experimented with humanoid hides.

He'll pay 1 bit per square foot for common skins: kip, erdlu, lizard, etc. For rare or unusual skins he'll go higher. For example, Birk might pay 1 cp for a kirre hide or 1 sp per square foot for a fire drake's. His armors and bardings cost 25% over market value and require 1-3 weeks to make. Weight is reduced by 10%, however, due to Birk's careful tailoring and there is a 10% chance that a



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particular suit of armor or barding will grant a -1 armor class bonus due to its fine craftsmanship.

Merchants' District

The buildings grew larger as we passed from the Tradesmen's District in to the Merchants' District, where wealthy and powerful trading houses hold sway. We circled left around the iron square with the eyes of the traders bearing down upon us. They scrutinized us, trying to determine our cargo, or watching to see if we belonged to one of their competitors' houses.

"Do not tell the traders what your cargo is if they ask," Ojoba muttered quietly.

"Why? They may want to buy—"

"Do not tell them until you have set up in the arena!"

Just then, as we left the Merchants' District and emerged before the ziggurat, a feathery-faced man in the cassock of a templar strode around the corner of the pyramid, three half-giant guards in tow. He moved to block our path. I looked to Ojoba who suddenly seemed lost in thought.

"What cargo do you carry?" the templar demanded.

"We were inspected upon entry to your fine city," I began.

"Of course," he interrupted, "but we have a responsibility to regulate honest trade. Now, what is your cargo?"

"Is there a tax that I am not aware of?"

I shot a quick glance over to Ojoba who still seemed to be focused on something else. The templar's patience was nearing its end, I could tell.

"It is obvious you're not going to cooperate." He motioned to his guards who advanced on our wagons. "Therefore, it is my duty to impound your cargo and arrest you pending investigation."

"Good templar, sir." Ojoba's smooth voice cut in calmly. "I am dragoman Ojoba. I speak for my business associate. Of which bureau are you and what rank do you have?"



Ojoba's forwardness seemed to insult the official greatly for the man's face flushed a deep crimson.

"Don't play your little dragoman games with me, Ojoba. You have no right to question my authority in this!"

"But I do!"

All heads turned to the speaker, a young female templar who had just entered from the vicinity of the Nobles' Quarter with a single half-giant guard at her side. Her sandy hair fell in a loose braid and she wore a fine bronze chain suspending a badge or emblem.

"Mistress Calia," the old templar said as the color ran from his face, "there is no need for you to involve yourself in so petty a matter . . ."

"It is not for you to say," she replied coolly. She looked over to me for a moment, then turned back to the other templar. "Surely you have other duties needing your attention."

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"Yes, mistress." To my relief, old leatherhead turned and left without a word.

I started to thank the woman, but she turned back to me and said, "Be about your business and don't bother me again."

Ojoba took me aside and said, "Give me a silver piece."

I stared at him confusedly.

"I work for Calia, too," he said. "Wirik, the other, he's owned by House Stel. Stel, or more likely one of their dummy houses, would have claimed you stole their cargo and Wirik would have 'recovered' it for them, for a finder's fee, of course. You have no house to speak for you in these matters. So I sent a call to Calia. She owed me a favor. Favors don't come cheaply."

I dug a silver coin out of my purse, chalking it up to the cost of doing business.

The Merchants' District lies beside the ziggurat. Moving clockwise from the ziggurat, the Merchants' District is bounded by the Warrens, the Nobles' Quarter, the Tradesmens' District, and the Nobles' Quarter again. Caravan Way divides the Merchant District, ending in a loop around Iron Square where the most powerful trading families have their emporiums.

All Athas' largest trading houses maintain emporiums and agents in Tyr. Interspersed with these are the small traders who fill niche markets and handle spot cargo that the larger merchants have no room or desire for. Fierce rivalries and subtle intrigues punctuate the day-to-day business operations among the competitive merchants. Some of the players in Tyr's trade are detailed below:

House Vordon is the region's primary trader of iron. With the iron mines producing once more, House Vordon should profit greatly. Now that the house's cashflow has been restored, Vordon means to set things aright. The primary routes of this trading house stretch from Tyr northeast to Urik and south to Altaruk and Balic.

The Vordon emporium takes up a full corner of Iron Square, lying to the left of Caravan Way as it enters the square. A staff of 30 agents and guards serve customers in the emporium. Steel tools and weapons gleam from wall racks, bolts of cotton fabric rest in another corner of the room, and precious works of glass, stone, and gemcraft are displayed in a fine case adjoining the central counter. The front of the building houses the retail functions, while the rear consists of offices and storage. Anyone entering the emporium is greeted warmly by a Vordon agent who attends to them personally for the entire time they are in the building. Those wishing to make caravan arrangements are referred to the company's main office.

Directly across the street from the emporium next to the Nobles' Quarter, House Vordon maintains its main office and a large, very secure warehouse. A small, fortified outpost used for storage of wagons and pack animals can be found five miles south of Tyr. With Tyr's trade on the rise recently, fewer wagons are left idle for any length of time. Adventurers won't find employment with House Vordon, but will be referred politely to inquire at one of the smaller trade houses down the street, House Troika.

Emblem: A black diamond (representing iron) on a red-brown field (for the mountains around Tyr).

Trade Goods: Iron, weapons, artwork, textiles, and slaves (outside of Tyr).

The other trading houses with emporiums on Iron Square (moving clockwise) include:

House Wavir, based in Balic, is a dominant force in the southern portions of the region. This house is on very good terms with the new government of Tyr and is seeking to expand its trade in this area. Wavir currently feuds with Tsalaxa, but has no quarrels with any other houses. House Wavir trades in all the major cities, but also maintains important routes between Balic and Ledopolus, Walis, and Salt View.

Emblem: A silver jozhal on a blue field.

Trade Goods: Grain, ceramics, and precious metals



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with some small trade in hardwood, gems, and exotic animals.

House Shom, a vast trading power from Nibenay, corrupt and decadent, is in advanced stages of decline. Once a name feared and respected throughout the region, Shom now is the target of ridicule and derision. Members of the family have withdrawn from their management of the company, too absorbed with their own lavish lifestyles and personal vices to care. Senior agents care nothing for the collapsing Shom empire. Driven by greed, they use their positions to line their own pockets. Even smuggling and selling contraband can be arranged for a hefty bribe. House Shom has few openings for hirelings right now, but those that are hired should be very careful to watch their backs. The pay is excellent, but current agents are very protective of their positions and are not averse to arranging convenient "accidents" for challenging upstarts. Shom serves most of the major cities except for Gulg. The trading house also maintains the village of Cromlin on the Sea of Silt, one of its few profitable operations, to trade with nomadic tribes in the area. Many other outposts exist, but are generally not profitable or are placed at out of the way locations where trade routes have long ago dried up.

Emblem: Three white dragonflies on a red and black diagonally divided field.

Trade Goods: Obsidian, rice, water, and wood with minor trade in art and weapons.

House Tsalaxa, the primary trading house of Draj, takes a predatory approach to business. Blackmail, espionage, and assassination are all acceptable practices to the company in its quest for wealth and power. Tsalaxa maintains friendly relations with House Stel and cordial relations with others except Wavir, to which it is overtly hostile. When the opportunity presents itself, Tsalaxa ruthlessly exterminates smaller houses, picking up the pieces for itself. Tsalaxa frequently hires adventurers as caravan guards, spies, or

assassins. Once hired, however, an employee may find it very difficult to resign, particularly if they know any of House Tsalaxa's "trade" secrets. Except for Balic, where Wavir has prevented Tsalaxa from getting a foothold, this trading house maintains important outposts for trade with Altaruk, Walis, and its trade village of Abalath near Silver Spring.

Emblem: A pair of glaring, bestial eyes set on a black banner.

Trade Goods: Tsalaxa is a major supplier of hemp and grain, and occasionally deals in contraband.

House Stel, based in Urik, is the most aggressive, militaristic merchant house. Its emporium, across from its ally Tsalaxa, is a veritable fortress. Heavily armed and armored guardsmen patrol the grounds with brisk efficiency. Since the battle between Tyr and Urik, House Stel's popularity has fallen off with the Tyrians. Nevertheless, Stel refuses to give up this valuable link in its chain of trade. The major caravan routes of Stel run from Urik to Raam and Draj. Additionally, Stel maintains a monopoly on the trade routes to Malaka and Ogo where it trades with halfling tribes.

Emblem: A pair of crossed black scimitars on a white field.

Trade Goods: Slaves (outside of Tyr), stolen cargo, weapons, ceramics, iron, and occasionally hostages for ransom. Hardwood, feathers, and gems are obtained from the halflings of Ogo as well.

House M'ke persists in the face of the deteriorating political situation in Raam, its home city, where revolution is spoken of openly. The only thing that has kept this once great house solvent is its huge cash reserves. M'ke mainly trades between Raam and Draj, Urik, Tyr, Altaruk, and Balic. Other important trading posts are found on the route to Nibenay and in the village of Jalaka, located on the edge of the Forest Ridge. Most of M'ke's remaining emporiums and outposts are manned with skeletal staffs. For example, it has consolidated its emporium and warehouse into one building

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in Tyr, selling its former warehouse to a rival merchant house. It now occupies the building up Caravan Way and directly across from House Vordon's emporium. Its outposts have come under attack more and more of late as raiders and rival houses strike to take advantage of M'ke's weakness. Unlike Shom, which seems oblivious to its demise, M'ke is desperately fighting to survive this period of turmoil. Whether it will or not remains to be seen. M'ke would be willing to take on adventurers as caravan or outpost guards, but can't pay much right now.

Emblem: A silver quill pen on a field of red.

Trade Goods: Metals, food, weapons, and obsidian. Some small but profitable trade is also conducted with the halflings in Jalaka for hardwood, feathers, and gems.

House Inika is the last of the major trading houses to be noted here. Its small emporium stands at the corner where Caravan Way joins the side street that runs from Iron Square to the ziggurat. Very efficient and conservative in nature, Inika is one of the most profitable trading houses in the region. They deal in small but valuable items and run swift kank caravans to transport their cargos. Inika almost always avoids open conflict at all costs, but avenges wrongs committed against it by penetrating valuable markets of offending houses. Its outposts are positioned strategically at the crossroads of several important trading routes to take advantage of a variety of markets with a minimum of cost. Inika outposts can be found linking Walis and Altaruk; Gulg, Salt View, and North Ledopolis; Tyr, Altaruk, and Silver Spring; and along the southern edge of the Dragon's Bowl between Raam and Silver Spring.

Emblem: A gold circle on a black field.

Trade Goods: Kola nuts, gems, spices, feathers, and other small, valuable items. Inika does not transport contraband.

House Troika, a new trading house in Tyr, can be found in a cramped office across the street from the

Shom emporium. Asher Troika, founder of the house and caravan master, is preparing for a journey to Altaruk, the Lost Oasis, and South Ledopolis, to trade silks and glassware with inhabitants and nomadic tribesmen in exchange for kank nectar, copper, and anything else that might fetch a profit in Tyr. He needs outriders and guards for the caravan. If the player characters take him up on his offer, they will find Asher to be a tough but fair boss, demanding the characters' best efforts and rewarding them well for good work. Over the course of a few adventures, the characters may discover the secret of House Troika. It is actually a dummy trading house for House Vordon. If they investigate further, they may uncover Thaxos Vordon's plans for power in Tyr causing them to become embroiled in a bitter battle against the mighty House Vordon (see the *Dune Traders* supplement for further details).

Emblem: A silver spear ending in a short lightning bolt on an azure field.

Trade Goods: Silk, glassware, craftwork.

House Ianto suffered greatly from the loss of the iron trade under Kalak. The company maintains a few small outposts between Silver Spring, Altaruk, Tyr, and Urik. During the upheaval in Tyr, Ianto moved out of the city, concentrating its resources into a fortress ten miles south of Tyr. Now it has set up an agent in Tyr in a small office across the street from House Wavir hoping to secure a cargo. The company would like to expand into other areas, but needs to make a few successful caravan runs before it could make such an attempt as its coffers were drained by the crash of the Tyrian economy. Ianto will be very receptive to employment inquiries from adventurers, but instead of regular wages, it will offer a small share of the proceeds from the next caravan as all its cash has been spent on cargo. Ianto hopes to barter weapons with halflings of the forest ridge for hardwood and gems.

Emblem: A green Inix on a field of yellow.

Trade Goods: Iron, silk, fabrics.



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Nobles' Quarter

As one moves away from Caravan Way into the Nobles' Quarter, the shops take on an air of sophistication. An herbalist's shop appears with rare spices, medicinal herbs, and exotic oils. Vendors of colorful silks, glass-blowers, and perfumeries adorn the well kept walkways in this portion of the tradesmen's district.

Narissa's Colors and Scents

Sweet fragrances waft out of a small, sand-colored townhouse on the fringe of the Nobles' Quarter near Caravan Way. The proprietress, Narissa Dreev, lives on the upper floor of the two-story building. The lower level houses her business which offers a variety of perfumes, body oils, face paints, and colorful feathers to clients with a taste for finery. The gallery consists of a series of platforms and pedestals displaying the luxury goods. Narissa waits on customers personally. A half-elf of striking beauty, she usually wears her waist-length blonde hair in a long braid. In addition to the aforementioned goods, Narissa is also an excellent source for a wide selection of poisons.

The Jade Jozhal

This small, but well-appointed jewelry store resides at the fringe of the district. It's considered to be in the Nobles' Quarter. The owner, Korik Marrish, work in a variety of media including bone, horn, wood, and metals, both with and without gems. Unlike some designers whose work is in vogue one day and out the next, Korik creates simple designs set off with understated flares and variations that carry a broader appeal.

He is assisted by his son, Verik, and has a thri-kreen bodyguard with him at all times. (**Thri-Kreen Bodyguard:** G8; AL N; AC 2; MV 18; hp 59; THAC0 13; #AT 5 or 2; Dmg 1d4+7 (x4)/1d4+8 or 2d4+7 (gythka with strength and specialization bonus); ML 14; specialized with gythka and chatkcha. It is said that

Korik somehow saved the thri-kreen's life while on a buying expedition and, in return, the insect man agreed to serve him for three years. The truth of this tale is unknown.

Korik Marrish

6th-level Male Human Trader, Lawful Neutral	
Armor Class 4 (leather+Dex)	Str 16
Movement 12	Dex 19
hp 28	Con 16
THAC0 15	Int 17
#AT 1	Wis 15
Dmg: 1d8+1 (bronze short sword)	Cha 12
<i>Proficiencies:</i> Short sword, sling, club, darts; bargain, gem cutting, appraising, etiquette.	
<i>Psionics Summary:</i> PSPs 71; Wild Talent—psychic messenger (PS12; Cost 4+3/rd).	

Korik is a pudgy man in his forties. He is very vain and grows his hair long on one side so that he can comb it over his balding pate. This seems to only attract attention to his baldness, which frustrates him to no end. He wants very much to be accepted by the nobility and doesn't miss an opportunity to ingratiate himself with anyone of higher social standing than his own. This desire to please can work against him in his business dealings. Korik will occasionally (40% chance) be interested in buying gemstones. If so, he will usually offer 30% of the gem's value and can be bargained to 50%. If a lady of high social standing is involved in the transaction, however, this percentage should be increased by 1% for each point of Charisma she possesses. Likewise, if a lady of high station wishes to purchase an item, the selling price should be reduced by the same 1% per point of Charisma she possesses.

When in the store, Korik usually stays in his back room workshop while his son attends to customers. A small window in the wall allows him to observe the comings and goings in the selling room while he works.

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If a person of high social stature enters the shop and Korik notices (40% chance), he'll come out front himself and wait on the customer. His son, aware of his father's societal obsession, will attempt to position himself to block the view from the workshop whenever this occurs.

The Sandstone Inn

The Sandstone Inn is run by Prihn Gorim, a graying, middle-aged woman. The Gorim family used to travel the Tyr-to-Balik trade routes with silks and textiles. A few years ago, while Prihn was in Tyr, braxats attacked the Gorim caravan, murdering everyone. Now, the family home is all she has left and she refuses to part with it. To maintain the home and feed herself, Prihn operates the house as an inn. Visitors may rent rooms by the day, the week, or the month. A courtyard at the rear of the main building contains a small stable where up to six crodlu or erdlu can be housed. Rooms run from 5 ceramics to 1 silver per night, 25 ceramics or 5 sp for the week, and 1 or 2 gold per month, payable in advance. Prices include stabling of one mount per guest and meals. Quality of the lodging is good, the meals are fair.

The Sweetwater Inn

For those who want the finest, and can afford it, there is the Sweetwater Inn. The inn caters to visiting nobles and senior traders with gold in their pockets and a desire for pampered care. Guests of the Sweetwater receive deluxe accommodations with scented baths and access to the inn's private well. Gourmet meals are served in the inn's exquisite dining room or brought to the guest's room upon request. The staff includes several maids and stewards who not only clean the rooms, but can provide guests with more personal attention, such as private baths and massages. Tipping is acceptable and encouraged. Runners are available at no extra charge to deliver messages or make purchases for

guests. As for guests' mounts, the inn has an arrangement with the Messenger's Mount for boarding and care. The luxuriant decadence of the Sweetwater Inn can be had for 1 silver piece a night per person.

Residences

The Nobles' Quarter can be found to either side of the Caravan District. It is here that merchant princes, several ranking templars, and landless nobles make their homes. Some plantation owners maintain villas here as well. One-, two-, and three-story buildings of various designs can be found here. The residences in this section of town are expansive and lavish. Many have rooms for live-in servants and some have private courtyards with gardens. A few businesses specializing in luxury goods are located in the noble quarters also, catering to the refined tastes of Tyr's elite. Private guardsmen patrol the streets of this exclusive area, usually in groups of five to 10, to protect against thieves and ruffians.

Don't be fooled, however, by the appearance of order and harmony. Intrigues and deceptions are everywhere in the Nobles' Quarter. They occur behind closed doors and take place on a grander scale than the petty street crimes evident in the poorer sections of town. Consider the townhouse of Daria Rienne, agent of House Tsalaxa.

The mistress of the house sits at her desk, stroking her pet critic and running her finger over the Altaruk-to-Walis route on the map spread before her. Daria has learned of the gambling debts of Argus, a caravan master in the employ of House Brin, a small Tyrian trading concern. In return for her offering to pay his debt and a promise of future employment, he has told her a caravan heading to Grak's Pool to trade for water is actually bound for Walis and gold. The trading house, he says, drained its cash reserves during Kalak; reign and desperately needs this run to survive. They spread the water rumor because they can't afford to hire extra guardsmen and don't wish to appear vulnerable.



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She settles back in her chair, composes herself for a moment, and concentrates on the image of a Tsalaxan agent in Altaruk. In a few minutes, Daria has conveyed her plan telepathically to the Altaruk agent. "Another week," she thinks to herself "perhaps 10 days, and their gold will be Tsalaxa's gold." Daria allows herself a slight chuckle before reaching out for another familiar image.

"Yes-s-s-s," she hears the dusky thri-kreen speak in her mind.

"Klik'l, do be a good fellow and dispose of Argus of House Brin for me. I'll pay your usual fee," she mind-speaks, "and you can eat him if you like."

"Y-e-s-s-s, mistress-s-s-s."

She breaks the contact, puts aside the map, and pulls out a ledger bearing the Tsalaxan symbol. Checking over the inventory listings, it's only a

moment before she's forgotten about House Brin and Argus, for she's on to other business.

The Warrens

Every city has its slums and Tyr is no exception. The Warrens sprawl across the northern quarter of the city. Until the recent revolution, many of the buildings here were unoccupied. The few that were inhabited housed lower-class freemen and former slaves, poor but hard-working and proud. They kept their houses and businesses in good order. Closer to the center of town lies the Elven Market and Shadow Square, two areas of commerce in the Warrens. No one cared much about the other ruined, dilapidated structures that filled the area. These often served as sources of building materials or trash dumps for residents of the Warrens.

Much of this changed, however, with the assassination of Kalak and the freeing of the slaves. Suddenly, a huge influx of people, mostly ex-slaves, moved into the Warrens. Out of work and no longer living on the plantations that housed them, the Warrens were their only refuge. Some have found work and seek to make their homes here, repairing and improving the structures they've taken for their own. Others, less fortunate or ambitious, have chosen a more predatory approach to survival: Crime.

Gangs now roam the Warrens, targeting anyone who looks like they might have a ceramic piece on them. Muggings and robberies have risen drastically, and the watch finds bodies in the street almost daily. At times, the violence spills over into the trade districts or, more rarely, even the Nobles' Quarter. Templar patrols do little good. The mobs simply scatter when they see the guardsmen coming, vanishing like rats into the ruins. Several tradesmen, enraged by extortion demands and acts of vandalism and thievery, have employed mercenaries to patrol their streets. Repeated clashes have occurred between the mobs and the sell-swords. For now, the mercenaries have the upper hand and the mobs seem to be staying in the Warrens.

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Those entering the Warrens would be well advised to stick to the fringe areas. Travel by day and not alone, if possible. Anyone entering the interior of the Warrens should go armed and keep his wits about him. Parts of the Warrens are rumored to be haunted and monsters lair in darkened corners of the ruins. The headquarters of the mysterious Veiled Alliance is also said to be hidden somewhere within the Warrens. Surely, the Veiled Ones would kill interlopers to keep their secret. Be forewarned, those who enter the Warrens do so at their own peril.

The Elven Bridge

The ancient Elven Bridge stands as an ignominious reminder of the past. Its dusty, serpentine streambed speaks of Tyr's lost legacy. The barren gully below the bridge provides ample space for a seller to address groups of customers. In the past, the bridge and streambed have served as a market to auction slaves, a secluded spot to handle clandestine exchanges of contraband, and an ambush point to waylay stragglers from the Elven Market. Its role remains largely unchanged today, except for slave trading which is now outlawed in the city.

The Elven Market

Tyr's Elven Market is located in the Warrens between the Elven Bridge and Shadow Square. Its inner-city location allows Tyrians easy access to the market. Several of Athas' nomadic elven tribes trade here, bringing exotic goods and curiosities from across the region. Each tribe owns one or two of the gray-brown brick buildings that border the market area. The buildings typically have a broad door and a large window with counter from which the elven merchants hawk their wares.

Anything (legal or not) can be found in the Elven Market if the customer can afford it and knows the right questions to ask of the right people. Nobles often have servants accompany them to watch for cutpurses,

for the Elven Market is rife with thieves and con-artists. Others clutch their purses tightly, having a care not to display unnecessary wealth. In spite of its predatory nature and the dubious quality of its products, the Elven Market draws throngs of people from all over the city because, quite simply, one can acquire items here that seldom can be found anywhere else in Tyr. Although the market's sellers and inventory change with the passing of each desert wind, a sampling of goods and vendors include:

Giant-hair ropes, fleece, and feathers from the silt islands are sold by Arelia Gryon of the Nightwinds tribe. Her sister, Tala, sells fine weavings depicting many beautiful scenes of the desert. These she makes herself in the shop.

Arelia Gryon: F6; AL NG; AC 8 (Leather); MV 12; hp 39; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8-1 (bone long sword).

Tala Gryon: T5; AL CN; AC 6 (18 Dex); MV 12; hp 23; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4-1 (flint dagger).

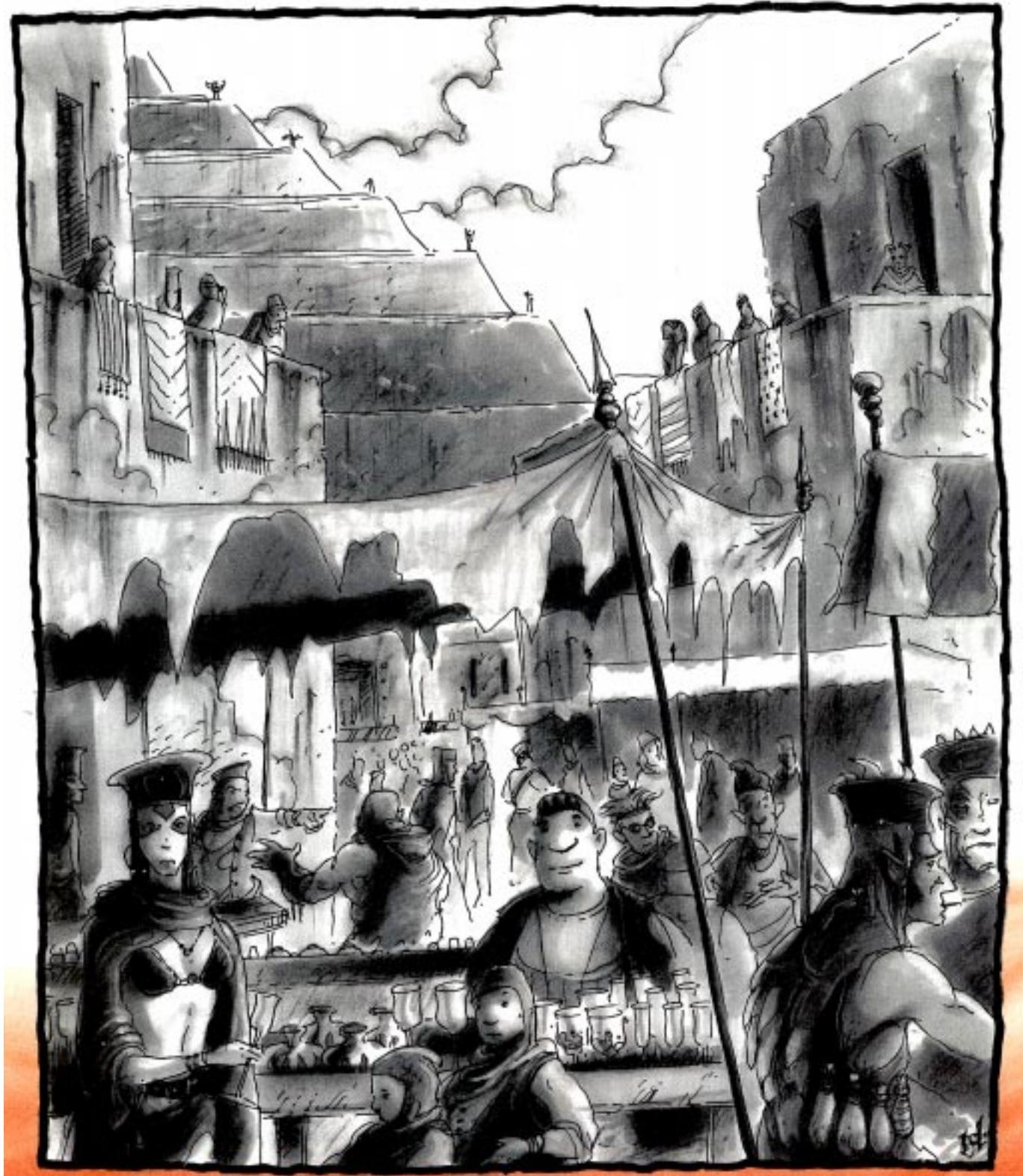
Fruits, vegetables, and wines from the Crescent Forest and Forest Ridge can be had from the vendor Shiral. The fruits and vegetables (having been preserved magically) are quite fresh, the wines exotic and flavorful. The prices are high, but for those with discriminating palates and extravagant tastes, Shiral's is the place to go. This outgoing, melodious-voiced elf can provide magical fruits for trusted clients. From 1 to 4 will be available at any time. He is also a good source for spell components. Shiral is not a member of the Veiled Alliance and will not acknowledge any awareness of them.

Shiral: W7; AL LN; AC 10; MV 12; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (steel dagger) or by spell; Spells 4 1st, 3 2nd, 2 3rd, 1 4th; Magical Items: *wand of lightning*, 23c.

Weaponry and armor suppliers Wik (also known as Stormbird to the elves) and his assistants Chirl (Dark-hand) and Mayz (Whisperblade) generally have a fair selection of previously owned equipment. These three unscrupulous elves sell weapons looted from caravans



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raided by their own tribe or others. They pass their stock off as first rate, although the weapons are often nicked or contain barely visible hairline fractures that will split the weapon on the first solid blow landed. What armor they sell frequently exhibits tears or crack that make it more vulnerable to attack (+1 to +3 penalty on armor class). They ask standard rates for their items, except metal items which receive a 25% markup, but a shrewd bargainer can talk them down. All sales are final and there are no guarantees or returns. The armsmen will buy weapons, but only at half the retail rate and that only if the items are in very good condition.

Wik (Stormbird): F8; AL LE; AC 4 (hide+Dex); MV 12; hp 55; THAC0 13, #AT 3/2 rounds; Dmg 1d6+1 (obsidian tipped trident); Magical Items: *boots of levitation, dust of illusion* (2 applications).

Chirl (Darkhand): F6; AL NE; AC 7 (leather and agafari shield); MV 12; hp 42; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (bone ranseur).

Mayz (Whisperblade): F4; AL NE; AC 5 (leather +17 Dex); MV 12; hp 29; THAC0 17; #AT 5/2 rounds or 1; Dmg 1d4-1 (x2) (obsidian daggers) or by weapon. Note: Mayz is specialized in the dagger (melee not thrown). He gets 5/2 rounds of attack and +1 to hit, +2 damage with daggers only. He attacks normally with other weapons. Magical Items: *potion fruit of diminution*.

Household pets like critic, hurrum, lizards, ock'n, and other small animals can be found in the building of Vinia Skon. In addition, she sells furs and leathers from larger animals, although her inventory in these goods is somewhat limited. Mounts also can be acquired from Vinia at 20% off market rates, but take 1 to 4 week to get in and must be picked up outside of town. Occasionally, an identifying mark from one or another merchant family will be found on a mount, but Vinia always denies any wrongdoing, claiming the animal must have been a stray or that the scar is nothing more than a birthmark that just happens to resemble one of the merchants' runes.

Vinia Skon: B7; AL CN; AC 8 (leather); MV 12; hp 23; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6-1+ Type M contact poison (obsidian short sword); Psionics: PSPs 27; Wild Talent—animal affinity: panther (PS 12; Cost 15+4/round); Magical Items: *cloak of arachnidia*.

The Hall of Light provides lighting materials and fixtures to suit anyone's needs. Candles, torches, lanterns, and magically illuminated wands and glass orbs can be purchased within. Lamps can be made to order. Special effects lighting, such as smokeless torches, scented candles, or oils that burn in pastel hues of pink, blue, or green are also available albeit more expensively so.

The proprietor, Lorl Wysh, is a flame priest. Lorl's psionic wild talents are formidable. He considers his psionic powers to be a sign of favor from the fire spirits and never uses them frivolously. Like his element, Lorl is a wildly energetic man. His moods run from upbeat and enthusiastic to hot-tempered and vitriolic. Everything he does, he does with a passion. He enjoys his work and will happily converse on the nature of fire and its uses for hours with anyone who will listen. His *flame flail* conforms to the description for a +1 sword, *flame tongue* in the DMG except that it's a flail and the flame can be activated and deactivated with a command word.

Lorl Wysh: P5; AL CG; AC 8 (Leather); MV 12; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 + fire damage (+1 steel *flame flail*, activated by command, see DMG under +1 sword, *flame tongue* for a description of its powers); Spells— 4 1st, 4 2nd, 2 3rd level spells (includes bonus spells for Wis 18); Psionics—PSPs 56; Wild Talents: telekinesis (PS 15; Cost 3+1/round), control flames (PS 17; Cost 6+3/round), molecular agitation (PS 18; Cost 7+6/round); Magical Items: *gem of seeing*.

Many other goods and services are available in the Elven Market: Tattoos, artwork, leather goods, brass and bronze work, fortune tellers, minstrels, and more.



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The faces constantly change as tribes pass through Tyr, replenishing their inventory and leaving other members behind to work the shops for a month or two for the elves are a restless people, never content to remain in one place for any more than a short time. The market reflects their transient nature and feral charm, each visit is different from the last.

Shadow Square

"The stadium charged five ceramics for our selling space!"

"One must sow the seeds before one can reap the harvest," Ojoba prattled when I complained, but afterwards he did deliver me to the promised ale.

"I tell you what," Ojoba said to me as we entered Shadow Square. "I like you, man. I like you well. So today I'll buy the first drink."

Just inside the Warrens from the ziggurat sits Shadow Square, a small entertainment district at the junction of five lanes. Six wineshops, a gambling house, and two hostellries surround the plaza. The square's busiest hours usually occur between sunset and the predawn hours, although a steady trickle of customers can be found here at almost any time of day.

The wineshops include:

The Red Kank, a wineshop of moderately good quality and reasonable prices, this two-story structure features a terrace on the upper floor where customers may enjoy their food and drink while watching the comings and goings in the square below.

The Happy Dwarf serves the widest variety of ales in the city including its own brand, "Cactus Blue," a potent draft which is brewed from the tough grall cactus that grows in the badlands west of Tyr.

The Rats' Nest is the dive of choice among the city's less discriminating drinkers. It's got the cheapest ale and wine in town, and it tastes like it. Rumor has it that the Rats' Nest serves as a fencing operation for stolen goods as well.

The Weeping Widow caters to gladiators and fighting men. Several stuffed or dried trophies from old arena kills are prominently displayed on its walls, and stories of their taking are often bantered over a mug of ale.

Midnight Sands has more atmosphere than the others, attempting to lure the important merchant trade and other visitors to the city. It boasts large cushioned booths with sheer silken curtains fluttering in the breeze, scented oil lamps, and winsome serving girls. Its lavish approach does seem to encourage business, but its prices are nearly twice those of other wineshops in the square.

The Drunken Giant rounds out the list. Lacking the pretensions of some of its competitors, this fine tavern serves good food and drink at affordable prices. The owner of the Drunken Giant is rumored to be friendly with the Veiled Alliance. Characters seeking out the preservers may hear that a secret entrance to the undercity exists somewhere in "the belly of the giant" and that the Veiled Ones can be contacted there. This is true if the adventure occurs before the fall of Kalak, although even with this knowledge, it will not be easy for the characters to make contact. If Kalak has been assassinated, the entrance to the undercity will have been sealed and no one in the wineshop will admit any knowledge of the Alliance.

The Fortune Oasis

A streetwise half-elf named Luris runs this gambling house. His staff consists of eight gamesmen of various races, four thri-kreen and two half-giant "doormen," an accomplished psionicist (Level 9, PSPs 160, whose primary discipline is Telepathy), and an 8th-level preserver (known simply as Nissa, Luris' assistant). Luris runs only a slightly crooked gaming house and frowns upon cheating. The psionicist wears an amulet enchanted to detect psionics. Nissa possesses a +2 steel dagger that does the same for magic. They sit with Luris in a room concealed behind a two-way mirror that look out onto the gaming room. Two of the thri-

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ture. The two insectmen and the half-giants remain in the observation room with Luris until needed.

If someone is discovered to be cheating, either through mundane observation or magical detection, the two thri-kreen from the observation room are dispatched to remove the offender to a third room in the building set aside for just this purpose. If the target appears to be powerful or especially difficult, a half-giant or two can be sent to assist. At any rate, the person is taken to the holding cell where, if this is his first known offense, he gets off with a warning and the confiscation of his wealth and valuables. On the other hand, if the cheater is especially unruly or is a repeat offender, he is stripped of his valuables and beaten severely before the templars are called to imprison the criminal. In cases an offender has caused so much damage or upset Luris so much that he has allowed his thri-kreen servants to "dine on" the man or woman. Nobles are a special case, however, and are never beaten or eaten. In the event a noble is caught cheating, Luris confiscates his money and valuables as usual but, instead of calling the templars, he notifies the noble's family that their kin has committed a crime. Luris offers not to press charges if the family pays a sizable ransom for their relative's release. If the ransom is not paid within the next day, he calls the templars and has the offending noble jailed or enslaved.

Luris Sandeye

11th-level Male Half-Elf Thief, Lawful Neutral

Armor Class 5 (leather+Dex) Str 14

Movement 12 Dex 19

hp 48 Con 15

THAC0 15 Int 17

#AT 1 Wis 14

Dmg: 1d8 (steel long sword)

Proficiencies: Long sword, wrist razors, javelin, dagger, gaming, sign language, bargain.

In his younger years, Luris worked the caravan trade. He wasn't particularly skilled in anything, but he was always lucky. He supplemented his meager salary with winnings earned in games of chance with the other caravan workers. Whenever the caravan laid over in a city, Luris practiced his thieving, using the caravan to slip out of the city unmolested. Over the course of a few years he amassed a sizable sum, but a couple of close calls convinced Luris to get into another line of business. Gambling was the natural choice!

Luris displays an air of self-confidence at all times. His wit is sharp and biting. He's not gullible and will be impatient with anyone that he feels is wasting his time. This half-elf always acts to further his advantage. Among his many possessions are a *ring of free action* and three *beads of force*.

The Screaming Cellar

Just off Shadow Square is the home of one the more unusual residents of Tyr. The establishment, whose ownership has changed many times, has a dwarven banshee protecting its wine cellar from whence the winehouse takes its name. Many years ago, a dwarf by the name of Portek was given a job defending the cellars of the establishment. The defense of the cellars became his focus. One hot night, a group of elven raiders broke into the cellars via a secret passage from Under Tyr, slew Portek, and stole casks of the proprietor's wine. Portek now is cursed to defend the remaining cask left behind during the raid for eternity. The particular cellar is now unused as Portek remains its guardian. An occasional drunken adventurer will enter the catacomb underneath the tavern to face the banshee, never to be seen again. To this day, Portek remains a creature haunted by his own past.

Portek, Dwarven banshee; broad shouldered, huge belly; Int Low; AL NE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 10; hp 75; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 11-12 (1d2+10 fist); SA gaze, malediction, and psionic; SD steel or +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 17; XP 1100.



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After a series of losses in the arena and other failures, Portek made guarding this cache of wine his focus. The alcoholic, former gladiator was drunk on the night of the attack. He had been drinking the wine he had been hired to protect. His own ineptitude led to the failure of his focus and his anger caused him to become what he is today.

The Crystal Spider

The most notorious gambling hall in Tyr, the Crystal Spider, lies at the edge of the Bard's Quarter not far from the Elven Market. The large, three-story building seems strangely out of place in the crumbling, ramshackle neighborhood. It has a courtyard of sorts with a small bubbling fountain in it, separated from the street by an ancient wall and gate. The arch above the gate bears a silver-plated spider as symbol of the house. The house possesses a small private artesian well and supplements Girias' (the Minister of Wells) stakes when he comes to gamble, in order to maintain its "private" status.

The Crystal Spider boasts an expansive interior with a long bar at the rear. Musicians and dancing girls entertain customers as they wager coins in a variety of games. Some of the finest and most exotic food in all Tyr can be found in its luxuriant dining room, although only the wealthiest of citizens can afford the extravagant fare. Lavish sitting rooms, offices, and rooms reserved for special patrons fill the upper floors.

A gorgeous half-elven ex-gladiator named Krysta runs the gambling hall. Beautiful and provocative, Krysta wields her sensuality as deftly as any blade. She maintains a close friendship with Rikus going back to their arena days, but remains fiercely independent. Her staff consists largely of half-breeds like herself—half-elven dealers, half-giant guards and bouncers, and mul cooks. Krysta knows the alienation extended to those of mixed blood on Athas. She pays well and her employees are both fanatically loyal and highly competent, able to spot all forms of cheating including psionics and magic. Their chance of successfully spotting a

cheater equals 70%—cheater's Intelligence—10% if the cheater has Gambling proficiency and makes a successful check. The spotting roll is made each time a character attempts to cheat.

Bards' Quarter

Elves are nefarious traders, and have established markets in each of the major cities of the Tablelands. Located somewhere within a short walk of the Elven Market can be found an area clandestinely known as the Bard's Quarter. Bards congregate in the worst parts of town relying on their reputations for cunning, ruthlessness, and poisons to protect them. These minstrel-assassins can easily be hired to perform their arts for friend or foe alike. These comely, vagabond troubadours will sell poison, and sometimes the antidote, to murder-minded customers. Bards have little compunction when it comes to the lives of others, and will kill merely to practice a new technique. There is no way to rectify any mistakes made when dealing with bards.

Poison may be purchased here at market prices. An antidote will often cost as much or more than the poison. The use of poison and murder remain punishable offenses under Tyrian laws.

The Hungry, Hungry Halfling

The Inn of the Hungry Halfling is an infamous meeting place for nonhumans. It is the single establishment never frequented by elves in Tyr, as it is the one place they must surely fear for their lives. The establishment is run by a thri-kreen named K'kikrik and a female halfling nicknamed "Tar." K'kikrik and Tar have developed a hunting-pack relationship, and it is said they stalk the city's back alleys late at night looking for a recently dead elf or half-elf for their stew pot. Both claim to have never killed a meal within the city, but they have been very lucky for they seem always to have fresh elven stew for those who wish to partake. Thri-kreen from all over the city rave about their meals. The

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pair have survived several assassination attempts and arson attacks by angry elves attempting to close them down, but somehow they manage to keep their doors open. It is said that Kalak's necromancer defiler, Dote Mal Payne, was a frequent diner before he disappeared.

K'kikrik, 10-year-old thri-kreen, always in green hunting vest, adorned with many chatkcha; 5th-level Warrior: AL N; AC 1; MV 12; HD 5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg obsidian gythka (2d4+1/1d10+1) or bite (1d6+1); SZ L; ML 10; Str 16; Dex 19; Con 14; Int 12; Wis 16; Cha 9.

"Tar" Tatarmenis, 36-year-old halfling female, untameable mass of hair, a stabbing look; 6th-level Rogue: AL NE; AC 7; MV 12; HD 6; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg bone wrist razor (1d6/1d4); SZ M; ML 7; Str 12; Dex 17; Con 15; Int 13; Wis 15; Cha 6.

House of Fingers

This bizarre inn is a clandestine safehouse for bards. The establishment gets its name from the hundreds of ancient human, demihuman, and creature appendages that adorn the walls. The thousands of fingers that line the wall create a surreal and macabre atmosphere. The fingers are now so brittle with the passage of time that they crumble to dust at the touch. As such, shattering a finger in what is now regarded as a shrine is punishable by death. An uneasy truce exists in the establishment: No poison is administered, bought, or sold within its walls. Likewise, all bards can consider themselves safe from other bards. While there is no honor among thieves, even bards must have a place to go and be safe from other bards. The owner of the establishment, Sarkea, is convinced that the fingers protect her. To that end, she never leaves the dark confines of the inn.

Sarkea, 45-year-old half-elven female pale white skin, dark sunken yellow eyes, long thin fingers and sharply pointed nails; 8th-level Bard: AL CE; AC 6 (+2 *ring of protection*); MV 6; HD 8; hp 38; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg Bard's friend (1d4+1/1d3); SZ M; ML 3; Str 10; Dex 16; Con 10; Int 14; Wis 14; Cha 17..

Gladiatorial Gate

Beautiful but awesome, the Gladiatorial Gate is constructed to resemble the gaping jaws of the Dragon. Large triangular-cut stones mimic the teeth of the mightiest beast on Athas line the interior tunnel between the gate openings. Two huge, jagged slabs of stone sit just on the inside the walled city. In times of war, these stones may be pushed in to seal the throat of the Dragon. It is said that vents connected to the upper wall allow hot oil or heavy poisonous gas to be poured down the front nostrils of the carving. The carvings of this immense predatory creature appear on either side of the tunnel.

When slavery was still legal, the gate was used during the week to allow slaves to travel from the slave pits to the city owned fields, then back to the pits at night. Additionally, the Gladiatorial Gate was used by travellers entering the city to attend gladiatorial games. At all other times, the gate was kept closed and locked.

Currently the gate is host for a myriad of traffic. Nomadic elven traders and others use the gate to make their way to the new arena market. Templar guards still man the gates questioning and tithing all who enter.

The Stadium

Excepting Kalak's ziggurat, the gladiatorial stadium is the single largest structure in Tyr. The ziggurat looms over one end of the stadium with the Golden Tower rising majestically at the opposite side. A special viewing box for the templars and the king connects the Golden Tower to one of the ends of the stadium. On the ziggurat's side, a great stairway climbs from the gladiatorial floor to the very top of the rainbow pyramid, while spacious, beautiful mosaics depicting Kalak as a great warrior god adorn the walls to each side of the pyramid's stairs.

The stadium's rectangular combat field measures 300 feet long by 80 feet wide. The arena's floor of



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hard-packed sand bears an auburn, almost reddish hue. Tyrians say it is the lifeblood of thousands of fallen gladiators that gives the sand its unusual tinge. Separating spectators from combatants is a 15-foot-tall barrier that rises from the floor of the arena to the stadium's first seating level. The stadium's multi-leveled seating configuration is unique in the Tablelands. An upper and lower seating section comprise each of the two long opposing sides of the stadium. The seating sections span 300 feet with stairs to the back spaced at 50 foot intervals. The arena's stone benches receive little use as the Tyrian crowds usually remain on their feet for the duration of the match. Traditionally, the lower section seats the nobles, senators, and members of powerful trading houses who prefer the shade granted by the overhanging upper section. The king and templars, of course, sit in the special roofed viewing box in the Golden Tower reserved expressly for their use.

The upper sections of the stadium, referred to as "The Sun Seats," are open to the general populace of the city. This section generally attracts a more raucous crowd of commoners to view the bloodsports.

Arena Market

The sound of spectators screaming for their favorites rings out only on festival days. The arena now serves as a marketplace when contests or races are not scheduled. A motley array of tents and stalls stand in drunken rows. Misfit traders offer a wide variety of legal and illegal goods and services, including:

Beasts Trained

Katid the Beast, the former gladiatorial animal trainer offers her services in training mounts or hunting beasts. Prices are commensurate with the type and number of beasts. Katid has an unpleasant personality at best. She can be as ruthless as any beast she may face. She specializes in training the human animal,

but there is little call for that service since slavery was abolished.

Broken Spoke (Wheelwright)

One of the cheapest locations for replacing a lost or broken wheel, spoked wheels of all sizes, shapes, and materials are found in this large tent. Ready-to-use or custom wheels and spokes are available. Business has doubled due to the increase of traders traveling to Tyr and the new charioteer gladiatorial games. The Habic family clandestinely uses former slaves to steal or damage wheels of smaller trading caravans, thus insuring continued business.

Fetish Shop

Small, finely crafted stone carvings of Athasian beasts are sold here by a (some say) mad dwarven carver named Veso. Old superstitions claim that a traveler carrying a properly carved image of a beast will suffer no injury from that creature if attacked. Many are sold, though few buyers believe in the myth. Even fewer, however, want to take the chance. The carvings cost between a ceramic bit and a silver depending on the size and detail of the creature carved. Special requests are carved the same day or overnight.

Glover

A signpost illustrating a large spike-gloved hand marks this shop. Gloves of all materials line the walls of the sturdy tent. The shop's specialties are fighting gloves and herding gloves. Fighting gloves vary from cesti to sturdy ock'n resined bone wrist razors. The herding gloves are made with a thick protective layer of coarse sand adhered to the palms, this allows the herder to handle z'tal or other small reptiles without fear of being cut. Prices vary depending on size and type of glove desired, generally running from 2 ceramics to 1 sp per pair. The Oki brothers charge extra for any special orders.

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Grind Stone

Den-du the hunchback sweats here. The half-giant will grind an edge to a sharp weapon for one ceramic bit per hand-length (his hand) of blade. Den-du was taught by a mul weapons maker in Urik and takes great pride in his work. Insulting him or his work will always precipitate a verbal retaliation from the half-giant.

Knotted Rope

"Count your fingers, check your purse, and the length of rope purchased when leaving this stall." Remar "the Braider" (as he calls himself, or "One-leg" as others call him) spends the day braiding giants' hair and other tough fibers into rope. His right leg was crushed during the revolt in an "accident." Remar claims he lost use of the leg trying to escape the arena before Kalak's death (other rumors say the leg was crushed by a templar's half-giant guard when Remar was caught looting a noble's house). Because of the injury, the elven thief can no longer run with his tribe and so has taken up residence and earns (steals) enough to get by. Remar's rope costs 3 ceramic bits per 10-feet.

The Ladle

"Stop here when you're spitting sand . . ." a quotation from Tah, the half-giant. Tah seems almost pleasant when he takes your coin. This water-broy stop provides a much needed respite for a merchant's parched throat. Three casks of differently spiced broy are diluted with well water to cut thirst during the hot days. A bit buys one ladle of drink from the cask of your choice.

Needle Paint

Body art is a status symbol and luxury to the working class of the city. Tattoos are scratched (or removed for a substantial fee) by this renowned Tyrian artist. Known for her use of bright, fiery colors, Ris specializes in

facial illustrations. Tattoos, in the past, were only used to mark convicts, but recently this type of art has become popular with the masses. Due to current economic hardships only a few can afford the cost. Ris charges between 2 bits for a small simple drawing to several silvers for a complete color body tattoo.

Razor's Edge

This shop sells razor-sharp z'tal feather-scales. They can be purchased two per bit or a bundle containing two dozen for one ceramic piece. The sharp scales can be used for shaving or as knives, but dull after a week's worth of use and cannot be resharpened. The sisters E'la and Jun work the stall, preferring the city to the nomadic life of herding z'tal.

Sweet Bread

This small tent has no sign, but can easily be found by following the smell of burning bread. An antisocial halfling couple (except when talking to each other or other halflings) known only as La and her husband Cha, bake sweet, unleavened bread day and night. The dry bread is made with grains, water, and kank green honey. A small bundle of bread costs two bits and makes suitable daily rations for one human-sized individual.

Scorched Sand (Glass Shop)

Poor quality glass creations are sold here. The glass is thick and irregular, no two pieces in a set appear exactly alike. Glass is not rare, just difficult to make. This is the only shop of its kind outside the Artisans' Quarter. Nith the glassmaker is the proprietor.

Split-Pit

Exactly as it sounds. Sa-re-a oversees meats being roasted and smoked (for travel) over a large open pit fueled by inix dung. She offers generous cuts of z'tal or



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kip meat flamed over a special herbal wood. The meat is served in a tropa husk for one ceramic bit. For a slight additional fee, she will smoke or roast meats and pack them for traveling caravans.

Spinning Wheel

Reputed to make the best pottery outside the Artisans' District, this shop creates utilitarian hand-thrown clay pots. For an extra fee, they are painted or etched with scenes of everyday life. Dozens of potters work here during the day.

Thongs

Thongs are heavy strips of leathery hide attached to the bottom of the foot by a series of straps. They are made from various leathers in a myriad of colors. This is an unusual shop. The vendor is a mul named Ceu'lo'wen. Business has been good and Ceu'lo'wen has encouraged a human male by the name of Beechtor to help with the business. A cheap pair of thongs may be had for 2 bits while a decorative pair may fetch a full ceramic piece.

Weavers

Soft cactus needles, fibers, fur, and yarn are interwoven to make decorative wall and floor coverings. A vertical hand loom is in perpetual motion with bits of colored fabric constantly introduced to the weave. A dwarven couple, Yerik and Kesi, are the weavers. Yerik's brother, Zareb, travels the nearby scrublands to collect the raw weaving materials. Yerik and Kesi are currently expecting their first child.

Beast Market

Between the stadium marketplace and the former slave pens, a Beast Market has opened. High-walled pens of 'tals and long, low crates containing jankx fills one

end. Shepherds selling small herds of kip and baazrag stand nearby. Larger pens containing trained and untrained kanks are located nearer the center of the market. Corrals of crodlu, erdlus, and heavy crodlu dominate the far end of the Beast Market, toward the ziggurat. In the very back of the marketplace, inix and the huge mekillots are sold. Beast handlers and psionists stand in small groups keeping a wary eye on the unpredictable creatures. Creatures purchased here cost book value unless noted in the Trade Goods table.

Slave Pens

To the east of the ziggurat are the Brickyards and adjoining slave pens and pits. One quarter of the city was razed to make room for this construction area. Those who were too vocal in their complaints regarding being displaced soon found themselves enslaved, working on Kalak's ziggurat. The surrounding brickyards and the high eastern wall of the city create the perfect enclosure for keeping slaves. The pens themselves are surrounded by a 20-foot-tall wall, with guard towers located in each corner. Here the slaves rested between workshifts on the ziggurat. Six pits were located on the west side of the pen for disobedient slaves. These pits were often filled with vermin and excrement. Some rebellious individuals would be locked in the pits for days at a time until their spirit was broken. A templar's platform and gibbet (a gallows for execution and display of the bodies as a warning) were set to either side of the narrow gate. The gate was the only way in and out of the slave pens. Outside the gate the kitchens and water trough were constructed for the meager needs of the slave workers.

More recently, the slave pens have been converted into a training area for gladiators. New freedoms create new responsibilities. Many gladiators wished to continue their gladiatorial careers, but not under the harsh supervision of their former owners and masters. Although some gladiators continue to train on the plantation homes where they were born and raised,



many have chosen to train within the safety of the city walls of Tyr. Banther, the new arena manager for Tyr, organized a group of workers and gladiators to convert the former slave pens into a first-rate training area. All the old oppressive reminders were removed, and the pits filled in. A complete array of equipment and facilities were created, some at Banther's own personal expense (actually at the city's expense).

Training takes place there between dawn and mid-morning, and late afternoon and evening. The pens themselves have been divided into a general training area and a private training area. The general area includes the traditional training exercise facilities (obstacle course, sparring dummies, etc.), and a common area for sparring. The cost of training here alone is two ceramic pieces per session. Trainers may be employed at a cost of one silver piece a day. Gladiators may be employed as trainers or sparring partners with a price based on the gladiators' experience. The private area is reserved for serious combatants. It is an area reserved where partners can work on new fighting styles, away from the prying eyes of other gladiators and the general public. It is rumored that some combatants hold practice matches against an upcoming arena opponent within the safety of the private area, although this has never been proven. The private area may be reserved at a cost of a silver per session.

Gladiatorial Games

Until the late Kalak's ziggurat was constructed, the gladiatorial arena at Tyr was the largest single structure within the city walls (for more information, see the DARK SUN® *The Complete Gladiator's Handbook*). For many years, the Gladiatorial Games represented the only legal public entertainment forum. For a brief time after Kalak's death, however, people feared to return to the arena.

In the newly formed Council's first meeting, discussion arose concerning future use for the Gladiatorial Arena of Tyr. Senior Council member Agis recom-

mended that gladiatorial games be banned and the floor of the arena converted to an open marketplace. Following much debate, it was agreed upon and the former arena became Tyr's newest marketplace. In later Council meetings, a group of former gladiators along with one of Tithian's Templars, a man named Banther, proposed the reopening of gladiatorial games. The group suggested that the new games would be much different from the old. The emphasis of the matches would change from fights to the death to a more entertaining form of bloodsport.

The group's proposal included:

1. Gladiators would no longer fight to the death. Combat would occur until one of the two gladiators surrendered. The surrendering gladiator would forfeit all possessions carried into the arena, and any purse from the game.
2. The games would be open to any who wished to compete and matches would be created based on the apparent skill level of the opponent.
3. Additional reavers and animal trainers would be employed to increase the number of man versus beast bouts in the arena. Beast versus beast matches also would be arranged.
4. Special montare and charioteer races would be arranged for the arena. These would be less bloody than previous mounted events. These races and conflicts would be goal oriented, with specific victory conditions (i.e., first to make number of laps, capture a series of flags, etc.).
5. A low reasonable fee would be established. A quarter of the funds would be paid to the King's coffers. Another quarter of the earnings would go to the city for the use of the arena. The remaining funds would be used to re-establish profitable games in the arena.

The topic of using the arena for the punishment of criminals was raised during this discussion. After a long argument, it was decided that suffering as a form



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of entertainment was something that should be buried in Tyr's past. In the reformed Tyr, it was decided that the gladiatorial arena was no place for public executions. Council decided to appoint Banther the new arena manager of Tyr, and follow his suggestions for reopening the arena. King Tithian endorsed the idea, and gladiatorial games are currently held during festival weekends.

Death is less common in the current arena, as they occur only accidentally. Reavers seek greater numbers of creatures for gladiators to fight. Jazsts performances continue as solo dances and feats of entertainment, rather than gladiatorial combats. A greater number of montare compete in specially designed arena races. The mounted combatants also race and fight opposing charioteers. (For more information on DARK SUN® campaign arena combat, see *The Complete Gladiator's Handbook*.)

Single Combatants for the Tyr Arena Table

Roll

1d10 Result

- 1 5th-level mul gladiator, WS datchi club
- 2 7th-level human beast trainer gladiator with 2 trained rasclinn
- 3 A pair of 4th-level thri-kreen gladiators, WS gythka
- 4 12th-level human montare gladiator riding a heavy crodlu
- 5 Three 3rd-level halfling gladiators, WS master's whip
- 6 6th-level half-elf jazst gladiator dancer
- 7 9th-level elven martial arts gladiator
- 8 5th-level thri-kreen gladiator, WS chatkha
- 9 8th-level dwarven gladiator, WS gouge
- 10 10th-level half-giant gladiator

Creature Combatants for the Arena Table

Roll

1d20 Result

- 1 Gaj
- 2 Giant stag beetle
- 3 5 antloid warriors
- 4 Tagster
- 5 5 wild kanks
- 6 Flailer
- 7 3 b'rohg
- 8 Giant scorpion
- 9 Tembo
- 10 Beast-headed athasian giant
- 11 Tigone
- 12 10 zhackal
- 13 Braxat
- 14 2 anakore (dune freak)
- 15 12 gith
- 16 Athasian sloth
- 17 Jozhal
- 18 So-ut
- 19 Behir
- 20 Nightmare beast

Kalak's Ziggurat

"The great ziggurat towered above the squalor of the sun-baked city. Each level of the terraced pyramid was finished in glazed brick of a different color: gleaming violet at the base, then indigo, azure, green, yellow, fiery orange, and, finally, scarlet. In the center of the huge structure, a pair of mighty bastions marked each of the seven levels. The bastions flanked an enormous staircase, which ran straight from base to summit, reaching for the flaxen moons that hovered over the monument's lofty crown and infused the hazy predawn sky with an amber blush."

From The Verdant Passage by Troy Denning

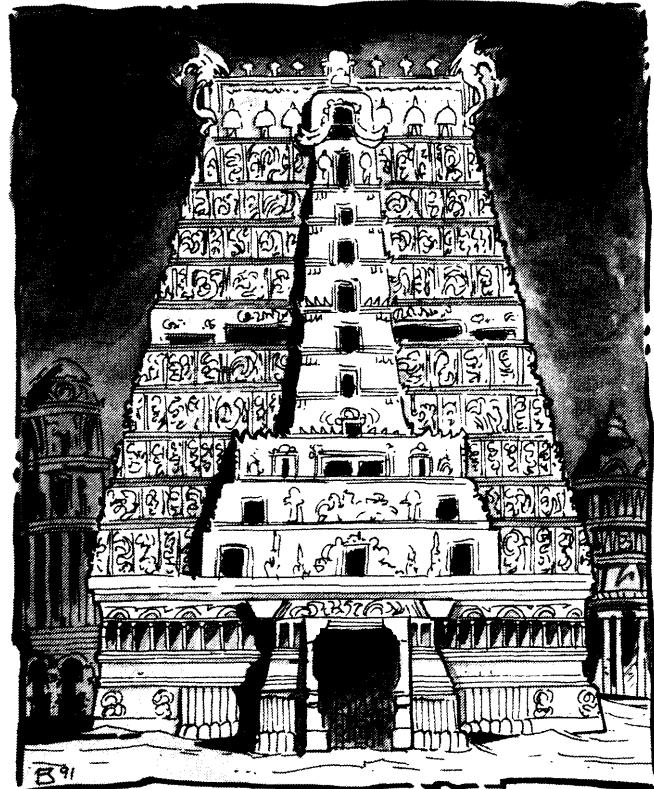
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The ziggurat that Kalak constructed for his ascension to dragondom still towers over the city's center. It remains a constant reminder to the people of Tyr of the cruelty and oppression that once ruled their city. To this day, it remains an object of fear and loathing. The great tiles and mosaic works lie in disrepair about the ziggurat. Few have dared enter and the ziggurat has become the focus of stories told to frighten children into bed.

There are three entrances into the ziggurat. The only conspicuous one is located at the top of the great stair. Atop the stair is a small antechamber. The interior walls are lined with obsidian as black as Kalak's heart. On the right side of the room a stair descends. At every level is a landing where the stair turns to the left. After a complete circuit of the compass points, the descent ends at a large austere room. The walls, ceiling, and floor are all covered by the same obsidian bricks. Shredded paintings cling to the walls, the images of the dragon once portrayed are now barely visible. Shattered obsidian is everywhere and a strange odor permeates the area. A dried black ichor covers the floor. A trapdoor is located in the center of the floor. It leads to an underground tunnel, circular and roughly man-sized. The obsidian brick-lined tunnel extends to the east and west. In one direction the tunnel dead ends under the gladiatorial arena. The arena end was filled and sealed before the marketplace opened. The other corridor ends beneath the Golden Tower. Defilers under the orders of King Tithian placed permanent magical seals, guards, and wards to seal the entrance.

Shortly after Kalak's death, a strike force from the Veiled Alliance entered the ziggurat to learn the secret of Kalak's attempted transformation. They went armed with spells and Sadira's information about the location of Kalak's body and the mysterious objects needed for the transformation. When they arrived, Kalak's body was gone, but the black obsidian balls remained. Different groups including various rogues and bards have attempted to use the ziggurat as a base of operations. All these attempts have failed.



Chapter 4: The Golden City

The Grand Gate

The Grand Gate enters into the section of the city that houses the High Bureaus of the templars, the governmental offices of Tyr. As such, the templars restrict the traffic that passes through the gate. Only iron shipments from the mine and those having government business may use the Grand Gate. A median-level (5-8th level) templar is stationed at this gate at all times with four half-giant guards, a psionicist (7-10th level) and a beast handler for support.

The gate opens onto a tunnel that extends 30 feet through the city wall. Two great agafari doors, arching to a height of 25 feet with a combined width of 15 feet, seal the passage from the city's side of the wall. Outside the wall, a huge block of granite, graven in a terrifying image of the dragon, rests on log rollers to the side of the entrance. In time of war, the block can be pushed into place by three half-giants to seal the tunnel. A great iron ring is set into the block with two stout giant-hair ropes that can be fed through a shaft in a stationary block on the opposite side of the tunnel. The ropes, in turn, can be tied to harnessed mekillots to assist the half-giants. The log rollers are held in place by stone ridges set between them. This allows the block to roll over the logs until it falls into place without the rollers moving with it, thus foiling enemy attempts to roll the block back out of the way.

The High Bureaus

Each of these buildings houses one of Tyr's governmental bureaus. Templars staff the offices from dawn until sundown to conduct government business. The High Bureaus include the bureaus of: Mines, Trade, Fields, Security, Defense, the Arena, the Gardens, Administration, State, Finance, and Water.

Regardless of the function involved, the process for dealing with the templars of any bureau is much the same. The first officials encountered are on the ground floor of the building. These lower-level templars (1st-

to 4th-level) attend to routine duties, screen inquiries, and determine to whom a petitioner should be referred to for resolution of his request. Often, a bribe to one of the junior templars can expedite one's processing greatly. Otherwise, it can sometimes take days or weeks to gain an audience with one of the more highly placed templars. A bureau guard, usually a half-giant, stands by ready to assist the templars if necessary. This scene repeats itself as you ascend floors in the building and levels of authority among the templar functionaries. To gain an appointment with the ranking templar of a given bureau may require a character to run a gauntlet of lesser officials and outlay increasingly costly bribes. As such, most citizens avoid the High Bureaus unless it is absolutely necessary.

The King's Gardens

The King's Gardens consist of three lush, wooded sections of land. One garden lies on each side of the High Bureaus. The third encircles the Golden Tower like a small park, the rows of trees and bushes maintained in precise circles about the tower. In the past, these gardens served as a fuel reserve to power Kalak's defiling magics. Now, they grow undisturbed by spellcasters. The templars still service the arboreums while the Council debates future uses for the gardens.

Access to the gardens can be gained through doors in the barbican tower adjoining the central garden or through heavily locked and trapped doors on the interior walls of the complex adjacent to the perimeter gardens. Only the garden templars, Senior Templar Timor, and the King possess keys to the doors. Anyone else caught in the gardens without express permission of one of the parties above faces a sentence of hard labor in the iron mine.

Rumors persist that someone has planted one or more magical fruit trees in the gardens. This may well be the case, for the gardens contain many wondrous plants, including several trees of life.

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Templars' Quarters

Large warehouses stand at the far end of the quarters. These buildings house the city's precious reserves of grain, iron, and weaponry, and two barracks for the templars' half-giant guards. Transportation of these commodities to the warehouses is achieved by using cunningly crafted tunnels that extend from the High Bureaus of Mines and Fields. The warehouses and the tunnels leading to them are permanently guarded through magic and psionics.

With few exceptions, the templars' apartments are used primarily by low- and median-level templars. Higher ranking officials commonly live in the noble quarters or on their own plantations outside of the city. Size and furnishings of the templars' quarters vary by individual. Those in positions of relative power and wealth have luxurious accommodations

while junior templars must be content with more spartan quarters.

The Observation Tower

To gain admission to the Observation Tower or the Golden Tower, one must first petition for admittance. This bureaucratic paperwork limits which templars or imperial guests gain access to which particular ingress. A special department is staffed at the High Bureaus to process all requests. Having gained written permission for right of access, a templar travels to one of the Observation Tower entrances for a preliminary interview with the Senior Templar.

Located outside the walls of the King's Garden, the Observation Tower appears as a smaller version of the Golden Tower. The most impressive feature is the 75-foot stone bridge that connects the Observation Tower



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to the Golden Tower. The Senior Templar maintains his offices here. Very important individuals on errands of imperial business are escorted from the High Bureaus to the Observation Tower.

A pair of thick agafari doors reinforced with steel secure the entrance to the tower. The room is bare save for a single padded settee that dominates the center of the room. This first level serves as an waiting room for visitors wishing an audience. Two stairwells ascend on either side of the room. The staircase to the right ends on the third floor, while the left stairwell climbs to the fourth story. The meetings between the Senior Templar and members of his staff and visitors take place on the second floor of the Tower, which contains a large table and chairs, and boasts a long, semi-circular bookcase. The right-hand staircase continues its climb to the third level. The third level contains the Templars' Library. Bookcases line the outer walls, and two curved bookcases stand at the center of the floor. The staircase continues to the fourth level of the tower. The fourth level is spartan, containing only a ladder leading to trap door to the roof. Three narrow windows look out upon the Golden City. A pair of doors, identical to those of the first level, open onto the causeway between the two towers.

The Tower Bridge

Spanning the King's Garden, the Tower Bridge extends 75 feet to the Golden Tower. The bridge is 10 feet in width, and the sides are protected by a waist-high railing. Four lesser air elementals (6HD each) are bound to the bridge by ancient magics. The elementals were commanded to let only those in the raiment of templars and people accompanying them to pass freely. All others are attacked. The elementals combine their attacks to hurl intruders off the bridge. When struck by the elementals, any target with fewer hit dice than the cumulative total of the lesser elementals' hit dice must make a successful Dexterity check to avoid being knocked off the bridge. Charac-

ters falling from the bridge will sustain 7d6 points of damage.

The Golden Tower

The centerpiece of the Golden City is the Imperial Golden Tower, home to the King of Tyr. The great structure, constructed of rare golden granite from the Walis area of the Ringing Mountains, serves as the personal residence and offices of the Tyrian king. The building contains dozens of rooms connected by a labyrinth of winding, sloping passageways. There are three entrances to the Tower: the Tower Bridge, the secret Garden Gate, and the obsidian-paved, underground tunnel from the ziggurat. The underground tunnel has been filled with sand and magically sealed by order of King Tithian. Only the King, his personal staff, high templars, and special imperial guests are allowed to enter the tower. To others, entry is considered trespassing and punishable by a slow, lingering death.

Crossing from the Tower Bridge, a visitor enters the third level of the Golden Tower. Immediately, one is struck with the richness of its furnishings. In the antechamber, two sweeping onyx staircases gently rise to the library on the upper level beyond. Massive iron-bound doors block the way to the Royal Receiving Room. Inside, an opulent hand wrought-iron throne rests upon an equally majestically designed dais. Scattered about the iron throne are luxuriant cushions and pillows crafted from the exotic furs of tagsters, tigones, and other great cats. The floor directly in front of the dais is scored with long, stained blood grooves, remnants of Kalak's brutal reign. Near the walls, fluted granite columns rise to the ceiling, where copper-gilded rafters support mystic globes of light, lending the room the appearance of an Athasian sunset. Masking the rear of the irregularly shaped chamber, a cloud-ray curtain conceals the King's private stairwell, leading down to his personal chambers.

The Golden City



The uppermost level of the Tower houses the Royal Tyrian Library, an enormous collection of books, scrolls, and ancient manuscripts. Aged tomes rest on large sweeping bookshelves placed in concentric arcs about the room. The mysteries of the ancients are buried within the pages of these books. Thousands of treatises on spell preparation and research may be found here. The only other noticeable feature of the library is a large mosaic in the center of the room depicting Kalak's profile. For some reason, King Tithian has decreed the library off-limits and closed until his return. Two to four illiterate half-giants patrol the library to enforce this command.

Descending from the throne room the architecture takes on a surreal quality. The renowned, hard, angular Athasian architecture metamorphs into shadowy, convoluted forms. Hallways develop a slanting quality, and abruptly end in small, uninhabited rooms or niches. Grotesque stone carvings of fantastic creatures and bizarre races appear randomly amongst the ceiling rafters. The floor here is purposely uneven, and seems to rise and fall as if it flowed from the desert sands. The walls undulate with twists like the mind of a defiler. The habitable rooms on this level possess a macabre juxtaposition of luxury and madness. Uneven walls and strangely shaped rooms are adorned with silk-covered beds, silver doorknobs, and gold-gilded mirrors. These chambers are showplaces designed to impress through conspicuous consumption.

The rooms enclose an ancient bathhouse. The bath is comprised of three separate rooms, each room designed for different hedonistic pleasures. Water can be dripped upon super-heated stones to fill the first room with steam. In an adjoining room, blocks of frozen water would be created enabling guests to enjoy their refreshing chill. In the third room, a sluice riddled with scores of tiny holes is attached to the ceiling. Water, gently poured down the sluice, creates an artificial rain fall. Due to Kalak's obsession with attaining dragon form and his caustic attitude toward the other sorcerer-kings, no imperial guest has used these chambers in

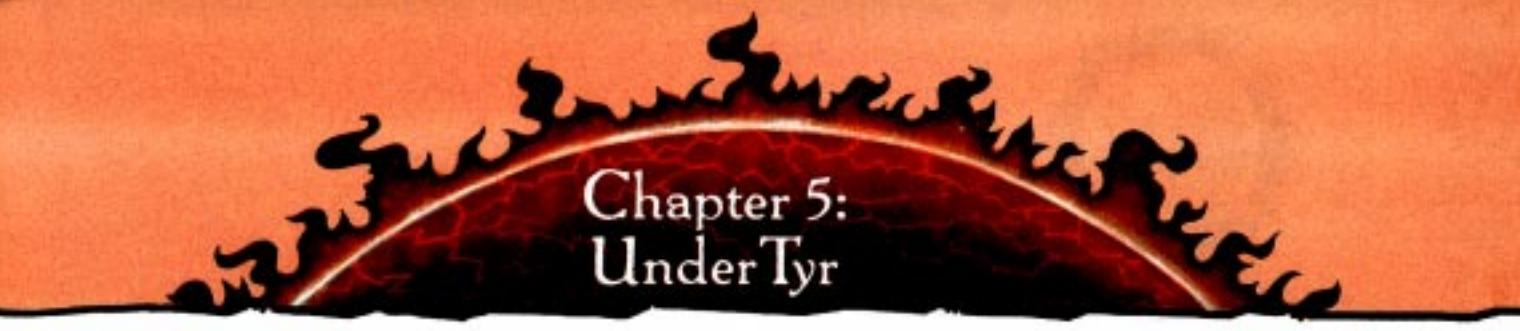
over 10-score years. A concealed entrance to the lower level is contained in one of the other empty rooms.

On the level below resides the King's private chambers, a narrow stair emerges into a small private dining area. Narrow passages swirl from this central room. Spartan sleeping quarters lie next to a private workshop. The workshop contains a miniature scale model of the city and surrounding environs. The adjoining private library and meditation chamber are austere in design and appearance. The mirror-walled sparring room contains an array of unused equipment and wooden practice weapons. A mirrored panel in this room swivels to reveal a concealed door. Behind the door, a short unlit hallway ends at the back of a secret garden exit. This secret access allows passage to the tower garden. The superbly crafted door is twice as difficult to spot (from the garden side) than a normal secret door. Off another curving passage, an empty cylindrical room lined with pure obsidian awaits. Many other passages lead to empty or unused rooms. Perhaps the oddest room contains strange beasthead carvings, inset in the walls from floor to ceiling that seem to have fed some bizarre obsession held by Kalak. Some carvings are small and grotesque, others huge and horrible. The mouths of several carvings are trapped to close and amputate any limbs thrust in their orifices. Inside, the carved head of an Athasian sloth is a lever that opens a secret trapdoor in an adjoining room. The trapdoor leads to the King's private treasure vault. The cavernous circular vault stands empty now, its vast riches gone. Rows of storage and weapons racks that line the walls appear to have once held a kings' ransom. Broken urns and discarded strongboxes lie on the floor. Tithian inherited a major portion of the wealth, but a significant number of the coins were spent clandestinely to sustain the collapsing economy. The only other feature in the room is an immense stone block covering the trap door to the infamous obsidian tunnel. The tunnel has been sealed and its sections filled with sand. Defiler mages and earth priests were conscripted to cast curses, protection glyphs, and wards on both sides of this trap door.



The Golden City





Chapter 5: UnderTyr

Tyr was built atop the ruined foundations of an ancient city. The city has been subjected to every tragedy known: conflagration, famine, flood, pestilence, war, and the wrath of the Dragon. The constant blowing and shifting of the Athasian sands has buried most, but not all of this lost city. This has created an undercity comprised of interconnecting byways, dilapidated courtyards, and crumbled buildings. It is not possible to travel through the city via the underground. However, habitable pockets do remain. Former businesses, residences, and temples to forgotten beings still exist in UnderTyr. Rumors abound of vast wealth and objects of power that lie undisturbed by time and the elements in the ruins of UnderTyr. In truth, many strange and dangerous things can be found there for those brave or foolhardy enough to seek them. The dangers in UnderTyr far outweigh those on the city streets above.

Entrances to UnderTyr can be found throughout the city, especially in the Warrens, the Bard's District and Shadow Square. Many of the entrances in the Crafts', Artisans', and Nobles' quarters have been sealed above ground to protect the local inhabitants against the creatures and undead that dwell beneath them. This is not to say that everything in UnderTyr is malicious, although most entities there are. For the curious, UnderTyr offers unique sights and guarded clues into Tyr's mysterious past.

No reputable establishment would acknowledge possession of a working passage to UnderTyr. A few carefully placed ceramics, however, will open many secret cellar doors. Extra must be paid to the shopkeep for the door to be left unlocked, thus allowing exit upon return.

The undercity itself is broken into hundreds of small separate pockets. Eight large pockets exist, scattered and unconnected beneath the city streets. The largest of these pockets, called the Sorrows, is located not too distant from Shadow Square. The second largest pocket, the Elven River, lies beneath the northwestern Warrens adjoining the Elven Bridge. Underly-

ing part of the northern Merchant District and Nobles' Quarters are a series of passages known as the Belly of the Noble. Two other pockets—Tembo's Teeth, and the Crawl—lie in the western part of the city. A series of accessible tunnels lie in the northeast section of the city, beneath the trade and merchant districts. These passages are referred to as Merchants' Maze. Buried in the southeast Tradesmen's District are accessible catacombs known as Faria's Passages. Located south of the slave pens, Night-Traders' Way is a honey-combed passage beneath the Tradesmen's District located there. Extensive passages are said to exist beneath the Golden Tower and Templars' Quarters, but the true extent of the these passages remains unknown. More pockets certainly exist, but have yet to be detailed.

Please note that there is no map of UnderTyr included in this product. DMs should feel free to create their own.

The Sorrows

Entrances beneath the disreputable establishments near Shadow Square permit access to this part of UnderTyr. The final stand of the early citizens of Tyr took place here, at the city's center, against the onslaught of the army of Kalak the Merciless. In the center, untouched by time, stands a forgotten temple. The temple, at one time the centerpiece to a different Tyr, became entombed here over a thousand years ago.



Under Tyr





The Crimson Shrine

"The facade was of an immense building of granite block, and a great apron of stairs led up to several pairs of ornate doors, each set into a high arch covered by a gabled porch. Beautiful windows of colored glass adorned the gables, each depicting a tall man with the head of an eagle, a huge pair of leathery wings, and the lower body of a coiled serpent."

"Four pairs of tall, dagger-shaped windows flanked a statue depicting the eagle-headed figure in flight. In the windows the figure was captured in flight, too, and from a bucket carried beneath its arm, it was sprinkling rain over a green forest."

from *The Verdant Passage*, by Troy Denning

This great granite building was once the centerpiece of the city of Tyr over 2,000 years ago. The cathedral still stands in UnderTyr, much as it appeared in its original forest home. Only those pure of heart may enter the sacred Crimson Shrine. Little is known and less is understood of the one they followed. It is unknown whether he abandoned the people of Athas or vice versa.

The Poison Sting

Reputedly an underground meeting establishment of defilers, bards, and those who live life near the edge of a blade. Many who visit do not come back. Rumors regarding the whereabouts vary, but access can be gained via the Bards' Quarter behind the Elven Market. Access is limited to those "in-the-know" or to fools with large purses. Just gaining information about the location is dangerous and will not assure success in locating the private meeting place. The underground tunnels in the vicinity of the Sting are filled with poison traps and a myriad of secret passage ways. This is to protect the location from curious visitors and the hideous creatures that dwell in UnderTyr.

The Poison Sting has taken over what was once a

gambling hall within a grand auberge. The main room is filled with the rubble of fallen support columns and disheveled original stone furnishings. The walls of the structure are a dark polished stone, with lighter colored veins of gray trapped in the rock. The darkness of the walls intensifies the timorous nature of the underground location. The meeting area is 60 feet x 35 feet and rises one-and-a-half stories. A balcony railing is visible on the second level. The roof of the upper level collapsed long ago leaving the ceiling only inches above the three foot balcony. Adjoining the main room are dozens of smaller rooms that exit in all directions. Many of these are trapped "dead ends" designed to keep those who "accidentally" find the Poison Sting from returning with word of its location to the surface. A sign, scrawled in what appears to be blood, hangs across what may have at one time been the bar and reads: "Poison is the wine . . ."

Chairs sit in small clusters here and about the wreckage. Dark, hooded figures gather in small groups and speak in hushed tones. Night or day, there is always someone or something entering or leaving the area. Business of the darkest nature is discussed here. Dealing, double-dealing, backstabbing, and assassination are the standard topics of conversation. Frequently two figures will step into one of the smaller passageways to conclude business. One or none may return.

The Elven River

Underground streams once fed the river of Tyr thousands of years ago. In the aftermath of the great wars, came the desert and water slipped deeper underground. The former subterranean waterways became the network of tunnels known today as the Elven River. For hundreds of years, panhandlers have probed these tunnels, looking for profits. The beneficiary of all the exploration was Tz'z, a handsome thrax who inhabits the southern end of the caverns. Tz'z emerges each nightfall to search the Warrens for victims.



Belly of the Noble

The Belly of the Noble is the toughest section of UnderTyr to access, but contains the most rewards to thieves and house breakers by far. It lies beneath part of the Merchant's District and Nobles' Quarters. Businesses and residences of the area fight an ongoing battle to keep their buildings secure. Despite repeated attempts to seal the Belly, thieves periodically gain access to this labyrinth and a rash of burglaries soon follows.

The Belly of the Noble is also home to some of the oldest, once opulent residences of the city. In the city's first millennium, affluent Tyrians built small but elegant homes of stone and marble. Many still exist in the UnderTyr, as if awaiting their return to society.

Mercur Fountain

The Mercur Fountain was once a regal wellspring in the early noble district of Tyr. A pool of rancid water now fills what was once a centerpiece for the district. The fountain is split on three sides and a statue that once poured fresh water into the circular basin is crushed. The fountain takes its name from one of Tyr's noble houses that fell long ago. The fountain still attracts the adventurous, for out of the broken basin grows a tangle-vine plant that produces magical fruit. The fruit is always very deep and rich in color and rounded at the bottom to resemble a tear drop. The plant itself is 16' x 4' x 4' and grows between the fountain and a foundation wall. The tangle-vine will have 1d4 magical potion fruit ripe at any given time. Unfortunately there is a side-effect regarding the magical potion fruit taken from the Mercur Fountain. Half (50%) of the fruit potions are delusionary, and make the imbiber believe that the effects are real. For some reason, such delusional fruits detect as the assumed type of fruit potion, not as delusional. It is only after the fruit potion is eaten and the effects have taken place that it is known (to the DM) whether the

effects are real or only a delusion. This particular magical tangle-vine plant only grows at this location. All attempts to transplant the magical tangle-vine fail. Transporting the rancid water from UnderTyr does not seem to effect any growing plant in any positive fashion.

Tembo's Teeth

Unlike most of Under Tyr, which consists of the ruins of the former city, Tembo's Teeth is a natural subterranean cavern. The cave complex gets its name from the stalagmites and stalactites that line both floor and ceiling. Smugglers once used these passages to move goods secretly in and out of the walled city. Kalak had the entrances outside the city walls sealed many years ago. Rumors persist of yuan-ti sightings, and many who have attempted to explore the caverns have not returned. A yuan-ti presence could mean that the cavern is linked to deeper cavern complexes far beneath the city-state.

The Crawl

An overwhelming sense of claustrophobia frequently grips adventurers who explore the Crawl. The crushed remains of a trade district barely support the three-foot ceiling that runs throughout. Some traders maintain that an ancient armory is located deep within the Crawl. Explorers have found iron implements and many weapons. Unfortunately, eager explorers have been crushed by displacing unstable rock in their scramble to discover great wealth. Unknown to the explorers, families of intellect devourers and ustilagor also roam the Crawl.

Faria's Passages

These thoroughfares are named for the tradesman/thief who used them for many years to steal from competitors and sell the goods to outward bound caravans.



The greedy spirit of Faria would not rest after death and has returned as a fael, a gluttonous form of undead that hungers for the excesses in life (food, drink).

Random Encounter for UnderTyr Table

Roll

1d20 Result*

- 1 1-10 gith (former slaves)
- 2 1-4 Veiled Alliance members on a mission
- 3 1-2 dwarven banshees
- 4 1-2 agony beetles
- 5 A thrax
- 6 Bard carrying the body of a poisoned associate
- 7 An id fiend
- 8 1-4 crystal spiders

- 9 3-30 horax
- 10 1-4 yuan-ti
- 11 2d20 bats
- 12 A t'chowb
- 13 1-6 wild baazrag
- 14 1-10 giant rats
- 15 A thief returning home from a successful heist
- 16 2 bards fighting over a body
- 17 A sandling
- 18 A thri-kreen on the hunt
- 19 A lost adventurer, willing to pay to get to the surface
- 20 An entourage of elemental priests searching for a lost temple

*Number of creatures may vary based on party strength.



Chapter 6: Psionics, Magic, and Religion in Tyr

Psionics

Psionics is a part of everyday life in Tyr, as on all Athas. Most of Tyr's population possesses "wild talents," natural psionic abilities developed without formal study of psionics. Others specialize in the use of psionics, advancing their studies and gaining new, more powerful abilities as they progress. The School of Thought provides instruction in the use of psionic powers for students or PCs.

The School of Thought

The noble Chessia, herself an accomplished psionicist, maintains a psionics school where citizens may learn to use their latent psionic abilities or may follow the path of the psionicist. Fees charged for instruction are significant, from 1 to 10 silver pieces for tutoring of a wild talent to 2 to 25 gold for psionicist training,

depending on level. It is because of this sizeable investment that nobles and rich merchants most often are the ones to send their children and trusted employees here to develop their abilities. After all, psionics represent a valuable tool for professional or political advancement, not to mention survival. Occasionally, an impoverished student may be sponsored by the templars or another of the city's factions in return for a pledge of service later. Most students are there to awaken their wild talents and learn to use them. Some remain until perhaps the third or fourth level of achievement before leaving to make their fortunes. A very few stay on, or return for additional training later in life, to attain true mastery of the science of the mind. Two of the school's current students, Azzer Lirin and Merigal of Narine can be found in Chapter 7: Personalities.

Several highly proficient masters with access to all the various psionic disciplines instruct at the school,



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some on an occasional basis, others full time. A few of them are listed below.

Sycia Strimmen

16th-level Female Human Psionicist, Neutral Good	
AC 3 (Cloak+Dex)	Str 11
Movement 12	Dex 17
hp 51	Con 15
THAC0 13	Int 19
#AT 1	Wis 19
Dmg: 1d6+1+special	Cha 17

(+1 steel short sword of wounding)

Proficiencies: Short sword, short bow, dagger, horseman's mace, hand axe; read/write common, speak elvish, harness subconscious, rejuvenation, land-based riding; crodlu, psionic detection, water find.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 242; Disciplines— clair-sentience, psychokinetic, psychoportation, metapsionic; Sciences— clairaudience, clairvoyance, object reading, psychic clone, telekinesis, teleport, mindlink, probe; Devotions—all-around vision, danger sense, know location, poison sense, radial navigation, spirit sense, convergence, prolong, psionic sense, retrospection, contact, ESP, life detection, psychic crush, psychic messenger, control light, control sound, create sound, astral projection, dream travel, teleport trigen Defense Modes—all.

The headmistress of the school, Sycia is an enthusiastic young woman who always seems to know what's going on at the school. Her considerable charms and good nature make Sycia well liked within the school. She's extremely well organized and adept at coordinating activities among the various interests within the school. She has been approached by outside interests several times with offers of lucrative employment, for one with her abilities could be useful to competitive merchants and others dealing in information. Recently, the Senior Templar of Security proposed a "special assistant's" position to her, but she turned him down,

not liking the implications of what her duties would have been. Presently, Sycia is quite happy with her current role and is content to let things take their course.

Nearly all Sycia's powers are sensory or projective in nature. She is rather weak in psychic combat as she has only one psionic attack: Psychic crush. Apart from her job as administrator, Sycia instructs students in the Ways of remote sensing and projection. She is well aware of her vulnerability in psychic combat and will try to avoid conflict whenever possible. If forced, she will defend while trying to contact Fyrian, Crag, or one of the other masters for help. The masters may aid her directly (e.g., teleporting to her and attacking) or grant Sycia the use of their powers through convergence if in range of her. To augment her combat abilities, Sycia has acquired a few magical items including a *cloak of protection +4*, a *ring of shooting stars*, and a *gem of retaliation*.

Fyrian Wynder

13th/l5th-level	Male	Half-Elf	Psionicist/Bard
Neutral			
AC 0 (bracers AC4 + Dex)	Str 14		
Movement 12	Dex 19		
hp 58	Con 18		
THAC0 13	Int 16		
#AT 1	Wis 18		
Dmg: 1d6+2 (+2 steel short sword of quickness)	Cha 16		

Proficiencies: Short sword, quarterstaff, dagger, hand crossbow; read/write common, rejuvenation, psionic detection, sign language, disguise, reading lips.

Psionics Summary PSPs 186; Disciplines—telepathy, psychometabolism, psychoportation, clairsentience; Sciences—domination, mindlink, superior invisibility, metamorphosis, shadow form, teleport, clairvoyance; Devotions—contact, daydream, false sensory input, id insinuation, invisibility, mind bar, body control, body equilibrium, body weaponry, ectoplasmic form, heightened senses, astral projection, dimensional door, tele-



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port trigger, timeshift, all-around vision, danger sense, know location; Defense Modes—all.

Thief Skills: PP 40%, OL 50%, F/RT 65%, MS 55%, HIS 40%, DN 25%, CW 60%, RL 15%.

Fyrian instructs students at the school in the ways of deception. His particular strengths lie in the telepathic and psychometabolic disciplines. He is the instructor of choice among trade houses who wish to develop spies or scouts for their operations. The templars have also enlisted Fyrian's skills in the past, both as an instructor and as an operative. His acting skills enable him to adopt several identities, while his psionic abilities provide a means of gaining access to secured areas and going unnoticed once he gets there.

This shadowy half-elf comes and goes as he pleases. He enjoys taking risks and always seems to be in the middle of any conflict. The bard has acquired a variety of magical items to use in his free-lance work including his *short sword of quickness*, *bracers of defense AC4*, and a *ring of human influence*. His bardic training also gives him knowledge of poisons (all except C, F, H, and K), which he often employs with his weaponry.

Crag of the Silt Islands

10th/10th-level Male Half-Giant Psionicist/Fighter
Neutral

AC 6 (ring)	Str 21
Movement 12	Dex 10
hp 145	Con 20
THAC0 11	Int 13
#AT 3/2	Wis 16
Dmg: 1d6+1 (steel trident)	Cha 13

Proficiencies: Trident, bastard sword, ranseur, dagger, javelin, heavy lance, club; land-based riding: inix, endurance, rejuvenation, water find, weapon improvisation.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 115; Disciplines—psychometabolic, psychokinetic, psychoporation, telepa-

thy; Sciences—complete healing, energy containment, telekinesis, teleport, psionic blast; Devotions—body weaponry, double pain, flesh armor, heightened senses, mind over body, enhanced strength, inertial barrier, levitation, molecular manipulation, dimensional door, teleport trigger, time/space anchor, contact, mind bar, send thoughts; Defense Modes—all.

Crag came to the school as a slave belonging to a Tyrian noble. The noble, recognizing the rare spark of intelligence present within the young half-giant, thought to train Crag in the ways of physical and mental warfare. In this way, he felt that Crag would develop into an excellent sergeant within his personal guard. He was correct, Crag learned to augment his formidable physical skills with combative mental powers and became a truly deadly adversary.

When the revolution occurred, Crag found himself free for the first time. Resenting the yoke of his master, he spurned the nobleman's pleas to accept employment and instead returned to the school, the only other "home" he had ever known. Sycia's body of instructors at the school had dwindled considerably during that time, what with the war against Urik and wealthy merchants luring the better ones away with offers of gold and powerful positions. She was happy to take Crag on. Now, Crag instructs students in the psychometabolic and psychokinetic disciplines, primarily as they apply to combat situations. He loves his work, but currently is considering an offer to join the elite Iron Guard that oversees deliveries of the precious iron from the mine to the city. Crag has little in the way of possessions. Apart from his weapons, the only item he owns worth mentioning is a +4/+2 *ring of protection* that he took off a burglar he slew while in service to the nobleman.

There is one other master psionicist not of the school, at least not any longer, that bears mentioning. His name is Thanik Arkos.

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Thanik Arkos

19th/7th-level	dual-classed	Male	Human	Psionist/Defiler, Lawful Evil
AC 2 (<i>bracers + Dex</i>)		Str 13		
Movement 12		Dex 17		
hp 93		Con 16		
THAC0 11		Int 19		
#AT 1		Wis 21		
Dmg: 1d6+ 1 + special (+1 steel short sword)		Cha 8		

Proficiencies: short sword, dagger, horseman's mace, light crossbow, wrist razor; read/write common, speak elvish, harness subconscious, meditative focus, rejuvenation, psionic detection, spellcraft, somatic concealment, direction sense, herbalism, blind-fighting.

Spells: 4/3/2/1.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 242; Disciplines—all; Sciences—empower, psychic surgery, split personality, ultrablast, summon planar creature, teleport, mind-link, telekinesis, death field, clairvoyance; Devotions—convergence, gird, prolong, psionic sense, psychic drain, receptacle, enhancement, splice, stasis field, dimensional door, teleport trace*, teleport trigger, time/space anchor, contact, id insinuation, inflict pain, inertial barrier, molecular agitation, soften, cause decay, double pain, ectoplasmic form, danger sense, know location; Defense Modes—all.

Thanik was formerly the school's headmaster, but his lust for power and contempt for anyone but himself soon marked him as a pariah among his peers. Coveting a powerful magical ring that one of the school's other masters possessed, Thanik murdered the unfortunate man and stole the item. When the crime was traced to him, Thanik fled, but not before vowing vengeance on those he held responsible for his fall from power, namely the current masters of the school. Since that time, two years past, he has taken up the study of magic. He believes it is his destiny to become Tyr's next sorcerer-king. He's patient, though, and

intends to gather his power quietly and destroy his enemies before he ascends to the throne.

A black-hearted man, Thanik should be played as a villain through and through. He's a lone wolf, having few henchmen if any, because nobody likes him. Nothing is beneath him if it helps to accomplish his goals, those being the acquisition of power and the deaths of the school's masters. Thanik will gleefully sacrifice innocents and associates to draw out adversaries or to cover his own escape. He kills without remorse and takes what he wants. He's a highly skilled, intelligent enemy and won't fight to the death. If a battle is going against him, he'll flee the fight only to return at a later time to seek revenge. If he has a weakness, it is that he trusts no one and so is almost always on his own.

The evil master's arsenal of magic includes: *bracers of defense* AC 4, a *ring of vampiric regeneration*, a *wand of lightning* (22 c.), and a *rod of absorption* (it can still absorb 33 spell levels and has 12 levels stored). Additionally, Thanik will usually have 1-2 potion fruits on him at any time. His sword is a psionically empowered item: +2 *short sword* (Int: 16, Ego: 4, AL: LE, Speaks Common and Elf, with powers of cause decay (14), double pain (13), receptacle with 80 PSPs).

Teleport Trace (New Psychoportive Devotion)

Power Score:	Int
Initial Cost:	10
Maintenance Cost:	na
Range:	10 yards when set, infinite afterward
Preparation Time:	0
Area of Effect:	individual
Prerequisites:	teleport

This power, devised by Thanik, enables him to mark an adversary for location purposes if the target subsequently teleports. To effectuate a teleport trace, the initiator must first win a psychic contest. If successful, the target is marked for the next hour. If the target teleports or uses a psychoportive devotion to travel to another



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location in that time, a psionic path remains open to that location. Until the hour has passed, the initiator can use teleport or another psychoportive power to arrive at the same location even if he has never seen or been there before. A teleport trace is limited in the following ways:

1. Duration: It's only good for one hour.
2. Occurrences: It only works for the first occurrence of a psychoportive power. For example, if the target teleports twice in quick succession, the trail is lost after the first teleport.
3. Dimension: The power only works on the initiator's current plane. If the target uses probability travel to enter the astral plane, for instance, and doesn't reappear on the prime material plane within the hour, the trace is lost.
4. Time/Space anchor: A teleport trace cannot be attached while a target creature has a time/space anchor active.
5. Number: An initiator can only have one teleport trace in effect at any time. Additional uses of the power void previous markings.

The Order

Another organization of psionicists maintains a presence in Tyr, although this group's purposes and dealings are known to few outside their small circle. The group is called The Order. Its members are five psionicists of incredibly high level (21st- to 30th-level). They are purists who study psionics for its own sake, viewing it as part of the natural order. They are much akin to druids in their views of balance and neutrality, but much more militant. The Order's members have taken it upon themselves to police their own kind (high-level psionicists) and enforce a strict code of conduct.

In Tyr, The Order is represented by Mandalis, a 26th-level mediator who oversees the operations of five entrants from Kled to Altaruk and Walis. His primary location and area of activity remains Tyr. See the

description of Mandalis below for more details. Refer to the *Dragon Kings* supplement for additional information on The Order.

Mandalis

26th-level Male Human Psionicist, Lawful Neutral
AC 0 (*bracers + Dex*) Str 14
Movement 12 Dex 16
hp 77 Con 17
THAC0 10 Int 19
#AT 1 Wis 21
Dmg: 1d8+3 (+3 *steel scimitar*) Cha 16
Proficiencies: Scimitar, dagger, light crossbow, club, spear, war hammer, horseman's mace; read/write common, harness subconscious, hypnosis, rejuvenation, psionic detection, local history: Tyr, etiquette, gem cutting, musical instrument: flute.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 438; Disciplines—all; Sciences—aura alteration, empower, psychic surgery, split personality, ultrablast, ejection, mindlink, mindwipe, probe, create object, disintegrate, molecular rearrangement, telekinesis, complete healing, energy containment, life draining, shadow form, banishment, summon planar creature, teleport, aura sight, sensitivity to psychic impressions; Devotions—convergence, enhancement, gird, prolong, psionic inflation, magnify, psionic residue, psychic drain, receptacle, splice, contact, esp, invincible enemies, mind bar, mind blank, mind thrust, mysterious traveler, synaptic static, animate object, control wind, control sound, create sound, inertial barrier, levitation, molecular manipulation, soften, body control, body equilibrium, cell adjustment, double pain, ectoplasmic form, immovability, mind over body, reduction, dimensional door, dream travel, ethereal traveler, teleport trigger, time shift, time/space anchor, danger sense, know location, poison sense, radial navigation, spirit sense; Defense Modes—all.

Mandalis ponders philosophies that few others could fathom. To him, the evolution of men and demi-

Psionics, Magic, and Religion in Tyr



men lies within the untapped reaches of the mind. Only with understanding comes advancement. Most of the creatures of this world are incapable of comprehending the esoteric mysteries of the psyche and, therefore, can do nothing to promote true spiritual progress. It is up to him, and others like him, to chart the path to the next level of existence, that others may someday follow.

Mandalis is a quiet man, middle-aged and balding, sharply perceptive and keen of wit. He speaks slowly, deliberately, and with great precision. Those close to him know him to be a man of his word. As a young instructor at Tyr's school of thought, he built up a respectable sum that he prudently invested, eventually amassing a sizeable fortune. With it, he has built a silk plantation outside of the city where he raises ishi moths. Financially secure, Mandalis has devoted himself to his life's calling: the study of the mind.

Despite his lofty ideals and devotion to the study of the way, Mandalis is both a pragmatic and dynamic individual who acts to further his studies and the ends of The Order. As mediator of Tyr and its environs, he preaches noninterference. Should petty men interfere with the higher goals of The Order, however, Mandalis does not hesitate to do whatever's necessary to set things right.

He possesses several magical and psionic items, making him a formidable adversary. A few of the more notable items in Mandalis' possession include a rare white-powder *philosopher's stone* (see *The Complete Psionics Handbook*, p. 111 for benefits of this item), his +3 steel scimitar (Int: 15, Ego: 8, AL: LN, Speaks Common, with powers of soften (19), telekinesis (18), and disintegrate (17), receptacle with 100 PSPs), *bracers of defense AC2*, and a *ring of spell turning*.

Magic

Defiling magic is outlawed in Tyr. The handful of defilers who served under Kalak have fled the city or are currently in hiding. Preservers face some discrimi-

nation from the common people, although they are tolerated. PC mages must remain on guard and conceal their profession lest they attract the wrath of the masses. Characters wanting training can seek out freelance wizards skilled enough to tutor them or may attempt to contact the Veiled Alliance. The most likely places to contact either group (discreetly, of course) are the markets and wineshops of the city

The Veiled Alliance

Tyr's Veiled Alliance maintains a secretive, but ever vigilant presence in Tyr. This mysterious organization exists to protect preservers and others of its members from persecution by authorities or the ignorant populace. The Veiled Ones also work to expose or eliminate defilers, those mages who have tainted magic's good name and who have been largely responsible for the destruction of Tyr's natural environment.

Since the overthrow of Kalak, the Alliance has suffered dissension among its members. Several members, led by Romila Parthian and Anthrialix Denestor (see *The Veiled Alliance* supplement), feel that the passing of Kalak should usher in a new age of openness in which preservers need not hide their talents. These members argue for the "removal" of the veil, and have begun to cast magic occasionally in the city to reveal its benefits to unbelievers. One such incident occurred in the Warrens where residents awoke to find a fully grown pine tree in a previously empty building foundation. Another time, a spectator fell from the uppermost row of the stadium and certainly would have perished on the street below had an unknown savior not filled the intervening space between the stadium wall and a building across the street with a rising column of sticky, gooey webs that arrested the fall. The spellcaster vanished in a blaze of light a moment later as frightened citizens began to close on him with weapons drawn. Although the preservers' fame has spread, they have yet to overcome the ancient fears of magic.

Conversely, Matthias Morthen (see *The Veiled*



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Alliance supplement), the leader of the Veiled Alliance in Tyr, has preached the wisdom of continued secrecy, citing many past examples of the dangers of divulgence. He believes the menace of defilers must be eradicated from Tyr before preservers dare reveal themselves. The overall sentiment from this conflict among members seems to be toward a gradual emergence of the Veiled Alliance into Tyrian society, dictated by public awareness and behavior. Only time will tell if they are successful.

In the meantime, characters wishing to contact the Alliance must do so secretly. Discreet inquiries in the Elven Market or Shadow Square will meet with denial of any knowledge of the Veiled Alliance. After a short period of careful observation, if the character appears earnest and not a threat, a stranger will approach and direct the character to one of the wineshops or another secluded spot in the area. After interviews with one or more Alliance members, the character may be offered an initiation test and thus gain entrance into the Veiled Alliance (refer to *The Veiled Alliance* supplement for details on the rights of initiation and more information on the organization itself). Anyone who displays hostile intent toward the alliance or who is perceived as a threat will be executed, quickly and quietly.

Religion

Under Kalak, the templars enforced imperial homage from the masses and, though templars received clerical spells from the sorcerer-king, none truly worshipped him as a god.

Tyrians, like almost all Athasians, worship elemental spirits when they worship at all. The clerics of Tyr revere fire (the sun), air (the winds), earth (the land), and water (oases, springs, wells). Druids reside in the Tyr Valley, watching over its scrub plains and other unique areas. No formal organizations exist for the holy men, as none are needed. Whereas wizards inspire fear and hatred and psionicists remove them-

selves from the society at large, priests bear neither of these stigmas. They are valued for their command of the elements and rarely go begging for work.

Noted Priests of the Religion

Clerics can be found in the employ of the Tyrian government, trading houses, and nobles. Some live hermetic existences in the remote corners of the Tyr valley. Others can be found among the merchants and craftsmen of the city's markets. All are free to sell their services or tutor as they please. While it won't be difficult for player characters to find a cleric of suitable level for training, settling the question of compensation may be more troublesome.

The Tarn

Two druids reside in the foothills of the Ringing Mountains directly west of Tyr. The druids have adopted a mountain valley that contains a small deep tarn. They have pledged to listen to all who successfully traverse the treacherous rocky scree field and may render aid or service if asked. Listening does not imply intervention. Watery death awaits any defiler who attempts to drink from the tarn.

Lorena of L'axa—Keeper of the Sacred Tarn

7th-Level Human Druid, Neutral

AC 6	Str 10
Movement 12	Dex 18
hp 49	Con 16
THAC0 16	Int 12
#AT 1	Wis 18
Dmg: 1d6 (staff)	Cha 17
<i>Special Abilities:</i> Concealment on guarded lands, speak with animals, speak with plants on guarded lands, live without nourishment on guarded lands.	
<i>Proficiencies:</i> staff, sling, club; cooking, direction sense, herbalism, singing.	

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Spells: 5/5/3/2.

Major Sphere: Cosmos, Elemental Plane of Water.

Minor Spheres: Elemental Plane of Earth.

Tall and willowy, with a gentle, quiet disposition, is Lorena of L'axa. She has recovered from a stormy past. Daughter of a small merchant trading family, Lorena had little to worry about before the age of twelve. Her life was irrevocably changed one evening when her family's trading caravan was attacked by a rival house. During the attack, her parents and all her brothers and sisters were captured or killed. The five children who survived the raid were taken and sold into slavery, save for Lorena. So sickeningly sweet, innocent, and beautiful was she that the vengeful house left her in the desert to die. She managed to find grubs and roots to sustain her and small pools of dew to quench her thirst.

Fearing death or slavery in the city, she moved westward into the foothills, eventually discovering the beautiful tarn. An old woman, Shrasha, wise in the lessons of the land instructed and protected her. For many years, L'axa learned the ways of the druid from her. Late one evening, Shrasha told L'axa that another druid had been her first disciple and eventually would return to the tarn. L'axa was at first despondent over this development, but Shrasha convinced her that the tarn was her home and should be her life. That night, Shrasha fell asleep never to wake. The next morning a man appeared at the tarn. His name was G'rshun.

G'rshun—Keeper of the Sacred Tarn

9th-level Human Druid, Neutral

AC 6

Str 14

Movement 12

Dex 12

hp 47

Con 18

THAC0 16

Int 18

#AT 1

Wis 13

Dmg: 1d6 (staff)

Cha 15

Special Abilities: Concealment on guarded lands, speak with animals, speak with plants, live without nourishment on guarded lands.

Proficiencies: Cahulaks, scimitar, staff; astrology, brewing, religion, rope use, swimming.

Spells: 4/4/3/2/1.

Major Sphere: Cosmos, Elemental Plane of Earth.

Minor Sphere: Elemental Plane of Water.

G'rshun, the apprentice druid, had freely chosen the sacred tarn. The elder druid there, Shrasha, was in her 83rd year and dying. She commanded G'rshun to wander for seven years, then return to inherit the sacred grounds of the tarn. The agreement was made with a single proviso: During this time, G'rshun must not speak to a single humanoid creature. G'rshun's loneliness was unbearable. The time passed. G'rshun returned to the tarn to fulfill his destiny. The last thing he expected was to come across a beautiful young woman. He first thought Shrasha had undergone some magical transformation. L'axa tearfully explained that Shrasha the druid had died during the night. L'axa also told the story of her arrival and that she was expecting another druid. G'rshun was torn. He was furious that another druid lived on the land he had chosen to protect, but he was also in need of companionship. Since then, an uneasy truce has developed between the two.

Chapter 7: Personalities

Many of the principal characters of Athas originated in Tyr. Their exploits have been chronicled in Troy Denning's novels, *The Verdant Passage*, *The Crimson Legion*, *The Amber Enchantress*, *The Obsidian Oracle*, and *The Cerulean Storm*. Other characters have been detailed in DARK SUN® products: *Freedom*, *Road to Urik*, *The Veiled Alliance*, and *Dune Traders*. This is a partial listing of some of the major personalities to be found in Tyr.

Agis of Asticles

16th-level Human Male Psionicist, Lawful Neutral
AC 3 Str 15
Movement 12 Dex 16
hp 97 Con 17
THAC0 13 Int 18
#AT 1 Wis 17
Dmg: By weapon Cha 16
Proficiencies: Chatkcha, dagger, scimitar, hand crossbow, widow's knife; agriculture, ancient history, etiquette, harness subconscious, heat protection, herbalism, local history, psionic detection, reading/writing Common, rejuvenation, sign language, vintner, water find.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 209; Disciplines—telepathy, psychokinesis, metapsionics, psychometabolism, clairsentience; Sciences—ejection, mindwipe, probe, project force, telekinesis, empower, complete healing, sensitivity to psychic impressions; Devotions—contact, daydream, ESP, id insinuation, mind bar, mind thrust, ballistic attack, inertial barrier, levitation, molecular manipulation, gird, martial trance, receptacle, splice, adrenalin control, body control, mind over body, suspend animation, combat mind, danger sense, know location; Defense Modes—all.

Equipment: +3 ring of protection, steel scimitar, leather armor.

Background: Born to educated, supportive parents, Agis lived an idyllic life with his older sister Tierney on

the Asticles' faro plantation. Agis' father was an ascendant senator, and his mother oversaw the day-to-day operation of the estate.

Agis was curious as a child, and this lead to many adventures with his boyhood friend, Tithian. As with many noble families, their families enrolled the two of them in the school of the Way of the Unseen. Tithian left to pursue life as a templar while Agis continued to follow the Way. His study and mastery of the psionic disciplines led Agis to many years of travel, searching for masters to quench his thirst for knowledge. One of these masters was Durwadala, the thri-kreen druid of the Lost Oasis, who taught Agis much of life and growth. It was her teaching that gave Agis his knowledge of agriculture.

Agis returned to the Asticles' estate following the death of his older sister. Tierney had been murdered while he was away on his studies, but the identity of her killer was never discovered. He began implementing the agrarian knowledge he had learned from Durwadala. Now, years later, many produce merchants say that Agis' lands are the most fertile in the Tyr valley.

A senate moderate, Agis was alarmed with Kalak's obsession driving Tyr toward economic ruin. Agis' brush with the Veiled Alliance led to a personal involvement with the slave, Sadira. Agis joined Sadira, Tithian, and the gladiators Rikus and Neeva in a plot to end the rule of Kalak through assassination. In the end, it was Agis who drove the magical heartwood spear through Kalak's brain, killing the powerful sorcerer-king.

Agis is involved in the mysterious "search" along with many of the other principals responsible for Kalak's death. His current whereabouts are unknown. *Appearance:* Agis is a handsome, well-muscled man with strong features and a commanding voice. His hair is long, falling just below his shoulders, and has silver blazes at the crown and just above the ears (the legacy of one of Sadira's magics).

Role-playing: The Lord of Asticles is a natural leader, independent, dynamic, and intelligent. He cares

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about the common people and displays loyalty and devotion to friends and employees alike. He handles himself well in all social situations. He possesses many unusual contacts including Tithian, Sadira, and Durwadala to name a few. He should make a strong ally or enemy, depending on the characters' actions and intentions.

Azzer Lirin

4th-level Male Human Psionicist (Templar), Lawful Evil

AC 10	Str 11
Movement 12	Dex 14
Level: 4	Con 17
hp 19	Int 16
THAC0 19	Wis 19
#AT 1	Cha 12

Dmg: 1d4-1 (bone dagger)

Proficiencies: Dagger, club, bureaucracy, information gathering, mining, read/write Common, rejuvenation.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 59; Disciplines—telepathy, clairsentience; Sciences—mindlink, clairvoyance; Devotions—contact, ESP, id insinuation, all-around vision, danger sense, poison sense, see sound; Defense Modes—mental barrier, mind blank.

Background: Azzer was recruited into the templars only recently by Drave, a highly placed official in the bureau of mines. Drave has sponsored Azzer's current training at the school to hone his abilities for the job he is to do. Drave intends to assassinate Borger, the Minister of Mines, and assume the position himself. He hopes to use Azzer to spy on Borger in order to discover when the Minister will be most vulnerable to attack. He has not divulged this information to Azzer, but the psionicist has figured out most of it. Azzer has plans of his own, knowing full well that once Drave consolidates his power, the psionicist will become a liability in short order. Azzer will spy for Drave, but will tip off Borger to the assassination

attempt after extorting a pledge of promotion and a handsome reward of cash or magic from the Minister of Mines.

As a templar, Azzer has all the authoritative powers of a 4th-level templar as listed in the DARK SUN® Rules Book, page 34.

Appearance: Azzer appears as a small, thin man of pale complexion and sallow features. His frail stature deceptively suggests weakness or possibly ill health, masking a mind as agile and deadly as a sand viper.

Role-playing: Azzer is very cunning, and is good at reading others' intentions. He plays the willing servant to Drave, and will do so with others as long as it is to his own advantage. He waits until his enemies are vulnerable to strike at them.

Banther, Arena Manager of Tyr

9th-Level Human Male Templar, Lawful Neutral

AC 9	Str 18
Movement 12	Dex 15
hp 61	Con 16
THAC0 16	Int 14
#AT 1	Wis 17
Dmg: By weapon	Cha 10

Proficiencies: Dagger, datchi club, dragon's paw, light crossbow; animal handling, armor optimization, bargain, blind-fighting, bureaucracy, local history, reading/writing Common, religion.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 73; Wild Talents—combat mind (PS 10; Cost 5+4/rd), danger sense (PS 14; Cost 4+3/turn).

Equipment: gauntlets of b'rohg power (as ogre power)

Background: Banther is one of the "new breed" of templars. He sees the overthrow of Kalak as a stepping stone for his future. Banther allied himself with Tithian soon after Tithian was appointed Master of Games under Kalak. Banther has been attracted to the arena since he was young. He sees his appointment of arena manager as the pinnacle of his life so far.



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Many templars enjoy verbal battles but abhor physical confrontations. Banther is the exception. Banther secretly makes anonymous appearances in the arena, masked to avoid his identification. Because of his templar status, the only way he can appear in the games is with a hidden identity. He relishes the combat and adoration of the crowd.

Appearance: Banther is broad shouldered, and dark skinned from many an hour spent under the Athasian sun. His hair is closely cropped, unusual for a templar.

His face is anchored by a too square jaw and a twice broken nose. Banther looks more like a gladiator than a templar. He trains and practices his weapon skills daily.

Role-playing: Banther is one of the few templars who walks freely about the city without an escort. He never hesitates to become involved in a row or broy fight. He is considered "fair" in business dealings (especially for a templar!) since his interests lie outside monetary or material gains. If the PCs are interested in physical training or the gladiatorial games, they should encounter Banther.

Etheros

6th-Level Human Male Preserver, Neutral Good

AC 10

Str 14

Movement 12

Dex 13

hp 19

Con 15

THAC0 19

Int 17

#AT 1

Wis 14

Dmg: By weapon

Cha 15

Proficiencies: Dagger, agriculture, ancient history, bargain, disguise, etiquette, land-based riding (crodlu), psionic detection, reading/writing Common, somatic concealment, spellcraft.

Spells: 4/2/2.

Equipment: Scroll with *transmute sand to stone*, and *massmorph* (11th level of use), iron dagger.

Background: Etheros grew up wanting for nothing. His family owned a modest but profitable faro estate in the

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valley. Bored and having no direction, Etheros spent much time in the city. He stumbled upon the Veiled Alliance and was intrigued. Here were people living a passionate life fighting for values they believed in. It took him two years to gain admission, but once he did, he proved to be an able and enthusiastic student. He advanced quickly and repeatedly volunteered for visible, dangerous missions.

The secrecy and danger associated with the Alliance hold a hypnotic attraction for Etheros. He believes in the mission of the Alliance with all his heart. The Alliance has become his family and the core of his very existence. Etheros is kind and concerned about people. Still, if the good of the Alliance is at stake, he can kill without remorse or hesitation.

Appearance: Etheros has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He has a dark, roughened complexion and his face is tattooed with a cross-hatched line crossing below his eyes and over the bridge of his nose, a stylized veil. When on Alliance business he often wears a broad round hat that hides his eyes and covers his face in shadows.

Role-playing: Quietly engaging, Etheros exudes warmth and acceptance to any he considers to be his friends. He's well spoken and highly perceptive. At the same time, Etheros can be ruthless when circumstances demand it.

Faldar

5th-Level Human Male Preserver, Lawful Neutral

AC 8	Str 15
Movement 12	Dex 16
hp 15	Con 14
THAC0 19	Int 16
#AT 1	Wis 15
Dmg: 1d4 (obsidian dagger)	Cha 13

Proficiencies: Dagger; ancient history, bargain, gambling, local history, reading/writing Common, sign language, somatic concealment, spellcraft.

Spells: 4/2/1.

Equipment: potion-fruit of plant control.

Background: Faldar grew up on the streets of Tyr. He worked in a variety of jobs until he met Romila Parthian of the Veiled Alliance. She took a liking to the brash young man and, after a time, offered to teach him the magical arts. Faldar proved to be an apt student. He's performed well when called upon, although he has had a couple of close calls. Because of this, he's very careful in his actions. Faldar supports Matthias Morthen's views of continued vigilance and secrecy for the Veiled Alliance that has distanced him from Romila.

Appearance: Faldar wears his blond hair short, having shaved the hair above his ears and around the back of his head. He seldom smiles or makes light of a situation. His build is nondescript.

Role-playing: Guarded and careful in his dealings with others, Faldar is an aloof individual but not hostile. He approaches everything with intense concentration. Characters encountering him may find him evasive and enigmatic. Once he gets to know (and trust) them, however, Faldar is quite charming and good natured.

Kalak

25th-Level Human Male Defiler/Psionicist, Neutral Evil

AC -3	Str 23
Movement 12	Dex 20
hp 52	Con 20
THAC0 8	Int 19
#AT 1	Wis 18
Dmg: By weapon	Cha -3

Proficiencies: Bards' friend, dagger, scimitar, horseman's mace, light crossbow, wrist razors; ancient history, ancient languages, bargain, bureaucracy, engineering, etiquette, harness subconscious, heat protection, herbalism, hypnosis, land-based riding (crodlu),



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modern languages (elvish), psionic detection, reading/writing Common, rejuvenation, religion, spellcraft, weather sense.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 347; Disciplines—all; Sciences—domination, mindlink, mindwipe, probe, appraise, empower, disintegrate, telekinesis, death field, energy containment, aura sight, object reading, probability travel; Devotions—awe, beast mastery contact, inflict pain, invincible enemies, mind bar, mind thrust, phobia amplification, gird, prolong, psychic drain, receptacle, splice, control body, inertial barrier, levitation, molecular agitation, soften, aging, body control, cause decay, double pain, heightened senses, all-around vision, danger sense, poison sense, spirit sense, dream travel, time shift, time/space anchor; Defense Modes—all.

Equipment: ring of spell turning, bracers of defense AC1, 2-12 scrolls containing 5-7 spells each of 5-9th level (and access to the templars' library), 2-5 potion fruits.

Special Abilities: Kalak possesses the ability to grant priests spells and spellcasting powers to his followers.

Background: Kalak's early history is shrouded in mystery. He lived during a time known as the Green Age, when all Tyr was lush and fertile. He fought in the war of wars, when segments of the human races sought genocide against the nonhuman races of Athas. The wars defiled the planet, and reduced it to the barren waste it is today. It is known that he was one of the champions that Rajaat imbibed with power to carry out his will. He also was one of the traitors who forced Rajaat to make Borys into the Dragon. Empowered, the man who would be king besieged and conquered Tyr.

After several centuries of rule, Kalak was no longer satisfied with his role of sorcerer-king of Tyr. He sought greater power, and found it in an ancient tome that described the process of transformation from human to dragon. Nothing would stand in his way. Over several hundred years, he collected all that was needed for the spell. Kalak found a way to skip the long, painful,

step-by-step metamorphosis. He concluded that, with a huge focal point and enough human life force, he could make the transformation all at once. To this end, he had the immense ziggurat constructed, adjoining the gladiatorial arena. When all was ready, he held a great festival there and invited the city to the arena. Once inside, he sealed all entrances to and from the arena and, following the end of the last combat, began the process. Unbeknownst to Kalak, traitorous individuals had plotted to assassinate him. He was struck in the chest by a magical spear, thrown by the gladiator Rikus. Injured and with his defenses violated, he retreated into the ziggurat, and began the transformation process. He was attacked there by Agis, Rikus, Neeva, Sadira, and Tithian. Caught in mid-transformation, he fought the traitorous intruders with all his ability. It was Agis who finally drove the magical heartwood spear into Kalak's brain, killing him.

Appearance: A deceptively frail, diminutive man, Kalak is balding, with wisps of gray hair about his temples. He is bitter in demeanor, his face etched with lines of hate. Kalak always wears purple robes, and a golden diadem around his head.

Role-playing: Kalak is the embodiment of evil and hatred. Wizened by thousands of years of life, he is both brilliant and mad. Should the player characters be unfortunate enough to meet Kalak, it most likely will be the last meeting they ever have.

Merigal of Narine

6th-level Female Human Trader, Chaotic Good

AC 7	Str 13
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Movement 12	Dex 15
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hp 31	Con 16
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THAC0 18	Int 18
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#AT 1	Wis 17
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Dmg: 1d6-1 (Bone Short Sword)	Cha 15
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Proficiencies: Short sword, dagger, light crossbow; appraising, bargain, heat protection, land-based riding (crodlu).

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Psionics Summary: PSPs 31; Wild Talents—compact, inertial barrier (PS 13; Cost 7+5/rd); telekinesis (PS 14; Cost 3 + 1 +/rd).

Background: Merigal belongs to a small, independent trading house. House Narine has neither the resources nor the muscle to compete with the larger trading houses and so relies on small, swift caravans traveling to remote villages and settlements for its income. Having grown up on the trade routes, Merigal is a skilled trader and an excellent rider. Until recently, she thought those to be her only skills.

Some months ago, Merigal's caravan came upon a group of men in the desert who had apparently been attacked by elven raiders. All the elves and but one of the men had perished in the fighting. The one survivor would have died within hours had Merigal not given him water and tended his wounds. In return, the man (an accomplished psionicist) repaid her kindness by using psychic surgery to open her mind to the wild talents she possessed. On return to Tyr, Merigal enrolled at the School of Thought to learn to wield her newly discovered psionic powers.

She has proven to be an able student and House Narine is sure to profit from her abilities. Through her Compact discipline, Merigal can transport much greater cargoes than would otherwise be possible. She is a favorite of Sycia's and could call upon the head-mistress for aid in a pinch.

Appearance: A petite woman with long sun-gold hair, usually kept in a braid, Merigal's green eyes reflect her intelligence and drive. She usually dresses in the robes traders wear to protect themselves from the sun and sand of Athas.

Role-playing: Having grown up a member of a small trading house, Merigal always sides with the underdogs. She is not above helping others in distress, especially those who are being repressed or harrassed by a larger or more powerful force.

Neeva

8th-Level Human Female Gladiator, Neutral Good

AC 1	Str 16
Movement 12	Dex 16
hp 49	Con 18
THAC0 13	Int 12
#AT 3/2 or 5/2	Wis 16
Dmg: By weapon	Cha 14

Proficiencies: All, specialized in trikal, wrist razors, scimitar, master's whip, chakulas, chatkcha; armor optimization, blind-fighting, endurance, gaming, hunting, running, weapon improvisation.

Equipment: bracers of defense AC 3, steel trikal +2 (pole arm).

Background: Neeva's early years were spent as a gladiator. Life in the gladiatorial pens of Tyr was a daily struggle for survival. Neeva suffered greatly at the hands of her captors. A natural athlete, Neeva nevertheless strove to be the toughest, fastest fighter ever seen in the arena. She won her first eight bouts before taking a serious wound. Having proven herself a skilled warrior, she was paired with the mighty champion Rikus. Together, they became favorites among the arena crowd and were considered the most successful pair in Tyr's history.

Neeva was one of the agents responsible for the assassination of Kalak. She followed Rikus into the war against Urik, then a war of a more personal nature developed. Neeva's feelings for Rikus were changed when he could not decide between her and the sorceress Sadira. Neeva left the battle and Rikus to pursue a life with Caelum, a dwarven elemental priest of fire. The two moved to the dwarven village of Kled, Caelum's home. Later, during an attack by Borys to recover the "Book of Kings," Neeva gave birth to their first child.

Appearance: A striking beauty, tall and strong, Neeva can inspire extreme desire or extreme terror in a man. She has long blond hair, deep-green emerald eyes, and



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beautiful ivory skin. She dresses as she wants, seeking to impress no one but herself, reserving her battle skills to make an impression on others.

Role-playing: Neeva remains cool under pressure. She analyzes a situation and acts without the self-doubt that paralyzes lesser individuals. She chooses her friends carefully, but remains staunchly loyal to those she deems worthy of her trust.

Rikus

15th-Level	Mul	Male	Gladiator	Neutral	Good
AC 6			Str 20		
Movement 12			Dex 18		
hp 116			Con 20		
THAC0 6			Int 10		
#AT 3/2 or 5/2			Wis 14		
Dmg: By weapon+8 (strength)			Cha 16		

Proficiencies: All weapons, specialized in bard's friend, battle axe, dragon's paw, impaler, bastard sword, chalukas, datchi club, singing sticks; blind-fighting, charioteering, endurance, heat protection, running, armor optimization, weapon improvisation.

Equipment: sword – *Scourge of Rkard*

Background: Rikus grew up as a slave-gladiator and became the greatest warrior in the arena of Tyr. It was Rikus who threw the heartwood spear that initially disrupted Kalak's attempt to become a dragon. Following Kalak's death, Rikus led Tyr's army and hundreds of gladiators against Urik to defend the city and its priceless iron mines. When separated from Tyr by the Urik Army, Rikus and the army turned and attacked the city-state of Urik. Although defeated, Rikus managed to deflect the attack on the mines and escaped with his life. Rikus was also a defender in the Dragon's attack on the dwarven village of Kled. It was during the battle that he realized the importance of the sword "Scourge of Rkard." Rikus is somehow involved in "the search." His current whereabouts are unknown.

Appearance: He has the chiseled muscular body of a

typical mul. He has no hair on his body, and a fierce, look of intimidation in his face.

Role-playing: Rikus is arrogant and self-assured. If encountered in a peaceful setting, he will always parlay if there is something advantageous in the bargain for him. Should an unfortunate PC encounter Rikus in a combat situation, they will be sorely tested.

Sadira

10th-Level	Half-Elf	Female	Preserver/Defiler	Neutral
AC 6			Str 11	
Movement 12			Dex 18	
hp 39			Con 15	
THAC0 17			Int 18	
#AT 1			Wis 15	
Dmg: By weapon			Cha 17	

Proficiencies: Dagger, staff; ancient history, bargain, cooking, etiquette, heraldry, local history, navigation, reading/writing Common, sign language, somatic concealment, spellcraft.

Equipment: gem of seeing, steel dagger, spell book.

Spells: 4/4/3/2/2

Background: Sadira was a plant by the Veiled Alliance among the arena slaves of Tyr. Originally Tithian's property, she escaped and played a major role in Kalak's assassination. Following the war with Urik, Sadira set off alone for the Pristine Tower to learn more about the Dragon. She was hunted by the halfling Nok for the return of his magic cane. Her refusal to return his cane led to combat and Nok's death. Soon after, she met Faenaeyon, the elven father she never knew and travelled with him to an area near the Pristine Tower. There she met the Shadow People and underwent a personal transformation. She has also learned what it takes to kill Borys the Dragon of Athas.

Appearance: Lithe and graceful, Sadira combines strength and beauty. Her long amber hair cascades to her waist, and her near-perfect face reveals a keen intelligence and uncommon alertness.

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Role-playing: Sadira is a driven woman. While trying to save Tyr, she has begun to walk a dangerous line between preserving and defiling magic. It is unknown how her transformation and newly gained powers will affect her personality or the balance of her magical powers. Her gregariousness and exceptional beauty always make her the center of attention.

Master Sintha

7th-Level Human Male Thief (retired), Neutral

AC 8	Str 13
Movement 12	Dex 16
hp 29	Con 13
THAC0 17	Int 17
#AT 1	Wis 15
Dmg: By weapon	Cha 16

Proficiencies: Dagger, scimitar, hand crossbow; appraising, bargain, etiquette, forgery, gaming, heat protection, land-based riding (crodlu), local history, reading/writing Common, sign language.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 48; Wild Talent—shadow-form (PS 7; Cost 12+3/rd).

Equipment: sheet of smallness, steel scimitar, obsidian dagger, hand crossbow.

Background: Born the fourth son in the House of Valex, Sintha has worked hard and has risen to Master of the trading company. A shrewd and competent trader, Master Sintha knows what it takes, legal or not, to run one of the most profitable trading houses in the Tablelands.

Sintha wields considerable power in the Merchant's District. His ownership of several of the larger warehouses in the district makes him an invaluable contact to a merchant who needs to store large quantities of raw material for manufacture. Frequently small quantities of the raw material are "seeming lost" in the warehouse. Sintha sells the goods to outgoing caravans to be sold in other cities of the Tablelands.

Appearance: Sintha's piercing eyes and tight, angular

features intimidate almost all humanoids he meets. He has the face of a cruel and determined man.

Role-playing: Sintha can be vicious and cruel to those outside the House of Valex. His vast power base makes even the Templars of Tyr think twice before crossing him. Any interference by PC's in his trading enterprises will not be tolerated.

Timor, Senior Templar

12th/13th-level dual-classed Human Male Templar/Defiler, Lawful Evil

AC 10	Str 8
Movement 12	Dex 12
hp 63	Con 13
THAC0 14	Int 17
#AT 1	Wis 14
Dmg: By weapon	Cha 15

Proficiencies: Mace, long sword, bard's friend, light crossbow; astrology, appraising, bargain, bureaucracy, etiquette, herbalism, land-based riding (crodlu), local history, navigation, religion, reading/writing Common, somatic concealment, spellcraft.

Psionics Summary: PSPs 58; Wild Talent—energy containment (PS 11; Cost 10).

Equipment: scarab of enraging enemies 3 c., steel long sword +1, 1 or 2 scrolls (Timor has access to the templars' scroll library).

Background: The templar's life is all that Timor has ever known. He represents three generations of servitude to Kalak and the city of Tyr. Timor, like his father and his father's father, relishes the power of the Templar position. Timor's father, Jaamor, passed along a powerful set of contacts and paid informants to his son before he died, enabling Timor to wield great power as a young templar. Timor has also studied the dark arts of the defiler to further his quest for power.

Timor believes in the order of things. Things work when coordinated in an orderly fashion. This fascination with order led to his obsession with the stars. The



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stars move with regularity and predictability. Timor learned to tell time and navigate the desert by them. This comforted him, knowing that it was an orderly world in which he lived.

Timor's world collapsed during the revolution. He thought he would lose not only his life but his mind in the ensuing chaos. Fortunately, he was able to organize the other templars and restore order. Tithian, quick to see that Timor would be a valued asset, wasted no time in appointing him to the position of senior templar.

Appearance: Timor is young for a man of his authority. He's a short man with a frail physique and pointed features. His hair is thinning and his pale, mud-colored eyes are anything but expressive. Nevertheless, this small man speaks and acts with an air of authority that belies his unimposing appearance. Many who meet him come away with a feeling of mistrust or dislike, but fear or respect emerge from such meetings as well.

Role-playing: Timor is a man with vast sources of information. He trusts no one and constantly checks to insure his commands are carried out. He's a dynamic individual who organizes masterfully, but can alter his plans on a moment's notice without missing a beat. Characters encountering Timor may feel scrutinized, even violated, for the Templar cuts to the heart of matters and sees through ambiguities with uncanny clarity. He's pragmatic, efficient, and wholly emotionless in his actions.

Tithian of Mericles, King of Tyr

17th-Level Human Male Templar, Neutral Evil

AC 1	Str 9
Movement 12	Dex 14
hp 56	Con 13
THAC0 10	Int 18
#AT 1	Wis 15
Dmg: By weapon	Cha 16

Proficiencies: Dagger, datchi club, garrotte, mace, master's whip, long sword; ancient history, ancient lan-

guages, bargain, bureaucracy, etiquette, heat protection, heraldry, local history, land-based riding (crodlu), navigation, psionic detection, religion, reading/writing Common, somatic concealment, water find, weather sense.

Psionics Summary: Current level of ability unknown.

Equipment: bracers of defense AC1 (after the death of Kalak), ring of free action, steel long sword +2, 2-5 scrolls of 5-7 spells each (taken from the templars' library).

Background: Tithian was born into the family Mericles, a highly regarded noble clan. The Mericles and Asticles estates were adjoining and Tithian and Agis grew up as friends. Tithian and Agis enrolled in the school of The Way of the Unseen. Tithian's rebellious nature distanced him from the teachers and the other pupils, however. When a younger brother was chosen to inherit control of the estate, Tithian dishonored his family by joining the ranks of the templars. Tithian rose quickly in the ranks, and later gained control of the family estates when his younger brother "mysteriously" died.

Tithian held the highly regarded templar posts of Public Works and Master of Games before being elevated to senior templar shortly before Kalak's fall. Tithian played an active part in the assassination of Kalak and took the throne following his death. Sweeping reforms, including the abolition of slavery and the opening of subsistence plot farming, were enacted. Although reluctant, Tithian's agreement to go along with the Council's recommendations for making Tyr a free city has made Tithian a popular King with the people.

Unknown to the citizens of Tyr, Tithian currently seeks the powers that will make him a true sorcerer-king. Tithian has begun a quest toward that end. The people of Tyr believe him to be on a secret special mission on behalf of Tyr. In back-alleys and bars, rumors are whispered daily speculating about the purpose of "the search." They do not know where he has gone or for how long, but miss their beloved King.

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Appearance: Tithian continues to wear the black cosack, apparel worn by all templars of Tyr. He wears his long, auburn hair in a single braid that falls to the center of his back. Tithian has gaunt features, a hawk nose, thin-lipped frown, and beady eyes the color of liver.

Role-playing: It is doubtful that any PCs will ever personally encounter Tithian. Should this occur, Tithian should be played with all the intelligence, cunning, and guile of a templar who has successfully become the king of his own city. Tithian will neither be bullied or intimidated and should always have a secondary plan in case the first one fails.

Councillor Turloff

7th-Level Human Male Trader, Lawful Evil

AC 8 (leather) Str 17

Movement 12 Dex 13

hp 64 Con 16

THAC0 17 Int 13

#AT 1 Wis 14

Dmg: By weapon Cha 8

Proficiencies: Dagger, short bow, short sword; animal handling, appraising, bargain, blind-fighting, fire-building, gaming, intimidation*, leatherworking, rope use.

*From *The Complete Thief's Handbook*.

Background: Tough and mean, Turloff has bullied his way through life. He was bigger and stronger than any of the other children in the craftsmen's district. Turloff always got his way with his peers, especially if it meant he got to beat someone up. Soon Turloff began to enjoy the physical and verbal conflicts that invariably followed him. Athas is a hostile place, and Turloff wouldn't change that for any price.

Turloff is one of the elected craftsmen on the Council. Other more popular craftsmen had "accidents" or were visited late at night by some of Turloff's men. He was easily elected. A born troublemaker, Turloff is largely responsible for the tension between the crafts-

men and the merchants. His personal feuds with Master Sintha of the merchants' faction are well known on and off the council floor. Blockades and sabotage have deepened the rift between the two and there is no doubt in anyone's mind who is behind the problems: Turloff.

Appearance: A pudgy nose dominates Turloff's otherwise flat face. Two beady eyes lie under a thick row of bushy eyebrows. Turloff is barrel-chested and almost as wide as he is tall. But don't let his size fool you, he is fit from years of street-fighting and hauling raw materials around the craftsmen's district.

Role-playing: Gruff and confrontational. Turloff uses words and fists, if need be, to force situations to his favor. If the encounter has any chance of becoming hostile, Turloff will seize the initiative and attack. Because of his position on the Council, any altercation will likely go against the PCs.

Captain Zalcor

7th-Level Human Male Warrior, Lawful Neutral

AC 1 (bracers +Dex) Str 15

Movement 12 Dex 16

hp 52 Con 16

THAC0 14 Int 12

#AT 3/2 or 5/2 Wis 16

Dmg: By weapon Cha 14

Proficiencies: Specialized in long sword; long bow, spear, dragon's paw, dagger; blind-fighting, bowyer/fletcher, etiquette, land-based riding (crodlu), navigation, tracking.

Equipment: bracers of defense AC3

Background: Zalcor has fought most of his life to try to protect his home in Tyr. As a youngster, he was a member of a vigilante group that protected the neighborhood businesses and residences. A young templar from the house Mercedes clandestinely recruited him to report on local "happenings" in Zalcor's neighborhood. His benefactor, Tithian, later convinced him to



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join the guard, and with Tithian's support he rose quickly through the ranks. A section leader during the revolt, Zalcor fought to maintain order during the ensuing chaos. Fortunately, he was able to organize the other members of the city's guard and prevent extensive looting in the merchant and trade districts. For his bravery (and to maintain control over the guard) Tithian, quick to see a valued asset, wasted no time in appointing him to the position of Captain of the Tyrian Guard.

Appearance: A hawk-like nose, piercing eyes, and a heavy black mustache are Zalcor's dominant characteristics. Zalcor is of medium stature with a long neck and strong hands. He sometimes wears his city-guard

uniform when off-duty because he believes that his job does not conclude at the end of the working day.

Role-playing: Zalcor feels that his visible presence is a stabilizing factor in the community torn with strife. Though a skilled warrior, he does not seek to impress others with his fighting talents. He prefers the role of diplomat and leaves combat to his accompanying guardsmen when possible.

Zalcor believes in order. With Tithian absent, he feels personally responsible for the protection of the city. He reports regularly to the Council, and to the senior templar as requested. Zalcor is fair in his dealings (especially with newcomers to Tyr) and does not hesitate to give advice to fools and strangers.

Chapter 8: Campaigning in Tyr

The city of Tyr provides myriad opportunities for characters to seek adventure. Each section of the city offers intrigues and conflicts unique in flavor to its own subculture. Only one thing remains constant in the city of Tyr: Fools die. The powers that be in Tyr—the Council, the templars, the Veiled Alliance, The Order, the trading houses, and others—have not attained their stature without spilling more than a little blood, and will do so again without hesitation if a group of upstart adventurers threatens their secrets or their profits. Characters must tread carefully for the challenges are great, but so too are the rewards for those who have the mettle to succeed in this turbulent setting.

The paragraphs below describe different areas the characters may explore in their quest for glory and riches. The DM should use these suggestions as guidelines, modifying and expanding them as necessary to set the tone and the style of adventure he wishes the players to experience. Tyr stands on the threshold of a new age. What awaits the characters upon passing that threshold depends on you.

Character Kits

Before examining specific ways to involve the characters in the city's intrigues, a brief discussion regarding character kits as they apply to Tyr in particular and Athas in general is necessary. Most of the existing kits may be used with the DARK SUN® world with little modification, but a few are entirely unsuitable and should be discarded.

The character kits listed in the following table should not be used within the DARK SUN setting.

Unsuitable Character Kits Table

Class	Kit Name	Reason
All	Peasant	Characters cannot expect help from strangers on Athas.
Bard	True Bard	This is the standard AD&D® game bard. Athasian bards should be used instead.
	Gallant	The Gallant is better suited to a medieval European setting. The kit's pre-occupation with innocence and purity does not match well with the stark, brooding setting of Athas.
	Gypsy-Bard	The closest thing to gypsies on Athas are elves and they possess neither the rapport with nature nor the oracular powers of the traditional gypsy.
	Herald	The Athasian social structure is somewhat archaic for the Herald kit which would be better suited for a European Renaissance setting. The Draqoman kit (see New Character Kit later in this chapter) should be used instead.
	Loremaster	The Loremaster's great reliance on printed works and desire to impart his knowledge to others fly in the face of Athasian society where non-templars and non-nobles who can read or write are generally put to death.



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Class	Kit Name	Reason	Class	Kit Name	Reason
	Meistersinger	The whimsical nature of this kit and its predominantly quasi-magical powers preclude it from consideration for Athas.		Samurai	No oriental cultures exist on Athas.
	Skald	There are no Viking civilizations on Athas.		Swashbuckler	The romanticism of this kit violates the tone of the DARK SUN setting.
	Dwarven Chanter	The Athasian dwarves' unique "focus" ability precludes the usefulness of this dwarven specialization.		Thief	If you want a thief that's good with poisons, play an Athasian bard.
	Elven	Spell-singers would be an aberration given the fear and hatred of magic on Athas.		Assassin	Athasians do not display pity or compassion often.
	Minstrel			Beggar	Templars round up vagrants to work the fields or the mines. While NPCs and even PCs may, at some point, be reduced to begging for a meal or a coin, it is not feasible that anyone could make a profession of it.
	Gnome	There are no known Athasian gnomes.		Buccaneer	See Pirate above.
	Professor			Swashbuckler	See Swashbuckler above.
	Halfling	Athasian halflings seldom tend gardens or crops. The thought of one of the little cannibals standing around whistling for rain is absurd.			Players wishing to play an acrobatic, theatrical thief character may wish to consider playing a bard.
	Whistler				
Cleric	Fighting	Martial-arts priests are associated with oriental milieus which are out of place on Athas.		Wizard	With the stigma attached to magic in Tyr, the only wizards who may have had the resources and dispensation for this kit might have been Kalak's defilers or a few select templars with access to the royal libraries. The defilers no longer have the protection of the sorcerer-king and the templars no longer have spellcasting abilities. Academicians may still exist somewhere.
	Pacifist	The antithesis of the DARK SUN® setting, a pacifist priest would make a satisfying meal for a halfling or thri-kreen.		Academician	
Fighter	Cavalier	This kit is best suited to paladins, a class that is not available to DARK SUN PCs.			
	Pirate	There are no seas on Athas for pirates to sail.			

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Class	Kit Name	Reason	Class	Kit Name	Reason
	Mystic	Magic is far less understood or developed on Athas as it is on other more magic-tolerant worlds. The struggle for survival Athas imposes on its inhabitants does not lend itself to the long hours of peaceful, relaxed introspection required for this kit.	Cleric	Nobleman	The requirement for a nobleman priest to use metal armors should be ignored. This obviously would not be prudent or feasible on Athas. Instead, nobles and others wishing to display their superior standing through their armor will utilize unusual leathers or chitins, possibly adding elaborate inlays, engravings, or dyes to the armor to distinguish themselves further.
	Witch	The extraplanar nature of the witch's spells precludes this kit as Athas has very little contact with extraplanar creatures.		Priest	
	Wu Jen	There are no oriental cultures on Athas.	Fighter	Beast-Rider	The character becomes a Montare as detailed in <i>The Complete Gladiator's Handbook</i> . The DM should create a new list of mounts as most of those in <i>The Complete Fighter's Handbook</i> do not exist on Athas.

The character kits in the following table require modification for use in the DARK SUN® setting.

Modifiable Character Kits Table

Class	Kit Name	Reason	Class	Kit Name	Reason
All	Amazon	The Villiche could be construed as a matriarchal society. Psionic detection should be required under bonus proficiencies.	Noble	Warrior	Chivalry is rare on Athas. The noble's liege could be a sorcerer-king, a trading house, or a tribal ruler. See the Nobleman Priest above concerning armor.
All	Bard	The DM should feel free to substitute Athasian weapons for any kit that calls for proficiency in a weapon that doesn't exist on Athas. Also remember that Athasian bards never gain the ability to cast magical spells or use magical items of a written nature.	Thief		None require modification.
			Wizard		None require modification.

Lastly, concerning existing kits, the DM must pay careful attention to the nonweapon proficiencies used by each kit as some will need to be modified or deleted. Refer to page 47 of the DARK SUN Rules Book for more information on using existing proficiencies, and don't forget that there are no horses on Athas. Any entries where land-based riding (horse) or horsemanship in general are specified should be altered to



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reflect an appropriate DARK SUN® mount (e.g., crodlu, erdlu, kank, inix, etc.).

New Character Kit

A new character kit is included here for your use. The draqoman describes a kit available to thieves, bards, or traders. It applies mostly to NPCs since draqomen are stay-at-home types who don't often venture out of their chosen city-state, though it would work quite well in an urban DARK SUN campaign.

Draqoman

Description: City-states can be confusing and dangerous to those not familiar with them. Local laws and customs vary by location. Traders and visitors often choose to employ local guides when in the city. This is the role in which the draqoman excels. They are useful but occasionally dangerous guides and interpreters. They speak a variety of languages and pride themselves on always knowing what to buy, where it is for sale, from whom to buy it, and at what price. Draqomen can be found in all the city-states of the Tablelands.

Role: Draqomen often attach themselves to new traders or merchants venturing into a city-state for the first time. To those unfamiliar with trading in Tyr, they can be invaluable associates. A draqoman may arrange for mounts or quarters, suggest the proper location for entertainment, or recommend a suitable inn for dining. They prefer to negotiate for a percentage of a trader's transaction(s), rather than be paid a set fee. Many draqomen are former bards, and thus are dangerous when crossed. They rarely leave the city in which they were raised, preferring the comfort of familiar surroundings and their strong contacts within the city.

It is not unusual for a draqoman to be working for more than one individual at a time. This does not generally present a problem, unless the different clients are in conflict with each other. Some draqomen even remain in the permanent employ and under the pro-

tection of certain powerful templars or trading houses to whom they routinely report.

For example, a visitor may arrive in Tyr with a secret map that allegedly shows the location of a pair of steel swords. The visitor hires a draqoman who just happens to be under the permanent employ of a templar. The draqoman does his duty and takes the individual to the hidden location on the map. He then clandestinely reports the find to his templar protector. The templar later confronts the individual and demands money or one of the swords as payment of tax on the other. Later, the draqoman receives a small reward from the templar for services rendered. In this way, the draqoman earns coinage from both parties and curries favor with the templar he serves.

The fee for a draqoman ranges from five ceramics to a silver a day, depending upon the importance of their contacts and their level of expertise. Some draqomen have spent years studying the paths of UnderTyr. They take great pride in their special knowledge and the ability to find rare and dangerous items in the undercity (and get out alive). These specialists seldom work for less than a silver piece a day and a percentage of the profits.

Secondary Skills: Any.

Weapon Proficiencies: Any, but draqomen usually favor lightweight, easily concealed weaponry.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Bonus: Bargain, Modern Languages (2), Local History. Suggested: Alertness*, Ancient History, Appraising, Bureaucracy, Fast-Talking*, Information Gathering*, Observation*, Reading/Writing.

*Denotes proficiencies from *The Complete Thief's Handbook*.

Skill Progression: The draqoman makes his living via information, and skulking and sneaking are only useful insofar as they facilitate information gathering. Of the various thief skills available, the most useful to a draqoman are Move Silently, Hide in Shadows, Detect Noise, and Read Languages.

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Equipment: Draqomen may use any sort of equipment allowed to thieves, but generally travel light. Spending money, any magical items possessed, and a few gadgets for personal protection or to aid in escape (e.g., bag of marbles, razor ring, etc) also may be carried.

Special Benefits: Because of their many local contacts, draqomen are excellent sources of information. A draqoman character automatically starts out with one contact in the city to be chosen by the player with the DM's approval. The draqoman can occasionally ask his contact for small favors or, he can ask for a major favor once per contact. Once he has received a major favor or 3-6 (1d4+2) small favors, the draqoman can no longer use that contact to gain further favors, although he may still gain information from the contact, if the contact somehow can be convinced to part with the information. Draqomen are always looking out for new contacts.

All draqomen know the Bargain and Local History proficiencies at no cost. They also receive two bonus languages when starting out. In addition, the Bureaucracy proficiency may be purchased for just one slot. Draqomen also benefit from a close-knit alliance with others of their profession. Anyone cheating or harming a draqoman will be unable to hire other draqomen in the same city-state until the wrong is redressed.

Special Hindrances: Draqomen can become targets for unscrupulous men. Clients having profited from the draqomen's contacts and expertise may decide to save the money they would normally pay the hireling and simply thank him with a dagger between the ribs instead. Those draqomen that serve regular patrons (e.g., templars, trading houses, etc.) may find that their employer's enemies are their enemies as well.

Races: Any character race except halflings may choose this kit. Halflings are too wild and opposed to urban living to make good draqomen.



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Character Interaction

For the politically minded, the reformation of Tyr's government can be the backdrop for many adventures. For example, the city is without its king, Tithian. What is the purpose of his mission? Who will vie for the throne in his absence? Likely candidates include powerful merchant princes wanting control of the iron mine, nobles contemptuous of the "free" society of Tyr, ambitious templars seeking to repeat Tithian's feat, or maybe the Veiled Alliance hoping to establish Tyr as a bastion for preservers. What of external forces? Warlike Urik has already marched on Tyr once and might do so again. Other city-states no doubt have agents in Tyr working to advance their own interests. Councilmen and templars could become pawns to foreign interests through blackmail, bribery, or magical control. The assortment of political plots available runs the gamut from espionage and subterfuge to all-out warfare in desperate defense of the city-state.

Another fertile source for adventures lies in trade and commerce. Trading houses with far-reaching interests battle for dominance in Tyr. Characters could become involved with one or more major houses as employees or caravan guards. They could be hired to raid a rival house's caravan or to infiltrate and gain information that could mean their lives. They could take up with a struggling, smaller house, competing with trading giants that would be delighted to crush the fledgling business. The characters may want to go into business for themselves, but soon will learn that the cutthroat life of traders is not for the weak of heart. Spell components are no longer contraband, but slaves are. The adventurers may pursue a campaign to end the slave smugglers' operation or one of their own may fall prey to the slavers, requiring a rescue. The traders' path can lead to quick riches or quick deaths.

For those with more personal objectives, consider the opportunity for characters of any class to ply their trade. Warriors can seek fame and glory in the arena. Large sums are often wagered on the outcome of such contests.

A fighter could run afoul of powerful personages, however, if the combatant doesn't win or lose as expected. Other possible professions for a warrior class character include bodyguard, bounty hunter, or caravan outrider.

Rogues will find ample outlets for their abilities in the Elven Market or the busy Caravan Way. For those who prefer second-story work, the Nobles' Quarter present the allure of opulence that's hard to resist. Other roles the character might fill could be scout, spy, smuggler, fence, or independent trader.

Priests will discover that their talents are in great demand. Earth priests are used extensively by farming and mining interests, by thieving operations that value the priest's ability to manipulate stone, and by raiders wishing to disable caravans. Fire priests make excellent security operatives, whether to provide safeguards or extra firepower (no pun intended). Water priests command very high premiums among trading caravans and sometimes receive commissions from the government. Air priests, like fire priests, can add offensive punch to mundane forces and are employed by trading houses for just that purpose.

Preserver mages must deal with the deep-seeded mistrust and hatred of wizards that still pervades the general populace. Trading houses may offer them employment as spies or hired guns. Characters interested in receiving training may seek out the Veiled Alliance. Intrigues and mysterious encounters are the order of the day with the Veiled Ones. Characters may hunt down or be hunted by defilers intent on furthering their own power.

Psionicists might encounter The Order. As trusted allies or hated enemies, members of The Order are a force to be reckoned with. As is the case with wizards, psionicists may find diverse opportunities for employment and adventure depending on the nature of their talents.

Tyr also can be used as a base to embark on adventures throughout the region. Whether characters wish to trade, explore ancient ruins and exotic places, or launch strikes against raiders or caravans in the deserts

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between cities, Tyr can provide them with everything they need, although inflation and shortages may come into play on occasion.

Adventure Suggestions

Each DM will want to customize Tyr to suit her own tastes and campaign balance. As a starting point, though, a sampling of adventure hooks are presented in detail here:

Adventure One—The Faro Blossom

To pluck the faro blossom, one must mind the thorns.

Old Tyrian Proverb

A templar (a member of the security branch) approaches the characters with an offer of employment. It seems that a former faithful servant of the templars' family traveled to Balic, taking advantage of her newly found freedom. Unfortunately, she was arrested for allegedly burglarizing the estate of a patrician (a Balic nobleman). To gain recompense, the noble sold the individual back unto slavery. A family member recognized her camped with the House Wavir slaves outside the city. The slave's family has begged to secure her release. The templar points out that he cannot demand her return, since templars have little authority outside the city's walls; and to approach House Wavir with an offer to buy a specific slave could arouse suspicion, and drive the price beyond his means. The templar will offer a few pieces of silver, future favors, or amnesty for a character's past misdeeds if they will deliver the slave unharmed. The templar states he cares not how the slave is liberated, just that it is done so in two days (before the caravan departs). He also states that he will be very displeased should the PCs fail. He then provides an identifying description of the slave. She has long jet black hair on one side of her head and is clean shaven the other. She also bears bright orange tattoos from her wrists to her shoulders and ankles to her waist.

In truth, the slave is a templar spy who was working in Balic. She was caught attempting to steal valuable information concerning spies and counter-spies in Tyr. Although unable to steal the documents, she was able to read them before she was apprehended. Mistaking her for a common thief, the Balic nobleman had her sold into slavery. Now, spotted outside the city, her return is imperative. The characters are needed, therefore, to extract her from the caravan and get her safely into the city while not connecting her to the templars. The templars cannot offer any assistance. They can't even officially admit knowledge of the characters' activities. If captured, the characters could be enslaved by House Wavir or killed.

Faro Blossom, slave (alias T'jora Makos, templar spy); 4th-level Human Female Bard: AL NE; AC 8 (dex); MV 12; HD 4; hp 19; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg: 1d2 or by weapon; SZ M 5'8"; ML Champion (15); Str 13; Dex 16; Con 15; Int 15; Wis 13; Cha 12.

Adventure Two—Night Madness

Someone or something is preying on people in the Warrens. It feeds on the psyches of its victims, reducing them to mindless, drooling idiots. Rumors whisper of Kalak's ghost, seeking to remain anchored in the land of the living by siphoning the thoughts and memories of the living around him. Some say that it's one of Kalak's outcast defilers trying to elevate himself to sorcerer-king. Others claim that the evil results from a curse or rare psionic disease that foreigners have spread to Tyr. A few even blame Tithian and the Council whom, they say, have enlisted the Veiled Alliance to punish the Warrens' citizens for the gang violence and crime that has become an annoyance to the rich merchants and nobles who hold the true power in Tyr.

Whatever the cause, the Council and several local businesses and families have put up a bounty of 10 sp for anyone who captures the attacker(s) and ends the terror. The fiend must be turned over to the Council, dead or alive, after which a two-week observation period will



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occur to insure that the attacks have truly ceased. Once this is done, the bounty shall be paid in full. There are few clues to assist any would-be hunters. The attacks have taken place only at night, every night, for the last two weeks. Usually two to six victims have been found each time. The victims haven't had anything in common except their presence in the Warrens. Ex-slaves, artisans, visitors, even a templar have been victims.

The creature(s) doesn't always drive its victim to idiocy, *per se*. A few of the more fortunate victims have merely suffered a loss of memory and, it would seem, reasoning ability such that they seem childlike when spoken to. One such victim, a young nobleman named Wistin, had a bit too much sap wine at the Red Kank and passed out in the square outside. His friends came out just moments later to find him shaking and screaming from a nightmare and claiming some "little man touched him." Weapons drawn, the men spread out to find and combat the assailant. They heard a scuffling of feet and glimpsed a small form running through a nearby alley, but could neither catch nor identify the creature. Upon returning to Wistin, they found that he had the mind of a child. He was sobbing and said that he was afraid of the dark, and wanted to go home.

The monster responsible for these attacks is a t'chowb (see MC12 for information on unique powers). T'Chowb: AL NE; AC 3; MV 12 or 36; HD 2; hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SA Intelligence Drain; SD Psionics; MR Nil; Sz T (1'); Morale: Very Steady (14); XP 270; Psionics Summary: Level 2, Dis/Sci/Dev 2/2/7 Att/Def EW/TW Score 10, PSPs 45. Telepathy—Sciences: mind drain (unique power), tower of iron will; Devotions: contact, daydream, ego whip, invisibility. Psychometabolism—Devotions: displacement, enhanced speed (unique power), heightened senses.

Adventure Three—Dead Man's Dagger

The characters encounter an unsavory half-elf, perhaps in the sandy wastes northwest of Tyr or in one of the

city's shadier winehouses (DM's choice). His name is Mirch, and he's looking for talented adventurers who can keep their mouths shut to assist him in a "salvage" mission.

Mirch explains that, until quite recently, he was part of a moderately successful band of raiders. They had gotten wind of an exploratory run being made by House Inika. Inika, it seemed, had contacted a renegade halfling tribe and arranged a trade: Tyrian steel for gems, esperweed, and rare spices. The raiders attacked the caravan in the badlands outside of Tyr. Both sides took heavy casualties before the merchants escaped. Mirch and the few survivors tracked the caravan and caught up to it a day later. The merchants had run afoul of a so-ut. The Inikans had fought well and died. The so-ut was sorely wounded. Mirch says that his men attacked and finished off the monster. Only two men, Mirch and one other survived, and Mirch alone made it back to Tyr. Now, Mirch wants to return for the score of steel short swords and a like number of daggers that made up the caravan's cargo. He can't carry it all himself and is not so foolish as to risk a solo journey. Mirch will unwrap one such blade from a bloodied tunic as proof of his claim. He will demand half the swords and daggers as his share. The party can split the rest.

If the party accepts Mirch's offer, they will face the unforgiving Athasian wilderness, a vicious monster, and treachery. The so-ut is still alive and nursing its wounds. It is using the destroyed caravan as a nest until fully healed. The DM need not worry concerning the characters' ability to come into so much wealth, as the so-ut has already destroyed most of the cache leaving only two swords and three steel daggers undamaged. If found, (50% chance per weapon) the broken pieces of steel will still fetch a handsome price at market. Even if the characters successfully retrieve the blades, they'll have to be extremely careful using or selling their treasures to avoid discovery and retribution from House Inika. All the blades are clearly marked as House property. The players should learn that "the having" is often as difficult as "the taking".

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Mirch: 7th-level Half-elf Male Warrior: AL CN; AC 8 (dex); MV 12; HD 7; hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SZ M (6'7"); ML Average 10; Str 16; Dex 16; Con 16; Int 12; Wis 15; Cha 13.

So-ut: AL CE; AC -4; MV 18 (Currently 15 due to injuries); HD 14+2; hp 89 (currently 57 due to injuries); THAC0 7; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 2-12/2-12 + special or 3-18; SA Fear, acidic poison, armor bite; SD 1/2 damage from non-metal weapons, immune to psionics; MR 25%; Sz H (14'); ML Fearless (19); XP 10,000.

Adventure Four—In Need of Training

The warrior PC(s) may be hired to go to the training area by a noble or wealthy merchant for one or more of the following reasons: 1) the merchant may have heard that a gladiator plans to throw his next match, and has asked the PCs to substantiate the rumor; 2) the merchant has bet a substantial amount of money on a gladiator, and is worried about foulplay before the match; 3) the merchant may wish a gladiator to throw a match, and has sent the PCs to bribe or otherwise convince the gladiator to do so; 4) a series of "accidents" could have befallen some up-and-coming gladiators, and the PCs are sent to investigate.

Twenty or more gladiators of various levels will be in training at the training center on any given day. Any warrior in need of training will certainly find it here. Any character who flaunts his money or a steel weapon may find himself privy to a private tutoring session, during which he is beaten to within an inch of his life. The unscrupulous gladiator may then demand a weapon or a substantial amount of money to spare the life of the character in training. Use the above mentioned adventure hooks as your campaign warrants.

Adventure Five—The Long Ride

The characters come upon or learn of a herd of wild erdlus in the rocky badlands north of Tyr. The 15 ani-

mals are not particularly swift and can be herded by five or six riders. If the characters can get the birds back to Tyr, they can sell them for a tidy profit (5-10 sp apiece).

Of course, it's not that simple. Possession of the wild erdlu herd is currently the reason for war between two rival cliques of b'rohg. Each clique claims sole possession of the birds. The b'rohg will cease their squabble upon the arrival of the characters and combine their efforts to drive the interlopers away. If the six to eight b'rohgs do not provide a significant challenge to the characters, a low-ranging pride of tigones with a taste for fowl should attack the herd the following night. At any rate, the erdlu drive should prove challenging to the most dauntless characters.

B'rohg (6-to-8): AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 5+3; hp 19, 25, 28, 28, 29, 30; THAC0 15; #AT 4; Dmg fist (1d8+10) (1d8+10) (1d8+10-2) (1d8+10-2) or by weapon; SA multiple attacks; MR nil; SZ H (15'); ML Average (10); XP 650.

Adventure Six—Dinner Guests

The characters discover a series of mutilated corpses during their travels within the city. A individual known to the PCs 1) a templar, 2) a local shop keeper, or more likely, 3) a nobleperson, is concerned with the number of corpses that have recently appeared in Tyr. Upon examination, the locals will attribute the deaths to a band of renegade halflings or a thri-kreen dinner-raiding party. A day into the investigation the PCs should discover a dead victim clutching a small bell in his hand. Evidence that a clan of belgoi has surfaced!

Belgoi were used as slaves by Kalak during the building of the ziggurat. A dozen were accidentally released with the other slaves following Kalak's death. Four have been killed and another three have fled the city. The presence of the remaining five represents a real and present threat to the citizens of Tyr. Their insatiable desire to feast on living creatures makes them second only to defilers in the destruction they may cause.



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The remaining five belgoi have taken up residence in the abandoned ziggurat. They hide in the tunnels and the large central room. They venture forth into the city late at night when most folk sleep. They have had particularly good hunting in the Warrens and feast there more often than not.

Belgoi (1 to 5): AL LE; AC 7; MV 12; HD 5; hp 18, 19, 22, 23, 25; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+2 or by weapon; SA Constitution Drain; SD nil; MR nil; SZ M (6'); ML Average (10); XP 650; Psionics Summary: Level 2, Dis/Sci/Dev 2/1/5, Att/Def EW/PB/M, Score 12, PSPs 35. Telepathy—Sciences: domination; Devotions: attraction, contact (w/bell), ego whip, psionic blast, mind blank.

Adventure Seven— A Night in Trader's Way

The section of UnderTyr known as Night-Traders' Way has been a black market store for years. Migena, a tradesperson, recently reopened her business and wishes to hire the PCs to "clean out" an area of the underground so that trade goods can be stored. The area once held slaves, she says, but no longer. The storage cavern seems inhabited by someone or something. No one will talk about the underceller, and none of her workers will venture there to store goods until the problem is solved. Upon investigation, the PCs will find the area sealed from the outside, keeping whatever resides in the cavern trapped there.

Not long ago, a group of slaves were hidden in the underceller away from Kalak's ziggurat press gangs. Soon after, Migena's business was seized (a high-ranking templar owned a similar business and this tradesperson was hurting the templar's profits) and closed. All of the slaves trapped in the underceller slowly perished. Three became revenants, desiring only the death of the merchant who sealed their fate. They will attack the characters only in route to slay Migena.

Migena: 5th-level Human Female Trader, AL LE; AC 10; MV 12; HD 5; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 1;

Dmg by weapon; SZ M 5'7"); ML Average 10; Str 14; Dex 12; Con 13; Int 16; Wis 12; Cha 10.

Revenant (3): AL N; AC 10; MV 9; HD 8; hp 27 35, 42; THAC0 13 (base); #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA paralyzation; SD severed parts act independently, immune to acid and gas, regenerates 3 hp per round; MR nil; SZ M (5'-6'); ML Fanatic (18); XP 4,000; as with all undead in Athas, each reverent has a unique personality based on who they were in life; they are listed below:

1) Alie Melco—3rd-level Half-elf Female gladiator: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; HD 3; hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ M (6'); ML Average 10; Str 16; Dex 13; Con 16; Int 13; Wis 9; Cha 11. Recently purchased and removed from arena combat, hated Migena as much in life as death.

2) Quay of the Harp—5th-level Human Male Bard; AL CE; AC 10; MV 12; HD 5; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ M (5'10"); ML Average 10; Str 12; Dex 17; Con 10; Int 15; Wis 10; Cha 15. One of Migena's former lovers. She stole one of his many poisons and used it on him. He spent every final moment plotting revenge.

3) Iamb—Mul Male Slave: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; HD 1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ M (5'1"); ML Average 10; Str 17; Dex 10; Con 16; Int 10; Wis 8; Cha 10. Migena had promised him a chance to become a gladiator. She lied.

Adventure Eight—Now You See It... Now You Don't

C'hel, a vender in the Elven Market offers a proposition to the player characters. If they will "obtain" a special item for him he will, in return, offer them a minor magical item.

To earn this item the PCs must catch a small caravan that is leaving town as they speak. The caravan has a small cache of a particularly valuable smoker's weed. C'hel claims to have a client who will pay dearly for the vines. The weed is in fact esperweed. C'hel will say that he has had bad dealings in the past and the caravan

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master would not trade with him. C'hel will show one member of the party the magical item in the privacy of the trading stall.

The magical item C'hel offers is a *ring of invisibility*. It is flawed, but works. There is a visible crack in the ring and C'hel will explain the ring was damaged in a battle (true) and still works (true, in a way). C'hel will reveal the following: 1) the ring only works once a day (false), 2) the ring does not always work (true), 3) the ring wearer must be alone, hidden from view of all prying eyes for the ring to work (false). Even with its faults, C'hel assures the characters that the ring is very magical (true) and powerful (possibly true). The ring is actually a *ring of delusion*. C'hel has memorized two *invisibility* spells to help this con work. He will cast the spell on the unsuspecting player character pretending to teach her the command phrase to activate the ring.

If the player characters are successful at recovering the case containing the 10 pounds of esperweed, C'hel will gladly give them the ring. He then closes the shop under the pretense of delivering the smoking weed to the supposed client. C'hel will sell the weed for a handsome profit and "disappear" for a month or so.

C'hel: 5th/4th-level Elf Male Trader/Preserver Mage: AL CN; AC 7 (dex); MV 12; HD 5; hp 21; THAC0 1; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon or spell; SZ M (6'5"); ML Steady (12); Str 14; Dex 17; Con 15; Int 15; Wis 12; Cha 15.

Please consult the DARK SUN® *Dune Trader* supplement for complete statistics on trading caravans.

Adventure Nine—Giant Games

When visiting one of the taverns along Shadow Square, the PCs are tended an interesting offer. A burley mul warrior approaches the party and inquires if they would like to earn a few coins. He leads them to a table in the back of the room where a blind half-giant sits drinking broy. Following introductions, the mul departs, and Gigus, the blind half-giant, begins to explain. He wishes to visit a half-giant meeting place

known as the Al-loc. Gigus says that his brother and possibly other family members were planning to meet there. Al-loc is located amidst the boulder fields to the north. He is willing to pay the party a handful of silver for the trip. He wishes to leave in the morning as it is a three- or four-day trip. He will give each PC a silver coin in the morning with the remainder paid upon the group's return to Tyr. If questioned about the mul warrior, he will explain that he is an old friend who could not make the trip due to other business. (DM's Note: If the PCs have not encountered Rikus previously in any adventure he could be used as a NPC in this situation. The PCs will only discover the identity of the famous gladiator once they are in route.)

Gigus is a blind gladiator (for complete stats please consult *The Complete Gladiator's Handbook*). Al-loc is a site for private gladiatorial games and challenges between half-giants. They seldom fight to the death, as the games are for sparring and sport. He has been trying unsuccessfully to find a group of gladiators or warriors to accompany him. The fistful of silver is part of the prize money he hopes to win, both the purse and by betting on himself. He will attempt to coerce the PCs into the gladiatorial games once they arrive in his village. There will be eight other half-giant gladiatorial combatants at the village awaiting Gigus' arrival.

Feel free to use the encounter tables located at the end of the text to add some dangerous spice to the journey. Try not to injure the player characters badly enough to prevent their participation in the gladiatorial games.

Gigus: 10th-level Half-giant Male Blind Fighter Gladiator; Weapon Specialist; Weighted Pike; AL L; AC 10; MV 15; HD 10; hp 166; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg weighted pike (1d6 or 1d12) + 6; SZ H 14'; ML Steady 12; Str 19; Dex 11; Con 19; Int 10; Wis 13; Cha 14. Gigus receives all of the weapon and fighting bonuses of his class. Gigus will not fight any of the PCs that deliver him to Al-loc. He will attempt to prevent their deaths in any gladiatorial match, but will not be responsible for their actions.



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Last Words

Encourage players to develop their characters' lives outside their adventuring. This will help them to assimilate to the city and provide adventure hooks for the DM. In the pages you've just read is the foundation of a vibrant, evolving city one that will challenge and reward resourceful players. Now it's your turn. Add new NPCs. Define the shadowy corners of Tyr in finer detail. Take it. Use it. Make it your own.

Encounter Tables for the Tyr Region

Noble Estates Table

Roll 1d20 Creature

1	Snake, poisonous, 1-6
2	Rats, 4-20 (10% chance of giant rats)
3	Noble party, 3-10 in party*
4-5	Spider, giant, 1-8
6	Workers, 1-20*
7	Lizard, giant, 1-2
8	Hornet, 1
9	Mercenaries, 6-9*
10	Genie, jann, 1*
11	Bhaergala, 1*
12	Spotted lion, 1
13	Bat, large, 3-18
14	Traders, 1-10*
15	Inix, 1-4
16	Dragonfly, giant, 1-4
17	Sand cactus, 1
18	Cistern fiend, 1
19	Orpsu, 4-12
20	Yuan-ti, 1-4

* Indicates possible psionic wild power.

Table Key

Cistern Fiends will only be encountered singly, and then only in a well or fountain.

Jann will often be encountered posing as some

other type of creature or man. It may try to trick or test the characters in some way.

Mercenaries patrol the noble grounds. A typical patrol will consist of 5-8 warriors of 2nd-4th level led by a 6-8th level warrior.

Noble Party will consist of a nobleman/woman with 2-4 body guards (ex-gladiators of 5-8th level) and 0-5 others (guests, servants, etc).

Orpsu will only be encountered at night.

Traders consist of an individual or small group visiting the noble on business or as a guest(s).

Workers will generally be 1st-3rd-level fighters and thieves.

Yuan-ti groups will usually be comprised of pure-bloods and halfbreeds trying to pass themselves off as human.

Farmlands Table

Roll 1d20 Creature

1	Traders, 1-20*
2	Scorpion, huge, 1-3
3	Elves/gith, 10-40*
4	Jankz (animal, herd), 1-100
5	Guard patrol, 10-15*
6	Ankheg, 1
7	Farmers, 1-5*
8	Stag beetle, 1
9	Megalocentipede, 1
10	Sandling, 1
11	Pernicon, 2-12
12	Rat, giant, 2-12
13	Sand cactus, 1
14	Thri-kreen, 5-20*
15	Centipede, giant, 1-12
16	Spider, large, 1-4
17	Zhackal, 2-12*
18	Anakore, 2-12*
19	Erdlu, 5-20*
20	Beetle, agony, 1-4*

* Indicates possible psionic wild power.

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Table Key

Elves/Gith parties may be journeying to Tyr to raid (elves 20%/gith 80%) or trade (elves 80%/gith 20%).

Farmers will be suspicious of strangers and may order them off their land.

Guard Patrols consist of 10 2nd-3rd level warriors led by a 4th-6th level templar. There is a 10% chance that a psionicist or cleric will be in accompaniment (4th-6th level).

Jankz herds will usually have a lair nearby.

Thri-Kreen, like elves, may be raiding (30%) or trading (70%).

Traders will generally be passing through on their way to the city.

Scrub Plain Table

Roll 1d20 Creature

1	Bulette, 1
2	Pseudodragon, 1*
3	Jaguar, 1
4	Herdsmen, 1-8*
5	Beetle, boring, 1
6	Bandits, 5-20*
7	Ettercap, 1-2*
8	Druid, 1*
9	Pulp bee, 1-4
10	Belgoi, 1-10*
11	Spider cactus, 1
12	Cha'thrang, 1-3
13	Jozhal, 4-8*
14	Kank, wild, 50-200
15	Behir, 1*
16	Elves/gith, 10-40*
17	Ant lion, giant, 1
18	Hunters, 2-5*
19	Spider, huge, 1-4
20	Dragonne, 1*

* Indicates possible psionic wild power.

Table Key

Bandits may pretend to be traders or other travelers to avoid fighting an obviously powerful party or to get closer for the kill.

Belgoi will attempt to draw stragglers or sentries away from the party with their psionic powers.

The **druid** likely will not reveal her presence unless the characters do something destructive to the scrub plain. If that happens, the druid will stalk the characters until an opportunity presents itself to attack with effect.

Elves/Gith parties may be journeying to Tyr to raid (elves 20%/gith 60%) or trade (elves 60%/gith 20%) or may simply be herding or gathering food (20% chance).

Herdsmen distrust everyone and may attack if they or their herds are threatened.

Hunters may speak with the characters, seeking and offering information about the surrounding area. They will be protective of any captures/kills they've made, but may sell game to characters.

Jozhal families will try to steal any magical items detected on characters, but will otherwise avoid contact.



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Mine Road and Hills Table

Roll 1d20 Creature

1	Cave-in/landslide, 1
2	Patrol, 10-20*
3	Crystal spider, 1*
4	Rhaumbusun, 1-4
5	Escaped convict(s), 1-10*
6	Cave fisher, 1
7	Genie, dao, 1*
8	Braxat, 1-2*
9	Tagster, 1*
10	Id fiend, 1-2*
11	Hej-kin, 4-16*
12	Flailer, 1*
13	B'rohg, 1-12
14	Chitine, 10-60*
15	Hendar, 1
16	Lizard, minotaur, 1-2
17	Silk wyrm, 1*
18	Aarakocra, 1-10
19	Bat, giant, 1-4
20	Brambleweed, 1

* Indicates possible psionic wild power.

Table Key

Aarakocra avoid contact, but may be coaxed with coins or gems to act as guides or information sources.

Braxat will attack any party that does not appear to have metal weapons.

B'rohg cliques wander the mountain areas. They may be angered by displays of magic.

Cave-In/Landslide varies depending on location. In the mine tunnels and caves a cave-in occurs. Outdoors, a landslide is appropriate. Characters must roll Dex -5 or less to avoid the falling rock, otherwise they suffer 8-32 hit points of damage and have a 50% chance of being cut off from the tunnel/trail exit.

Chitine dwell in the caves that dot the hills around Tyr. Their lairs are always heavily trapped.

Crystal Spiders use narrow ravines and crevices to construct their webs.

Dao will attempt to destroy weak parties for their own amusement. They may try to trick or extort stronger groups.

Escaped Convict(s) will use whatever weapons are at hand in a fight, but will not attack unless the odds favor them.

Hej-kin will be found in caverns outside of the mine. They despise the miners and use their phasing ability to mount raids in the mines.

Patrols consist of 10-20 warriors of 4th-6th level led by an 8-10th-level warrior.



Campaigning in Tyr



Tyrian Trade Goods Cost Table

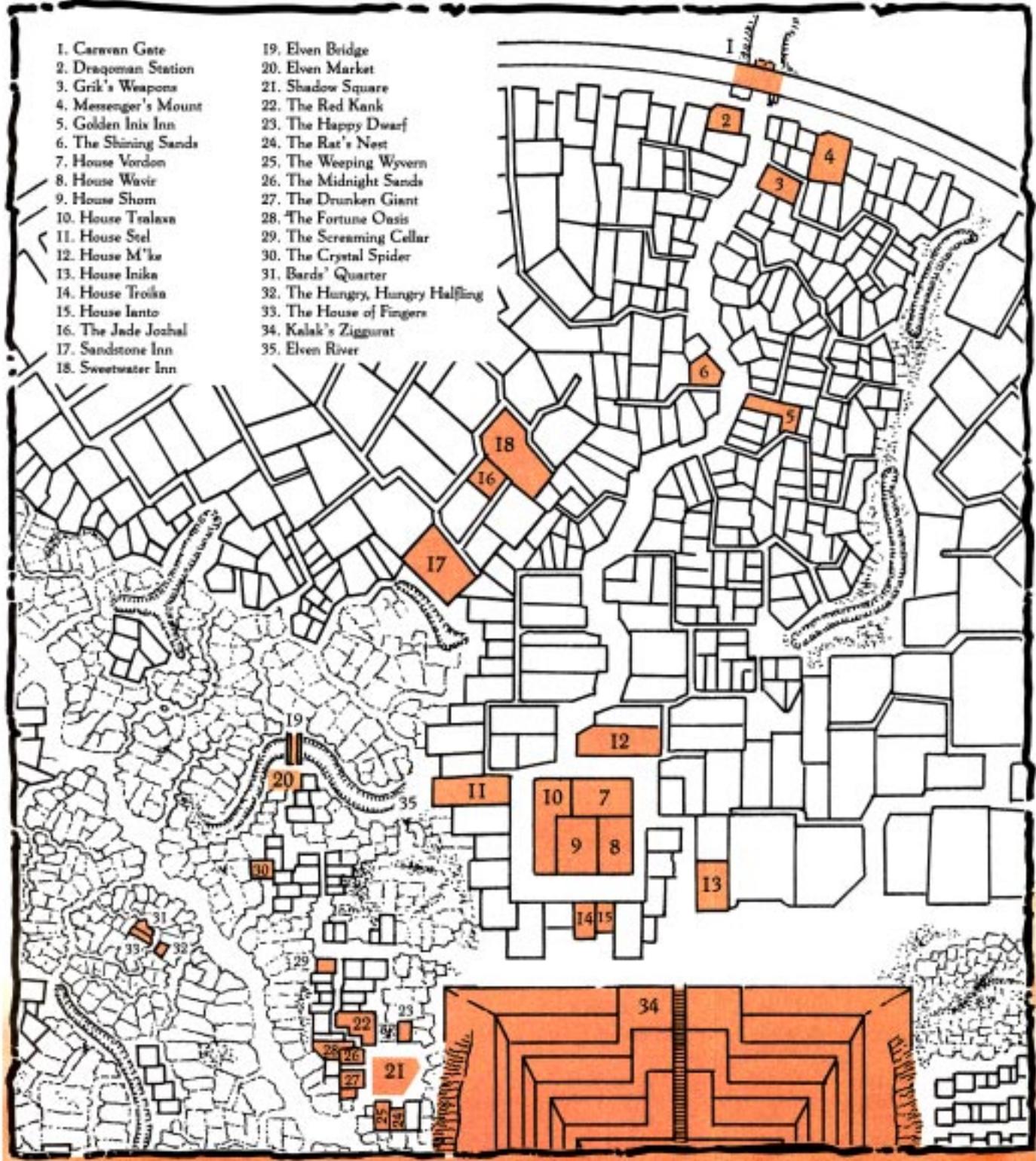
Trade Goods	Base Cost	Tyr Cost	Trade Goods	Base Cost	Tyr Cost
Ale	2 bits/gal	4 bits/gal	Oil		
Armor			Exotic, scented	1 sp/gal	7 cp/gal
Nonmetal	Varies	+ 10 %	Inflammable	2 sp/gal	15 cp/gal
Metal	Varies	- 10 %	Lamp	1 bit/gal	2 bits/gal
Beer	5 bits/gal	6 bits/gal	Cooking	8 bits/gal	10 bits/gal
Candy	1 bit/lb	4 bits/lb	Paper	2 sp/100 ct	25 cp/100 ct
Ceramics	1 sp/100 pcs	8 cp/100 pcs	Rope		
Chitin	4 sp/lb	3 sp/lb	Hemp	1 cp/50 ft	8 bits/50 ft
Cinnabar	1 sp/oz	15 cp/oz	Silk	1 sp/50 ft	8 cp/50 ft
Cloth (10 sq. yds.)			Salt	2 bits/lb	4 bits/lb
Common	7 bits	5 bits	Silk, raw	4 sp/oz	35 cp/oz
Fine	5 cp	4 cp	Spice		
Rich	1 sp	1 sp	Exotic	15 cp/lb	14 cp/lb
Crodlu			Rare	2 cp/lb	2 cp/lb
Riding	10 sp	13 sp	Uncommon	1 cp/lb	1 cp/lb
War	20 sp	25 sp	Sugar	4 bits/lb	8 bits/lb
Erdlu	10 cp	13 cp	Torches	3 bits each	1 bit each
Fruit	2 bits/lb	4 bits/lb	Vegetables	2 bits/lb	5 bits/lb
Hardwood	10 sp/lb	8 sp/lb	Weapons		
Herbs	3 bits/lb	5 bits/lb	Nonmetal	Varies	+ 10 %
Incense	20 cp/oz	17 cp/oz	Metal	Varies	- 10 %
Inix	10 sp ea	12 sp ea	Wine	2 sp/tun	3 sp/tun
Ink	8 cp/oz	10 cp/oz			
Iron	10 sp/lb	15 sp/lb			
Kank					
Trained	12 sp each	14 sp each			
Untrained	5 sp each	7 sp each			
Kank Nectar	10 cp/lb	12 cp/lb			
Leather	5 cp/sq. yd.	6 cp/sq. yd.			
Mirrors	10 cp ea	7 cp ea			
Musical Instruments					
Flute, bone	2 cp each	1 cp each			
Small drum	3 cp each	2 cp each			
Rattle	1 cp each	4 bits each			
Obsidian	5 cp/lb	1 sp/lb			



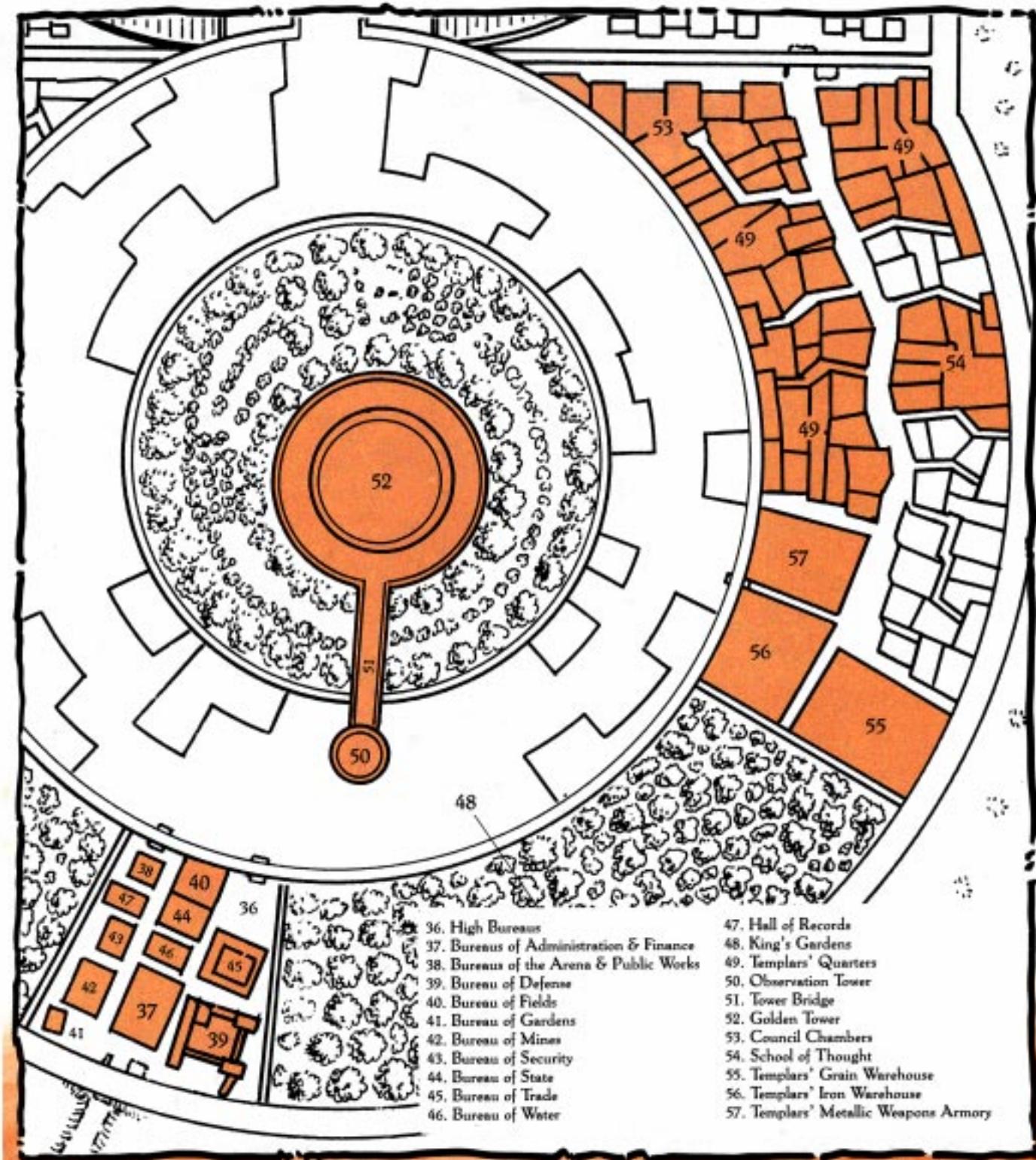
Tyr City Maps

1. Caravan Gate
2. Dragoman Station
3. Grik's Weapons
4. Messenger's Mount
5. Golden Inix Inn
6. The Shining Sands
7. House Vordon
8. House Wavir
9. House Shom
10. House Tsalax
11. House Stel
12. House M'ke
13. House Inika
14. House Troika
15. House Ianto
16. The Jade Jozhal
17. Sandstone Inn
18. Sweetwater Inn

19. Elven Bridge
20. Elven Market
21. Shadow Square
22. The Red Kank
23. The Happy Dwarf
24. The Rat's Nest
25. The Weeping Wyvern
26. The Midnight Sands
27. The Drunken Giant
28. The Fortune Oasis
29. The Screaming Cellar
30. The Crystal Spider
31. Bards' Quarter
32. The Hungry, Hungry Halfling
33. The House of Fingers
34. Kalak's Ziggurat
35. Elven River

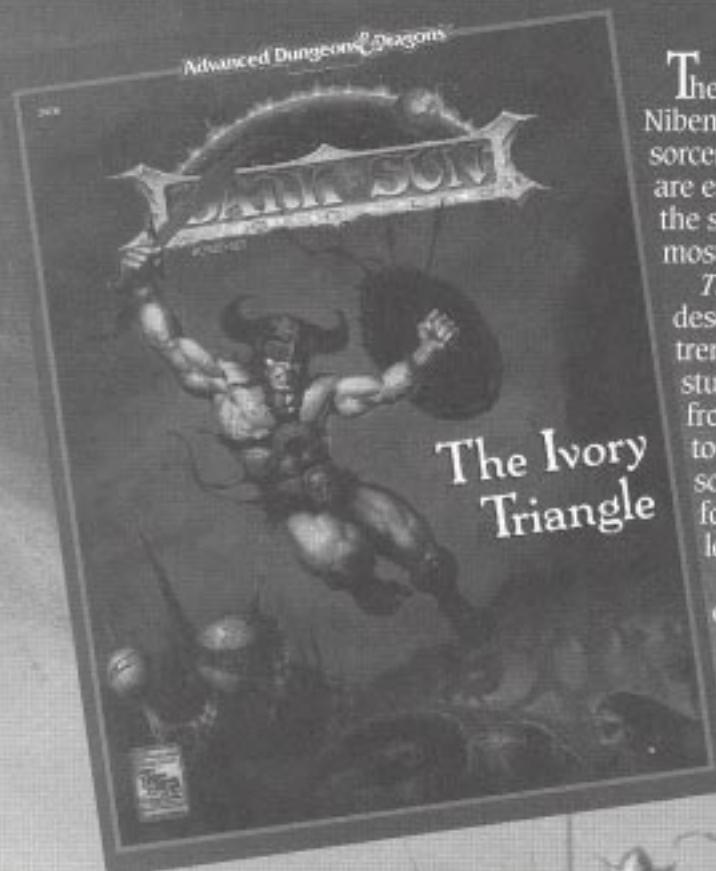


Tyr City Maps





Athas plunges into war!



The mighty city-states of Gulg and Nibenay and their power-mad, psionic sorcerer-kings clash! Your characters are embroiled in a series of struggles at the site of this sorcery-ravaged world's most dreadful battles!

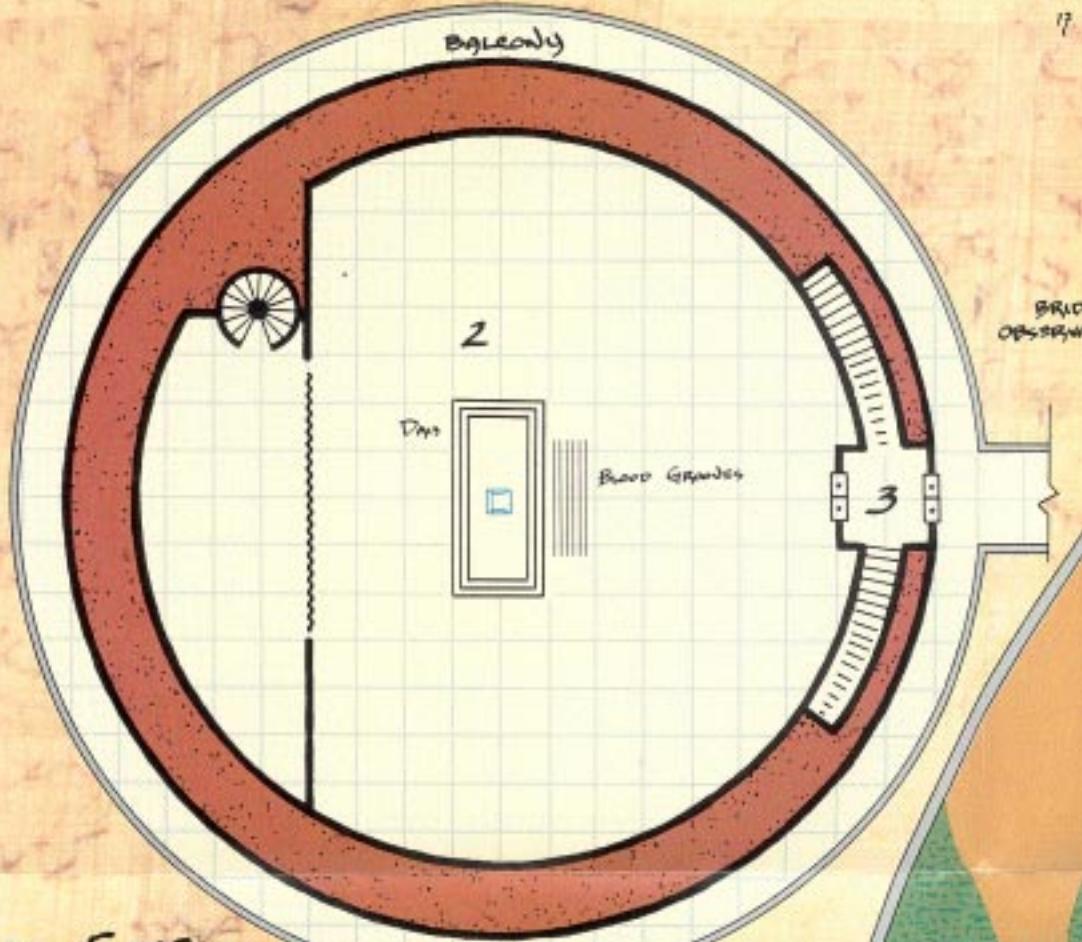
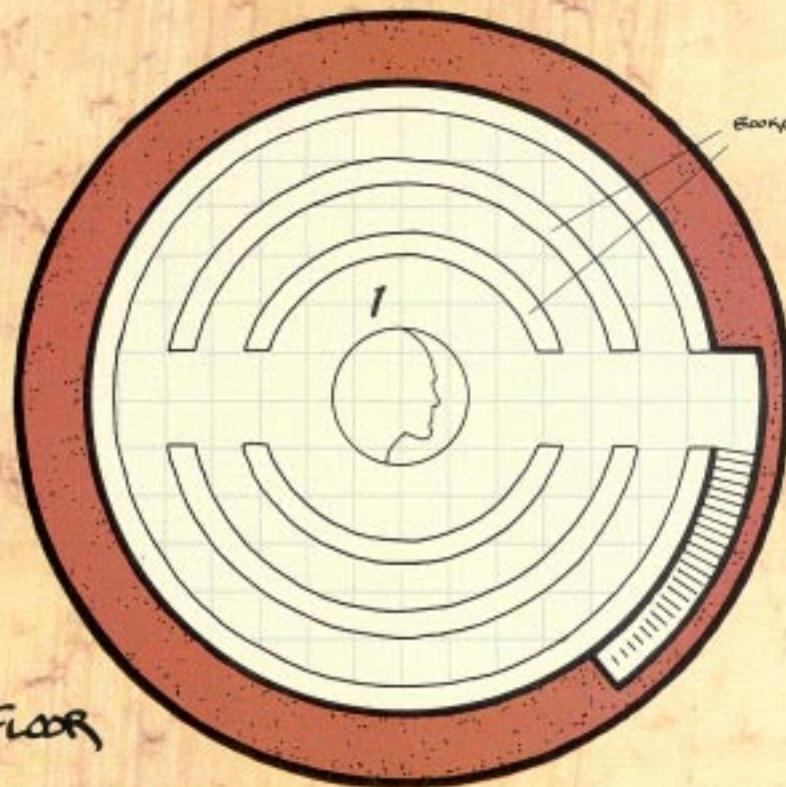
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— THE GOLDEN TOWER —

ONE SQUARE = 5 FEET

1. Royal Tyrann Library
2. Royal Reception Room
3. Antechamber
4. Party Room
5. Private Chambers
6. Sleeping Quarters
7. Workshop
8. Private Library
9. Meditation Room
10. Sparring Room
11. Trophy Room
12. Treasure Vault
13. Odex Chamber
14. Observation Room
15. Meeting Room
16. Tempars' Library
17. Writing Room

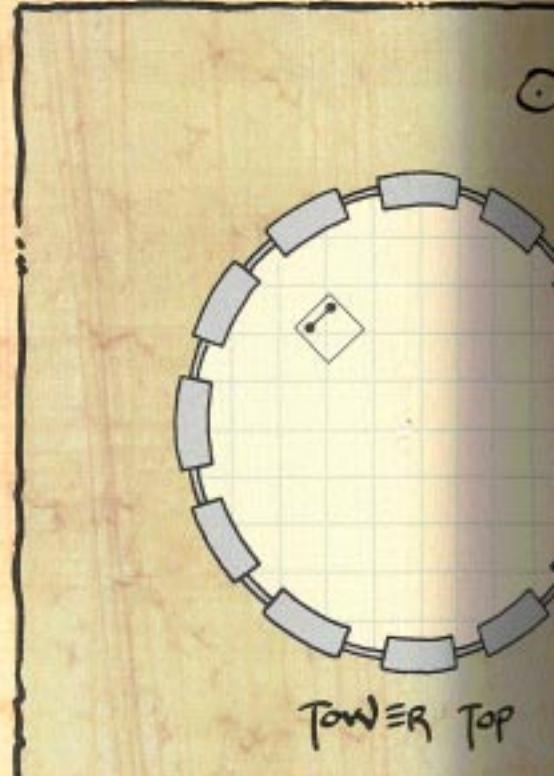
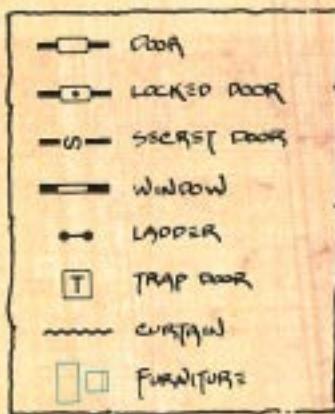
1ST FLOOR

60' DROP

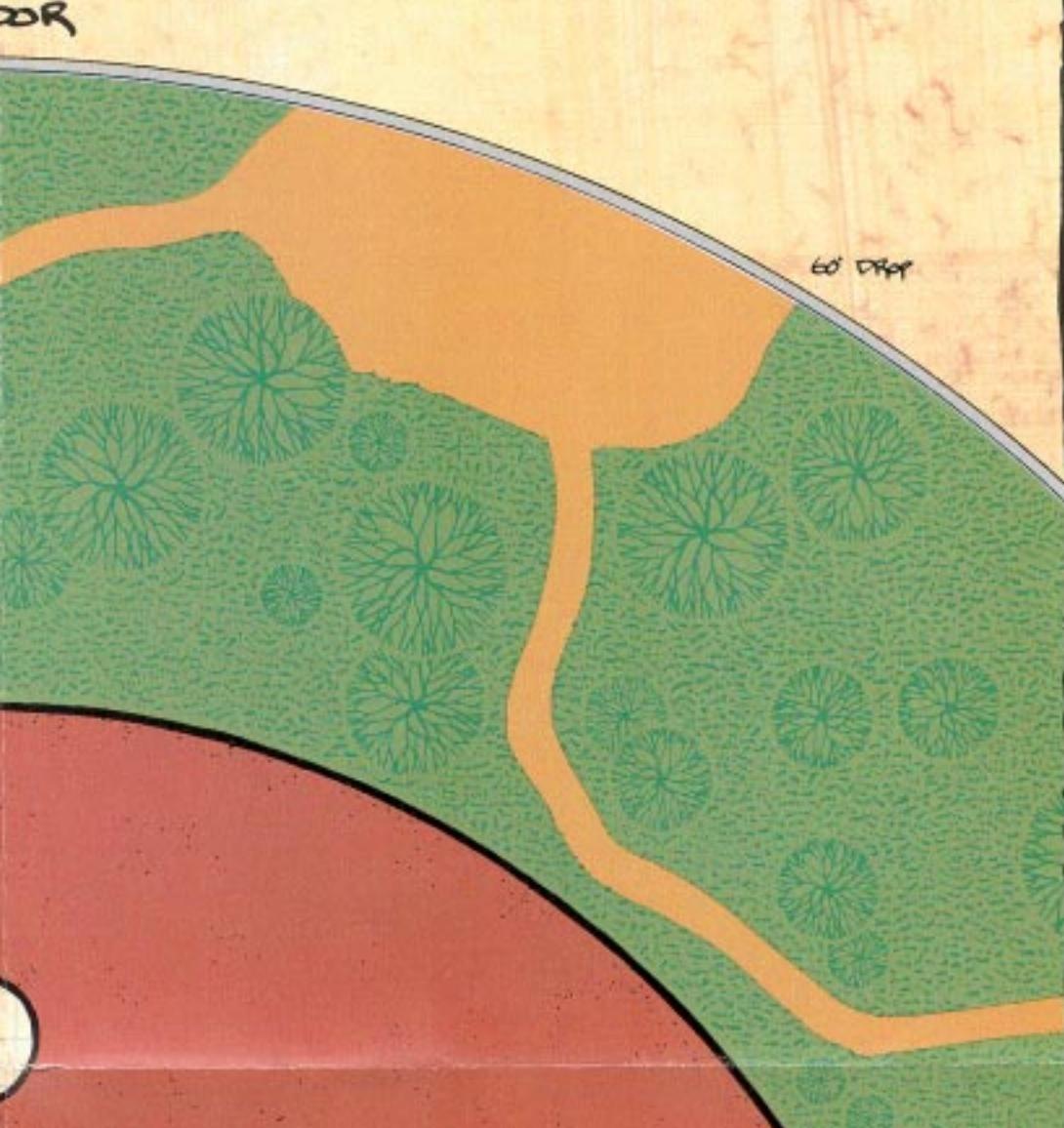
BRIDGE TO
OBSERVATION TOWER

8

S
W X = D

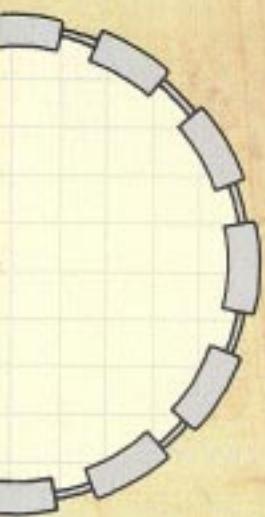


TOWER TOP



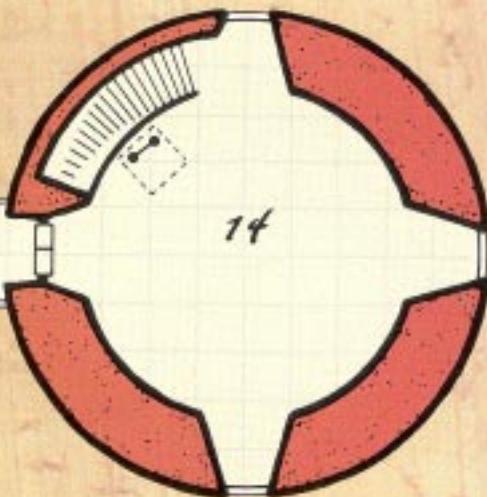
3RD FLOOR

OBSERVATION TOWER



TOP

BRIDGE TO
GOLDEN TOWER



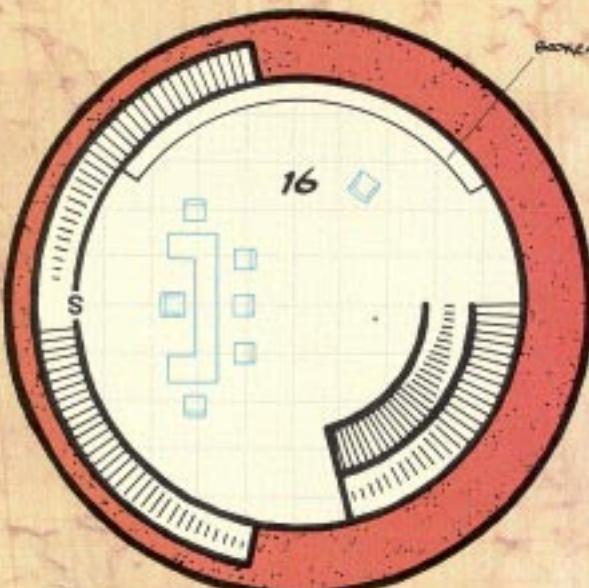
4TH FLOOR



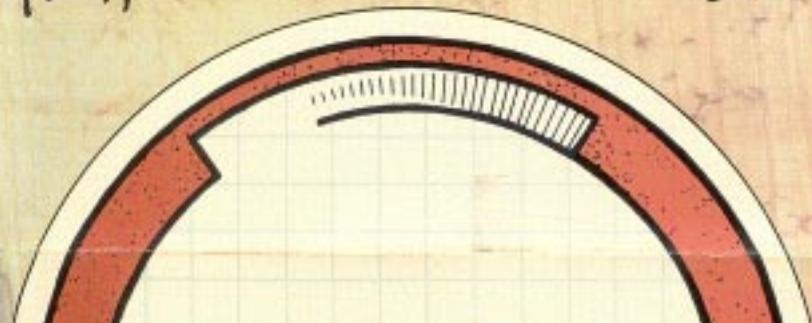
FLOOR

ROOFTOP

ROOFTOP

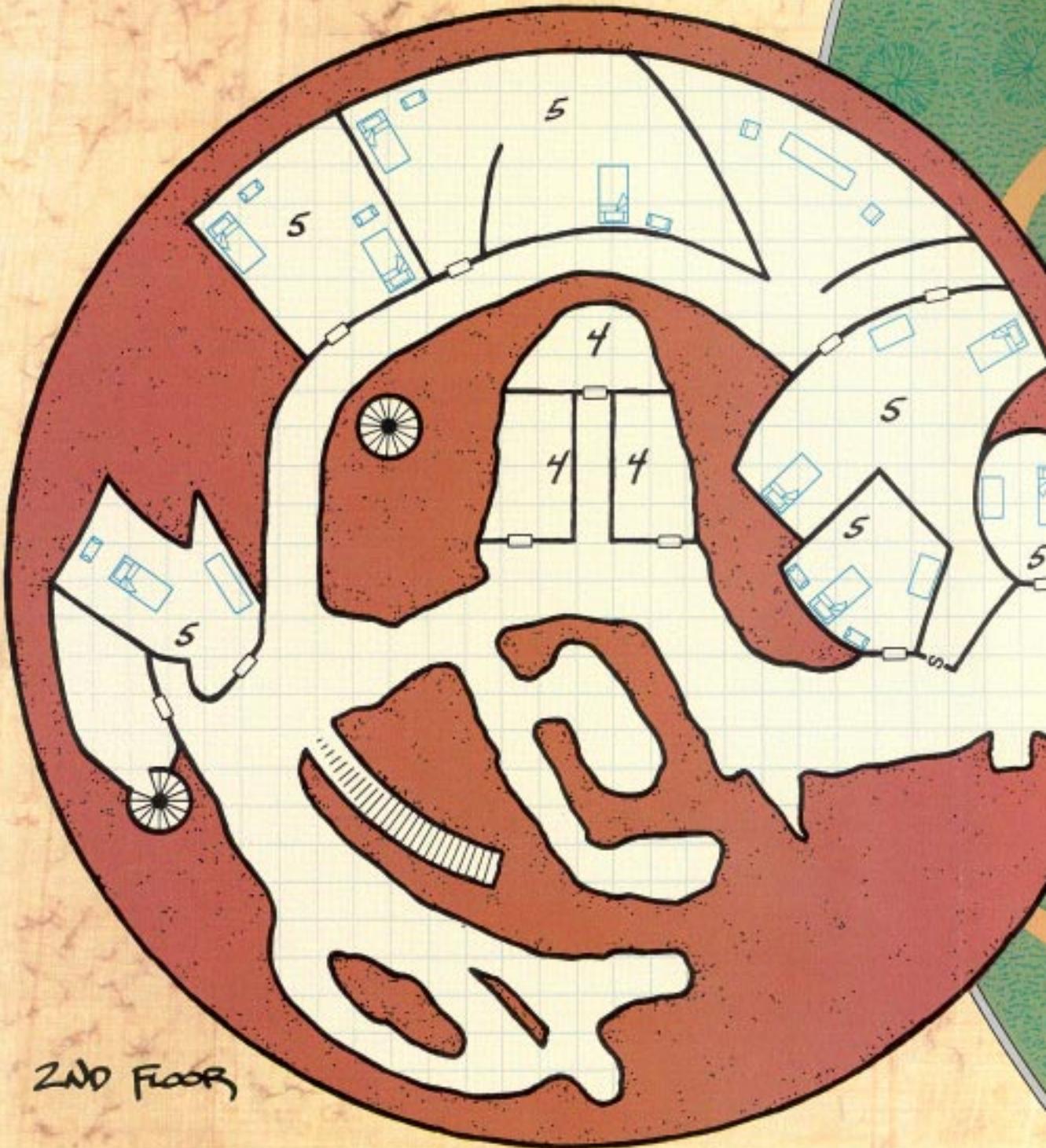


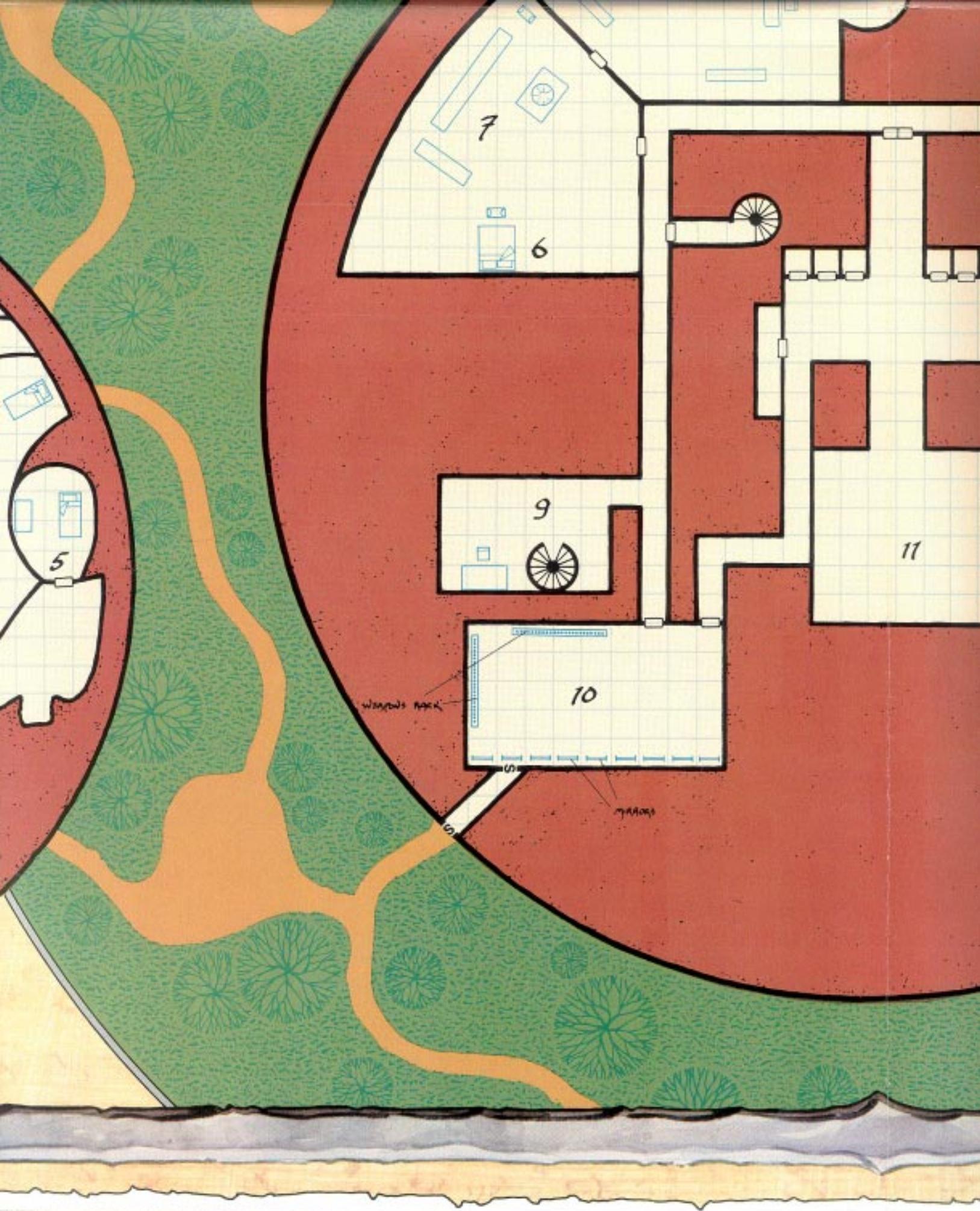
2ND FLOOR

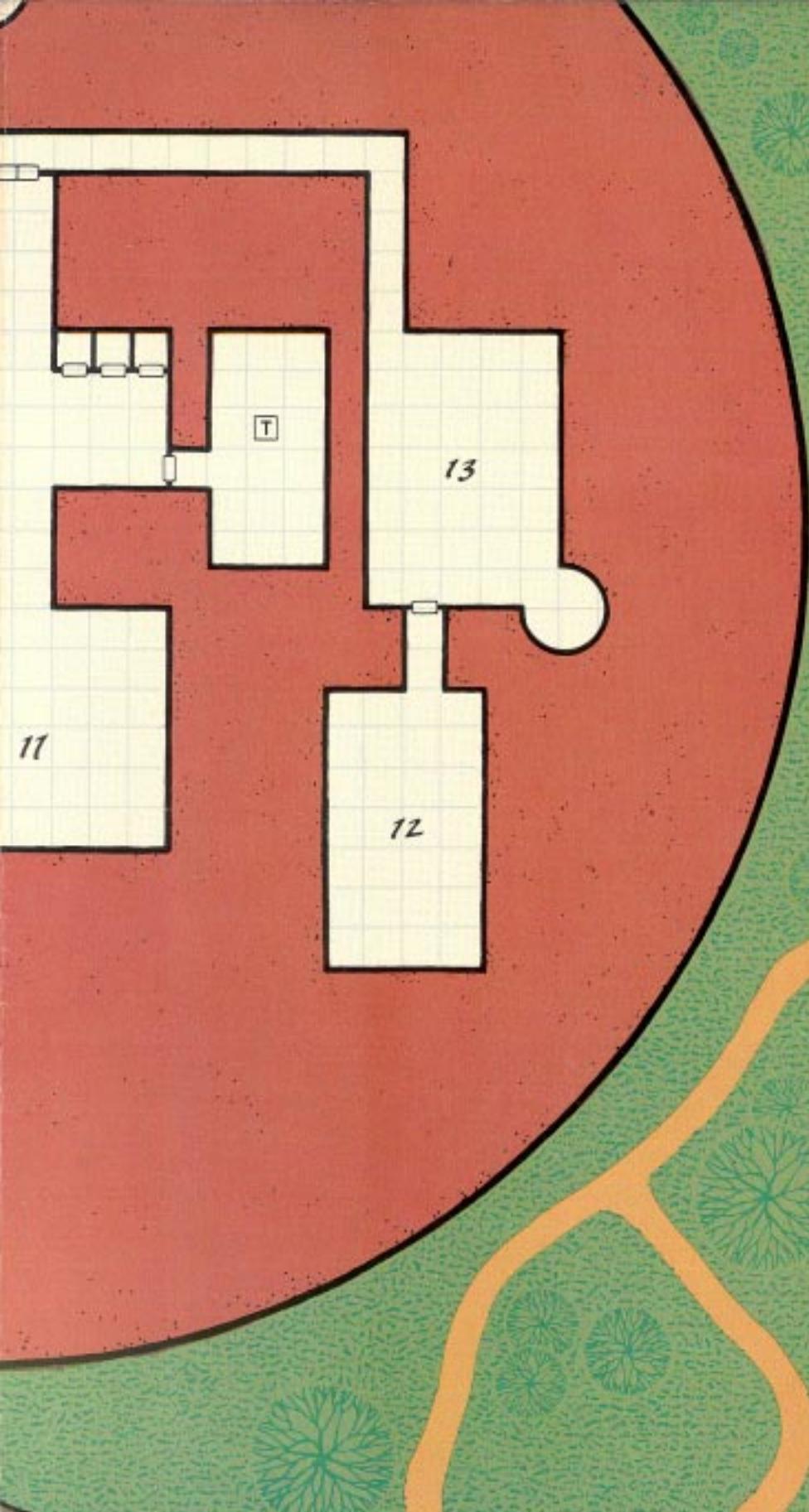


3RD FLOOR

BALCONY

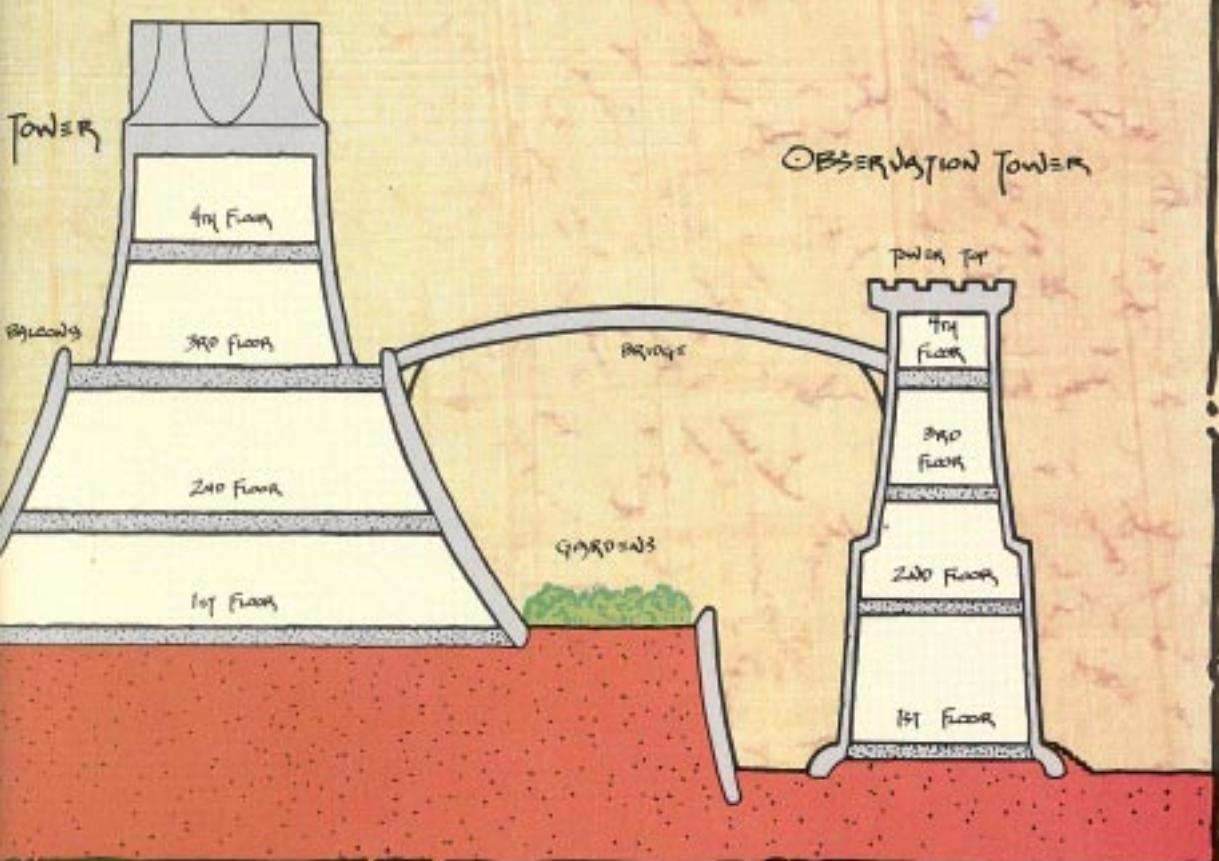






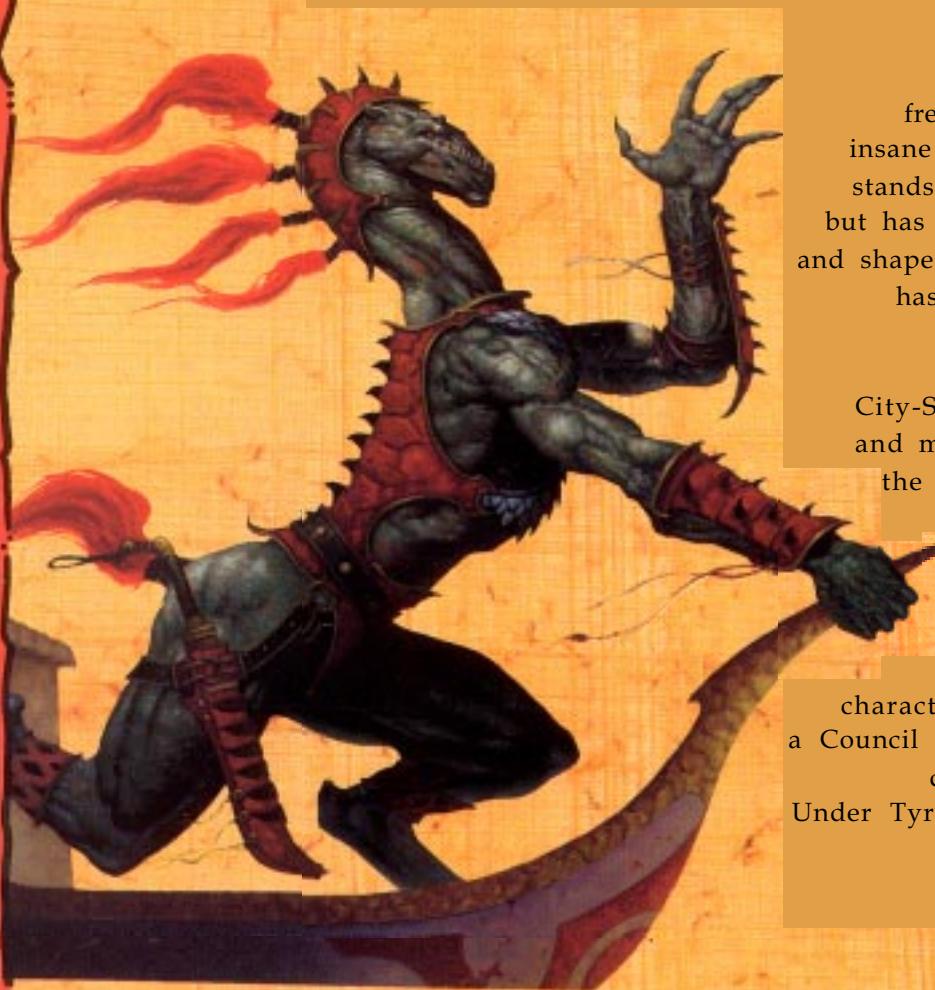


1ST FLOOR



City-State of Tyr

by Walter M. Baas



Tyr has battled and bled for its freedom, throwing off the yokes of an insane sorcerer-king and slavery. The city stands poised on the brink of democracy, but has Tyr the strength to seize the future and shape it in the image of that freedom, or has the city merely traded one form of slavery for another?

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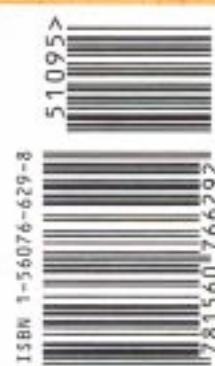
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